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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Religion.

ABEL STEVENS, EDITOR.

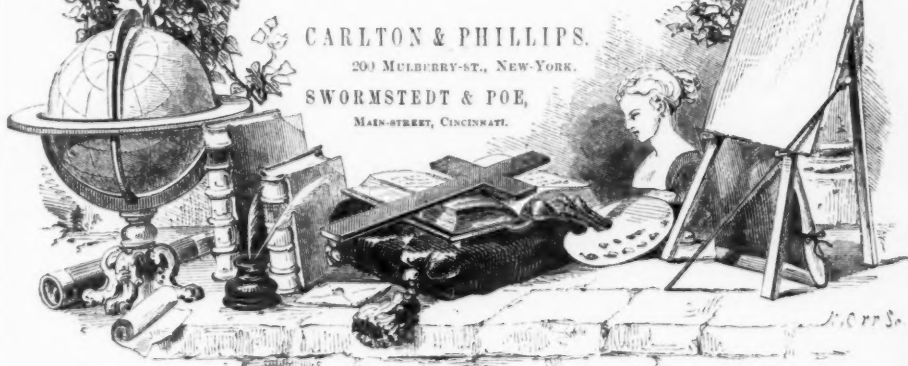
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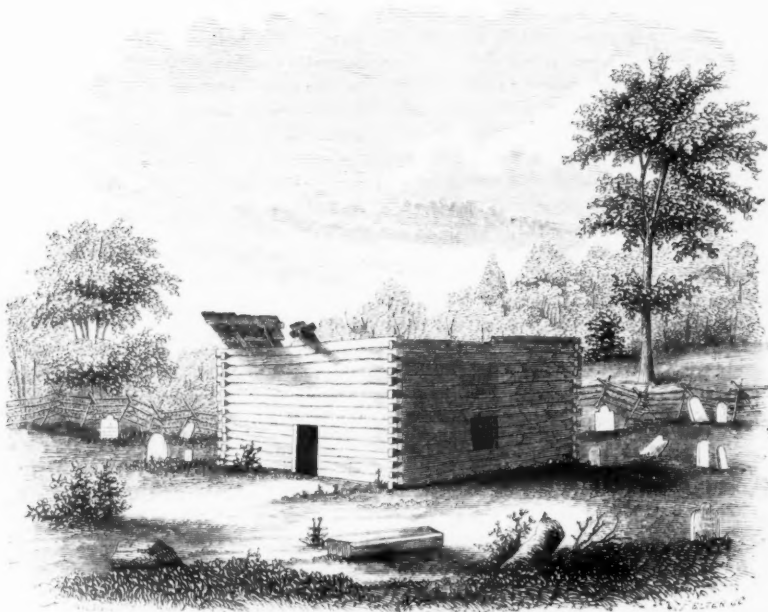
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THE  
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.



THE FIRST METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE IN OHIO.

THE places where our fathers were accustomed to worship have a hold on our affections, that time and splendid edifices cannot entirely alienate. Our thoughts go back and hover with a genuine tenderness about these rude and unadorned structures; we even sigh for the childlike faith and simple worship which was at once their charm and consecration. They are rapidly crumbling under the stern pressure of time, and will soon entirely disappear; but the souls that were born and nurtured within their walls have left an impress upon the present generation that will not soon be effaced. We are apt to forget the obligations we are under to the past, and in the rapid strides of our growth and advancement, think but little of the purity and constancy of our fathers, or the sacrifices they made for the

religion of Christ. We cannot too greatly honor their memories, or too carefully preserve the records of their early efforts. Not long since I had the pleasure of visiting the spot on which stands the first Methodist meeting-house built in the State of Ohio. The occasion was of such interest to me, that I brought away a sketch of the old house in its ruins, and have procured some historical items, in connection with it, that may be of some interest. The old church is situated on a beautiful knoll, rising from a branch of Scioto Brush Creek, in Adams county, and is about fourteen miles from the city of Portsmouth. It is within the bounds of what is now known as Dunbarton mission, Ohio Annual Conference, which mission forms a small part of the original Scioto circuit. The building was twenty-four

feet square, with a very small door or window on each side, and was built of "scored" logs. As will be seen from the engraving, it is now in a very dilapidated condition, several of the ground logs having rotted off, and the roof fallen in. The space inclosed about it was used as a burying-ground, and here sleep fathers and mothers in Israel, who have long since passed to their reward.

The first itinerant Methodist preacher who visited this region was Henry Smith, still living, an honored member of the Baltimore Conference, and to whom I am indebted for most of the information contained in this article. He crossed over from Kentucky into Ohio, then called the North-Western Territory, in September, 1799. He at once proceeded to organize the members into societies, forming Scioto circuit, which included a territory now contained in some twenty circuits belonging to the Portsmouth, Chillicothe, Hillsborough, and Xenia districts, of the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences.

In his published "Recollections" he says, under date of October 1st, 1799:—

"I rode over to brother Moore's, on Scioto Brush Creek, where I found a considerable society already organized by brother Moore. In this place I had some success, and the society so increased that no private house could hold the congregation."

The proposition to build a meeting-house was broached in August, 1800; but, owing to a want of unanimity on the part of the society, it was not commenced until the following summer. The first services in this house were on the occasion of a quarterly-meeting, held on Saturday and Sunday, August 29th and 30th, 1801. "Father" Smith being unwell, he procured the assistance of Benjamin Lakin, of blessed memory, who was at that time on Limestone circuit, in Kentucky. He preached the first sermon, on Saturday morning, from Eccl. vii, 20—"There is not a just man on earth that doeth good, and sinneth not." At night "Father" Smith preached with such power that the shout of joy, common in the wilderness in those days, was heard, mingled with cries of repentance, and one person made a profession of religion. On Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, the presence of God was felt in the sacramental service. Lakin preached from "What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel?" at

ten o'clock, and Smith followed with a farewell sermon—"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God."

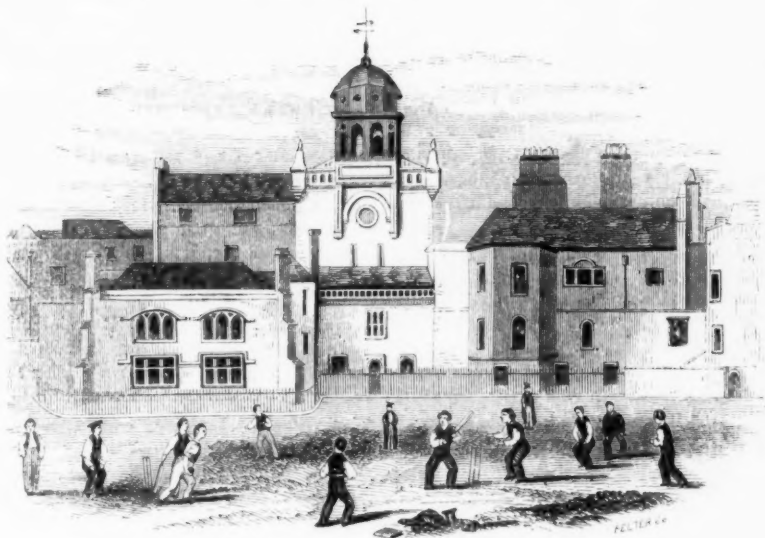
The house was used about twenty years, and the last service held in it was a "two-days' meeting," conducted by Jas. Quinn and Robert O. Spencer, in the spring of 1824, they being at that time the circuit preachers. It is now contemplated to erect a new house of worship some time within the present year upon the same spot.

With more than ordinary emotion I stood within those walls that had listened to the holy eloquence of M'Kendree, Burke, Quinn, David Young, Collins, and Sale. Here, also, Bascom, Cartwright, and others, now well known in the Church, made their early efforts. Most of those who preached in it have passed from earth, and those that remain will soon be gone; but their labors have not been in vain. The superstructure their sons in the gospel have built upon the foundations they laid in Christ has risen in magnificent proportions, and the best of all is, "*God is with us.*"

Many there are who can say: "To us there are holy associations connected with this spot. Here our fathers heard the word of life. Here they were feasted on heavenly food. Here, in infancy, they consecrated us to God; and here they wept over our waywardness, and prayed for us until our hearts were broken. We would fain preserve the ancient temple. We would love to see it standing beside the new edifice, a monument of by-gone days. We would rejoice to point our children to the place where our fathers worshiped, and where we were led in the way to heaven; but time, which carried away our sires, is also doing its work with the house which they built to the honor of Jehovah, and *its* dust will soon be mingling with *theirs*." To such it will be, indeed, a pleasing thought, that the spot is the same, though adorned by a new edifice. In more senses than one it may be hoped, "the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former."

WHAT IS LOGIC?—Logic is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. But a wise man will look into it for two purposes—to avail himself of those that are useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so are assorted and arranged.





THE CHARTER HOUSE.

IN the very heart of busy London, not far from St. Paul's Church, the General Post-office, and Newgate prison, and a little beyond the north-east corner of Smithfield, lies Charter House Square. Iron gates shut it from the outer world; comparative quiet reigns within; but its history and aspect deserve our attention.

In 1348-9 a dreadful plague raged in London, and the usual places of burial were speedily filled. To provide for the emergency, a piece of ground, called "No-Man's-Land," and some thirteen acres adjoining, were purchased by the Bishop of London and Sir Walter de Manny; and here more than fifty thousand victims of the pestilence were interred. About twenty years afterward, Sir Walter, in connection with others, founded on this spot a convent of Carthusian monks—so called because the order originated at Chartreuse, in Dauphiny, France. From this title the name "Charter House" is derived. It was the third Carthusian monastery instituted in England; and as it was customary to name such establishments after some event in the life of the Virgin Mary, this was called "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God, without the Bars of West Smithfield, near London."

When the monasteries of England were

suppressed by Henry VIII., the Charter House did not escape. Prior Houghton, who was then at the head of the convent, had not courage enough to risk his life for the sake of his opinions, and a short confinement in the Tower was an argument sufficiently powerful to induce him to subscribe to the king's supremacy. But Henry, either fearing that the prior's conversion would not prove genuine, or irritated at the pains required to effect it, soon after condemned him, with two other Carthusian priors, to suffer death; and on the 4th of May, 1535, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered, at Tyburn; and, as an example to others, a part of his mangled body was set up over the gate of the Charter House itself. The monastery was shortly after dissolved, its revenues, *of course*, seized by the king, and the premises became private property.

During the succeeding seventy-five years the building passed into many different hands. Nothing of interest, however, is recorded of it, except that Queen Elizabeth visited it on one or more occasions, and that the Duke of Norfolk, who purchased it, in 1565, for £2,500, made extensive alterations, and adorned it at great expense, with the design, as some supposed, of making it a suitable residence for the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots,

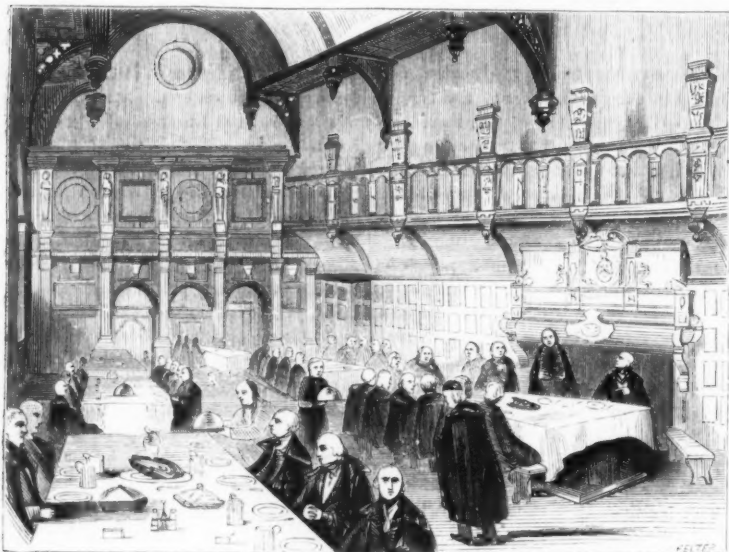
to whose hand he was accused of aspiring. Mary never resided there; but her son, James I., occupied it as his first lodging in London. In 1611 it was sold for £13,000 to Thomas Sutton, Esq., one of the richest merchants of that day, who established the present institution, for which he obtained a charter from James I. In the same year the benevolent founder died, and we are told that "high festival was held over his body."

"Before the funeral procession started from the house, there was taken by the assembled mourners a slight refreshment, in the form of a hogshead of claret, sixteen gallons of Canary wine, twelve gallons of white wine, ten gallons of Rhenish, six gallons of hippocras, six barrels of beer, with a little diet—bread and a few wafers. After the funeral the mourners dined at Stationers' Hall, where they ate forty stone of beef, forty-eight capons, thirty-two geese, forty-eight roasted chickens, thirty-two neats' tongues, twenty-four marrow-bones, and a lamb; forty-eight turkey poults, seventy-two field pig-

eons, thirty-six quails, forty-eight ducklings, ten turbot, twenty-four lobsters, three barrels of pickled oysters, sixteen gammons of bacon, with a great many things more that are to be named before one comes to a great continent of pastry, and a sea of wine."

Such was the consumption of funeral-baked meats, when beneath the chapel of the Charter House the remains of its founder were laid to rest.

A noble monument to the memory of Thomas Sutton is this same Charter House. If we except Guy's Hospital, founded at a later period, it is truly, as has been said by Stowe, "the greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual." Its object is two-fold—a free education for the young, and shelter and support for the aged. Eighty venerable men, generally those who have known better days, decayed members of the liberal professions, merchants, and tradesmen, were here to



DINING-HALL, WITH PENSIONERS AT DINNER.

be fed and lodged. Each was to have the exclusive use of a neat room, and proper attendance; and a yearly allowance of £14 for clothing. An Act of Parliament passed in the third year of Charles I. requires "That all the members of the hospital shall be provided in a very ample manner with all things." About fifty years after, a rhymster tells us—

"Plenty here has chose her seat,  
Here all things needful and convenient meet;  
Every week are hither sent  
Inhabitants o' the wat'ry element."

The poet must have loved fish. Again he says:—

"Fourscore patriarchs here  
Wander many a year,  
Until they move into the promised land."

The patriarchs or their successors wander here yet: plenty retains her seat still, but does not reign with anything like universal sway; how frequent and copious is the supply of the "inhabitants of the wat'ry element" we have no means of knowing, but from what we can learn, the aforesaid patriarchs find the wilderness in which they wander not over stocked with manna, and no doubt often long to "go over and see the good land that lieth beyond Jordan." To be plain, the endowment has in many respects been shamefully perverted. The master was to be "a learned, discreet, and meek man, unmarried, and aged, when appointed, above forty years. He should neither have nor accept of any place of preferment or benefit, either in church or commonwealth, whereby he might be drawn from his residence, care, and charge of the hospital; and if he do, in such case he shall leave that place, or be displaced if he refuse to leave it." His salary was fixed at £50. Now the present incumbent may very likely be learned and discreet, perhaps as meek as Moses, an inveterate bachelor, and full twoscore years of age when elected; but what about other "preferments, or benefits," &c.? Well, it must be admitted he has a *few*. He is archdeacon of London, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, rector of St. Giles, Cripplegate, chaplain to the Bishop of London, almoner of St. Paul's; but all these places yield him only two or three thousand pounds per annum! Now his post at the Charter House is worth but eight hundred more, with partial board, and a residence, not at all Pharisaic in its character, for it is very humble externally, but has within some thirty or more rooms, quite luxuriously furnished. Poor man! No wonder that when a few years ago it was necessary to take the kitchen garden as an addition to the cemetery of the poor brethren, he needed twenty-five pounds a year to console him for the turnips and cabbages he would lose.

But how fares it with the poor brother! The institution was founded for him, and his condition must surely be improved. Let us see. When he comes he is shown his room, not very large, and containing a deal table and chair, bed and bedding, nothing more. There are no sheets; he must furnish them himself. He is told he will have thirteen pounds of common

candles a year—which will yield him about an inch a night—a twelve ounce loaf and two ounces of butter will be left at his door every morning, and this is to be his provision for the day, dinner excepted. At three o'clock there will be dinner in the hall, where, if he be punctual, he may eat as much as he can of good meat and pie, and drink a pint of table beer; but if he is a minute too late he must fast till morning.

If he stays away from chapel on a weekday he is fined three-pence; on Christmas or any other high festival, one shilling. No matter if he be so deaf that all is dumb show to him, he must be in his place. A nurse attends to him and seven others, eight hours a day. At night he is alone; and if he becomes suddenly ill, he must get up, light a candle, and place it in his window; if the watchman see it at his next hourly round, he will be attended to; if not, he may get well or die alone. No sister or daughter can spend the night at his bedside. If he dies he is buried in the Charter House Cemetery, but no headstone is permitted; and after a few weeks the mound over the grave is leveled, and the last trace of him removed.

The result of all this is, that the class for whom the foundation was originally intended—the sensitive and educated—cannot be comfortable there. It is but little, if any, better than an ordinary poor-house. The time has been, however, when among its inmates were some who loved scientific pursuits, for it is recorded that Stephen Gray, a pensioner of the Charter House, with the aid of a very poor apparatus, discovered in 1732 the conducting power of non-electric bodies.

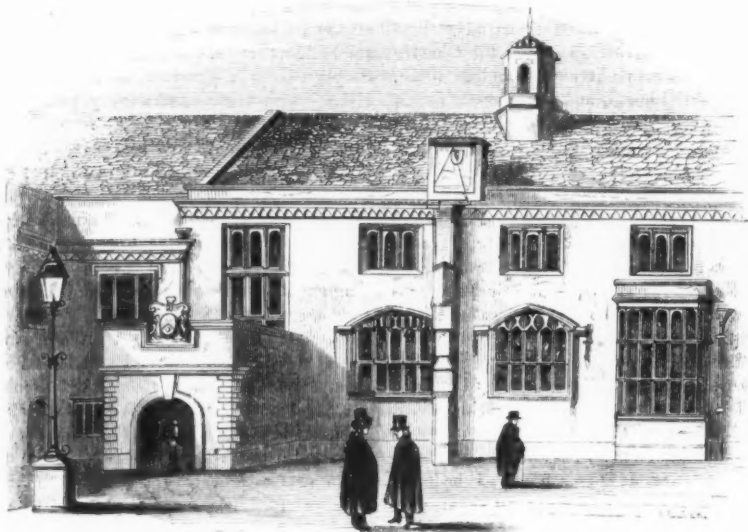
But the school is the principal object of interest. Here were educated Addison and Steele, those polished essayists, Blackstone, the profound legal commentator, and Isaac Barrow and John Wesley, eminent ministers of the gospel. O that some prophetic genius, some youthful Boswell, had but given us the history of the school-boy days of these and other eminent men! In how many cases would we find that the "boy was father to the man," and in how many others would there be a most remarkable contrast between John or George at school, and John or George fairly launched into the busy world. Addison, we are told, escaped from school to avoid punishment—feeding

on berries and sleeping in a hollow tree, till his retreat was discovered. Dr. Johnson tells us, that he was once ringleader in a barring out. Isaac Barrow gave little promise of success as a scholar. He enjoyed especially such sports as brought on fighting among the boys—was negligent enough of his clothes and still more of his books. John Wesley, though a favorite with the head master Dr. Walker, had some reason to complain of the usage he received. Discipline was relaxed at that time, and the older boys were accustomed to eat up the animal food provided for the younger. He was, therefore, on short commons—a small daily portion of bread being often his only solid food. His father, however, had strictly enjoined him to run around the Charter House garden, (probably larger then than it is now,) three times every morning, a command which he faithfully obeyed. By this means, his biographer tells us, his health was improved and his constitution established; and so it may have been, though we are at a loss to conceive how vigorous exercise can be of much benefit, if the appetite created by it be not satisfied. He seems, however, to have loved the place of his early studies, and was in the habit of paying it an annual visit.

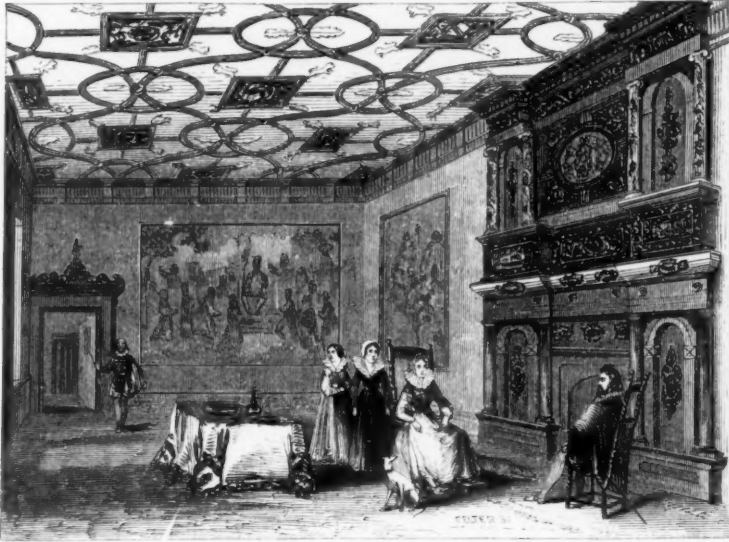
In this school forty-four boys are gratuitously fed, clothed, and instructed in the

classics and other branches of a liberal education. They must be between the ages of ten and fifteen, and can continue at the school only eight years. Twenty-nine "exhibitions," or what might be termed "scholarships," each worth forty pounds a year, are provided at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. To these, worthy pupils are entitled; or, if their parents or guardians prefer it, an apprentice fee of the same amount is granted them. The only recent instance of preference for the latter mode was that of Mr. Henry Siddons, who was apprenticed to his uncle, the celebrated tragedian, J. P. Kemble, "to learn the histrionic art and mystery." Nine ecclesiastical preferments are also in the patronage of the institution, to be conferred on those educated therein.

The exterior of the Charter House, with the green which serves as a playground, are represented at the head of our article. A view of the apartments for the scholars is here given. These consist of a handsome room and a large dining-hall. Here many a future statesman, warrior, and bishop, has been compelled to boil the kettle, toast the bread, and perform other menial offices, for the ease and pleasure of an upper boy. Over these are two large airy sleeping rooms, where each lad has a separate bed, and at the end of this dormitory are rooms for the assistants and



APARTMENTS FOR SCHOLARS.



ELIZABETHAN ROOM.

monitors. These last look out on a terrace, at the southern extremity of which a large door opens on a flight of four or five steps, leading into a small vestibule, on the right of which is the library, containing a valuable collection of works, in part the gift of Daniel Wray, Esq., deputy teller of the exchequer, once a pupil in the school.

Adjoining the library is the old court room, the decorations of which are of the reign of Elizabeth, and though much mutilated are still magnificent. The ceiling, which is flat, was once enblazoned with the armorial bearings of the Duke of Norfolk, painted and gilded under his own direction, while he owned the premises. But the hand of modern improvement has been at work, and—*horribile dictu*—covered it with a coat of white-wash! The walls are hung with tapestry, but the colors are almost obliterated. The chimney-piece is richly adorned. Four Tuscan pillars form the basement; in the intercolumniations are gilded shields, containing paintings of Mars and Minerva. Faith, Hope, and Charity are on panels of gold over the fire-place. The next division has four Ionic pillars, between which are arched panels, with fanciful gilded ornaments. On the pedestals are paintings of the Annunciation and Last Supper, well

executed in figures of gold on a black ground. The space between the pedestals contains Mr. Sutton's arms and initials on a gold ground. The center panel is of gold, with an oval containing the arms of James I. Mr. Sutton's arms are also to be seen in painted glass, in the windows at the upper end of the room.

This apartment is interesting on account of its magnificence; still more so as having been frequented by almost every illustrious character in England, from the time of Henry VIII. until the restoration. At present it is only used at the anniversary dinner in honor of Mr. Sutton, held on the 12th of December. This is a red-letter day with all Carthusians. A sermon is preached in the chapel in the morning, and an oration in Latin delivered in the great hall by the senior boy. After presenting a purse to the orator, to enable him to purchase books for future use, the members and visitors repair to the dining-hall. Here, when the cloth is removed, the ancient walls resound with the chorus of the old Carthusian song—

"Then blessed be the memory  
Of good old Thomas Sutton,  
Who gave us lodging—learning,  
And he gave us beef and mutton."

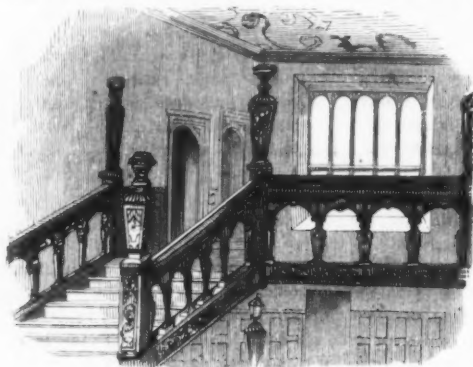
The festivity is then chastened by a silent libation "to the memory of those



Carthusian heroes who have fallen in defence of their country." These sad recollections are however soon chased away by the "Song of the Circles," "Ran-ting Chowdie had a Cow," &c., and the evening closes cheerfully, but we trust temperately.

Opposite to the door of the library are the receiver's apartments, and a handsome private entrance to the master's house. The descent thence is by a magnificent staircase, adorned with a vast variety of unmeaning ornaments, which show it to be of the time of Queen Elizabeth. At their foot we come to the grand hall, the interior

pensioners. Adjoining this is an apartment once used as a refectory for the lay brothers of the Carthusian monks. By a door, at the northern angle of this room, we descend into the cloister, evidently a remnant of the monastic buildings, which looks into the green, a square piece of ground of about three acres, the playground of the scholars. On the north side is the school, evidently designed for use rather than ornament. Returning, in the south-east corner of the cloister is a passage, which has on the left a handsome doorway, leading through a small piazza to the chapel.



STAIRCASE.

of which is decorated in the same style. This appears to have been the banquetting room of the Duke of Norfolk, now used by the officers of the house and the senior

This chapel is nearly square, and divided into north and south aisles, by four pillars of the Tuscan order. Its length is sixty-three feet, breadth thirty-eight, height twenty-four. At the west end is a small plain organ. There are numerous tablets and monuments, the most interesting of which is that of the founder, placed close to the north-east corner, between a window and the dark east wall. Scarcely a ray of light falls upon it, and the visitor, who wishes to examine it, must risk his shins against the benches of the scholars, immediately before it. He is represented dressed in black robes and a ruff, and with a painted beard. The cost of the tomb was about £400. The following is the inscription:—

Here lieth buried the body of  
THOMAS SUTTON,  
Late of Castle Camps, in the county of Cambridge,  
Esquire;  
At whose only costs and charges  
This Hospital was founded,  
And endowed with large possessions for the  
Relief of poor men and children:  
He was a gentleman, born at Knayth, in the county of  
Lincoln,  
Of worthy and honest parentage;  
He lived to the age of seventy-nine years,  
And deceased  
The 12th of December, 1611.

There are yet other objects of interest; as the Evidence House, a room where the records of the institution are kept; and several cells on the south side of the playground, evidently remains of the ancient convent; and a curious and well-executed representation of Mr. Sutton's arms and crest, on a large scale, made by a pensioner some years ago, with different colored pebbles; a half-length portrait of Lord



FIREPLACE.

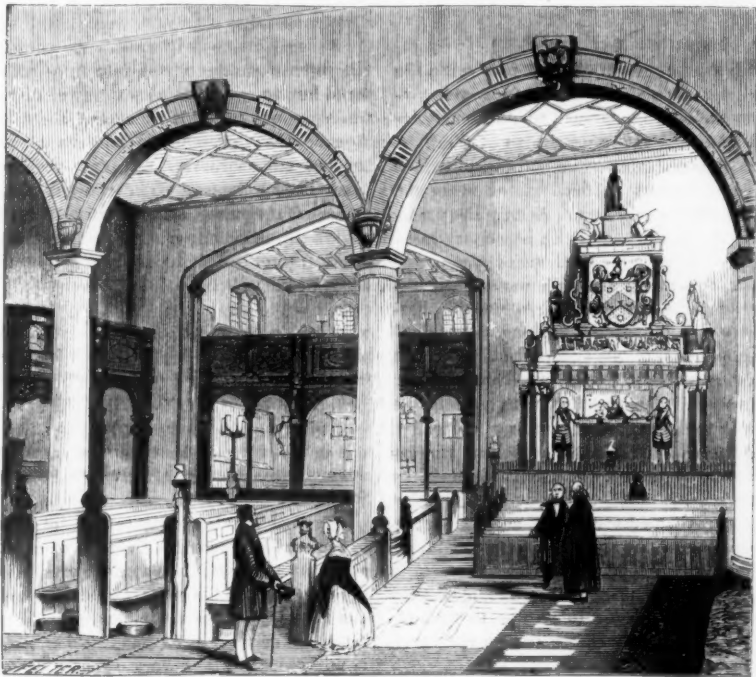


CLOISTER DOORWAY.

Chancellor Shaftesbury, seated, in a dark wig; a whole length of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, in his robes. There is also a long ancient gallery, hung round with old paintings, which call to the memory many quaint historical recollections. The following are a few of the principal

pictures which decorate the walls, and which bear the appearance of being much neglected: Dr. Benjamin Laney, Bishop of Ely, a half-length good picture, with white curled hair, and black cap, his hand on a skull; John Robinson, D.D. dean of Windsor, Bishop of Bristol, and lord privy seal, in his robes and black wig; his face large, and inclining to corpulency; Dr. Humphrey Henchman, Bishop of London, in his robes, gray hair and beard, with a good countenance; John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, an oval; handsome features and dark wig; there are, besides, portraits of John Lord Somers, Morley, Bishop of Winchester; the late Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, and a prelate whose name is unknown. There is also the Wilderness, as it is called, a pleasant place for an evening walk, adorned with many flourishing trees.

Such is the Charter House at present. May its abuses be reformed, so that the objects of its founder may be accomplished, and the institution prove a blessing to old and young, but especially to the superannuated scholar.



CHARTER HOUSE CHAPEL.

## LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

THE ROYAL PENSION—GOLDSMITH.

THE year 1760 is memorable in English history for the accession to the throne of the United Kingdom of George III. The accession of a new sovereign, though necessarily preceded by the demise of his predecessor, is usually a joyful occasion. The vices and follies of princes belong to their individual characters, and die with them; and accordingly



GEORGE III.

with the beginning of each new reign the scepter passes into pure hands, and loyalty finds no hinderance to its utmost devotedness. There were also at this time some special reasons on account of which British loyalty rejoiced at the accession of the new sovereign. Among the greatest of political evils in an hereditary monarchy is an unsettled succession; and from this evil the British nation had suffered for nearly a hundred years. Parliament had indeed all along determined the question of the succession by its own authority; but there were many who questioned the right of that body to set aside the ancient constitution of the realm, and to change, for any cause, the regular descent of the crown. With all such the incumbents of the throne by the sole right of a parliamentary grant, and in opposition to any one having a better claim on the score of legitimacy, were necessarily accounted as usurpers; while allegiance was acknowledged to be due to the out-cast pretender, whose rights in the premises were invaded.

The manifest irregularity of the Hanoverian succession had necessarily thrown

the princes of that dynasty into the hands of the supporters of parliamentary supremacy, as opposed to the laws of an inflexible legitimacy. But now the race of the Stuarts was extinct, and the reigning family was thus brought, according to the ancient usages of the succession, to the rightful possession of the kingdom, over which its two former kings had reigned by the grant of the Parliament. In George III., therefore, all parties were agreed; and from every quarter of the three kingdoms men of all opinions attested their satisfaction, either by silent acquiescence, or by acclamations of joy.

Another advantage possessed by the new king over his predecessors of the same line was the fact that he was an Englishman, both by birth and education. For two generations the throne had been occupied by foreign princes; and it is not wonderful that a people whose national instincts are proverbially strong should now rejoice in the accession of a sovereign who gloried in the honor of having been born a Briton. That Johnson, whose prejudices in favor of the ancient constitution were inveterate, and with whom loyalty amounted to a passion, participated in the general joy, will be readily supposed. His intense dislike of the late king prepared him to rejoice at almost any change, while the youth of his successor, and the absence of any certain indication as to the bent of his character, left room for the most liberal hopes. These were not, however, the most sanguine: he rather waited in expectation the developments of the future. Writing to Baretti, then in Italy, he remarked:—

"You know that we have a new king. We were so weary of our old king that we are much pleased with his successor, of whom we are so much inclined to hope great things that most of us begin already to believe them. The young man is hitherto blameless; but it would be unreasonable to expect much from the immaturity of juvenile years, and the ignorance of princely education."

The changed circumstances of the throne and kingdom left the new monarch at liberty to follow his own inclinations in the selection of his political associations, and the direction of his policy of government. The first and second Georges were both Whigs, by the very necessities of their circumstances; or rather, while most profoundly ignorant of the affairs of the

kingdom over which they were nominally the rulers, they were at once the creatures and the instruments of the Parliament, which, ever since the revolution of 1688, had claimed and exercised its boasted governmental omnipotence. But George III. soon discovered a character and disposition that gave promise of another state of things. The character of George III., as drawn by a noble author of the present age, with sufficient clearness indicates those properties of mind that unfitted him to follow in the path of his predecessors.

"Of a narrow understanding," says Lord Brougham, "which no culture had enlarged; of an obstinate disposition, which no education, perhaps, could have humanized; of strong feelings in ordinary things, and a resolute attachment to all his own opinions and predilections, George III. possessed much of the firmness of purpose, which, being exhibited by men of contracted minds without any discrimination, and as pertinaciously when they are in the wrong as when they are in the right, lends to their characters an appearance of inflexible consistency, which is often mistaken for greatness of mind, and not seldom received as a substitute for honesty. In all that related to his kingly office he was the slave of deep-rooted selfishness."

That such a prince should develop his disposition in his administration by calling to his aid men whose predilections inclined them to assert the prerogatives of the crown against the encroachments of Parliament was quite natural; and equally so that the partisans of regal power should recognize him as the imbecile and defender of their political views.

Hitherto Johnson had meddled but sparingly with politics, and what he had written on political subjects had all been in opposition to the measures and policy of the government. But his opinions were not unknown at the court, nor were they now wholly disapproved. The accession of the new sovereign called forth, as is usual on such occasions, a great number of congratulatory addresses from the various associations and corporations in the kingdom, some of which, with a variety of ascriptions and dedications, furnished occupation for Johnson's pen, and brought his name under the notice of the heads of the government. Their lofty style and courtly address gave a favorable impression of his abilities, and no doubt suggested at once the importance and practicability of further conciliating so powerful a writer toward the administration.

For two or three years after the cessa-

tion of "The Idler," viz., from the spring of 1760 to some time in 1762, Johnson's literary history is almost a total blank. His "Shakespeare" was still upon his hands, but there is little evidence that it received any considerable amount of his attention. His constitutional indolence seems to have become the ruling habit of his life. Even his epistolary correspondence was almost entirely neglected; so much so that the utmost diligence of his biographers has brought to light only two or three letters written during each of these years. He had lodgings in Temple Lane, where he dwelt in dignified poverty and in undignified slothfulness. He usually rose about noon, and breakfasted in dishabille, receiving and entertaining at the same time any who might call upon him; and, as his visitors were not few, nor usually persons of little consideration, his breakfast hour was often a sort of levee, enlivened with flashes of wit and adorned with the richest didactics from the lips of the newly-awakened Diogenes. By four he was ready to sally out, to ramble about town with some of his associates, or to fill some engagement to dine, of which he had one nearly every day in the week. His evenings were generally passed in some social gathering, either at some friend's house, or with one or more of his friends at a tavern. He seldom retired to his lodgings at an earlier hour than two in the morning. Such were the life and habits of a man who had filled the kingdom with his literary renown; who had contributed largely to the stores of general knowledge, and whose maxims of wisdom and rules of life were confidently consulted by the discreet, and often commended with paternal solicitude to erring or inquiring youth.

Until this time Johnson had lived in independent poverty. His daily wants were met, if met at all, by the proceeds of his own labor, which resource, although inadequate and uncertain, had thus far served him, instead of patrimonial wealth or the favor of the great. It was literally the case with him that much of his life was spent in making provisions for the day that was passing over him; and he almost absolutely, in practice, took no thought for the morrow. His works were sold outright, with only the reservation of the right to issue one edition of each,—which he never used,—and the price expended

as soon as received: so that while the strength of his life was passing away, he was making no provision for the weariness of declining years and the decrepitude of age. These things were not wholly overlooked by himself, nor did the contemplation of them fail to affect most painfully his morbidly sensitive spirit. They were also known and considered by his friends, some of whom were in positions to suggest the thought that possibly something might be done to effectually relieve the difficulties of his case. But Johnson having once courted the favor of a noble patron, had learned the vanity of any such reliance.

With whom the project of obtaining for Johnson a royal pension originated is not determined. It was probably the subject of frequent thought and conversation among his friends long before any attempt was made to prove it practicable. Mr. Thomas Sheridan and Arthur Murphy both claimed the honor of suggesting the subject to Mr. Wedderburne, afterward Lord Loughborough, by whom (but whether from his own original impulse or from this suggestion is uncertain) it was brought to the notice of the Earl of Bute, the prime minister of the youthful sovereign. The administration had already determined on a more liberal course toward learned men than had been the policy of the preceding reign; and Johnson was justly considered an appropriate object for royal bounty.

It was feared, however, that the principal difficulty would be found on the part of the intended object of favor. Johnson, indeed, could not object to a steady income of three hundred pounds a year, nor did he consider himself entirely unentitled to such a bestowment; but it was feared that the loftiness of his spirit would induce him to decline a favor that might seem incompatible with his freedom and independence. His former relations with the great had not been such as to encourage further attempts in the same direction. He had lampooned Walpole without mercy or remorse, and had spoken of his master, George II., in terms but little accordant with that profound reverence for crowned majesty that enters so largely into the political system which he professed. His affair with Lord Chesterfield was not forgotten, nor the many severe things he had uttered against sycophants and parasites at court. It was, therefore,



THE EARL OF BUTE.

thought best to bring the matter gradually before his own mind, and obtain his determination of the case. But even this course was not wholly free from peril; nor could the venturesome negotiator be assured that the fate of Osborne, the bookseller, should not be his own, should the proposition happen to be viewed as an insult.

At the request of Mr. Wedderburne this delicate mission was undertaken, with genuine benevolence, by Mr. Arthur Murphy, who thus details his proceedings in the case:—

"He went, without delay, to the chambers in the Inner Temple-lane, which, in fact, were the abode of wretchedness. By slow and studied approaches the message was disclosed. Johnson made a long pause; he asked if it was seriously intended. He fell into a profound meditation, and his own definition of a pensioner occurred to him. He was told that he, at least, did not come within the definition. He desired to meet me the next day and dine at the Mitre tavern. At that meeting he gave up all his scruples. On the following day Lord Loughborough conducted him to the Earl of Bute."

It is probable that Mr. Murphy expresses himself a little too strongly when he says that at the Mitre tavern "he gave up all his scruples," for it is evident that the assent then given was only a conditional one. His definition of a pensioner could interpose no serious objection, as that was given as only one of several meanings of the same word; though it would afford his enemies an opportunity to sting him with his own missiles. But he feared it might in some way interfere with his liberty and compromise his independence; and to this he could not consent for any consideration. When, therefore, he was



brought into the presence of the premier, he asked him directly, "Pray, my lord, what am I expected to do for this pension?" to which his lordship answered promptly, "It is not given you for anything you are to do, but for what you have done." Johnson, whose mind was highly susceptible to flattery, provided his pride was not offended, was very favorably impressed with the lofty courtesy of the noble minister, and, as his last objection was removed, he consented to receive the proffered bounty.

Upon the receipt of the papers by which he became entitled to the annual sum of three hundred pounds, he wrote to the Earl of Bute a letter acknowledging it, expressed in terms as dignified, and yet as courteous, as any that his lordship could have used:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BUTE.

"July 20, 1762.

"MY LORD,—When the bills<sup>o</sup> were yesterday delivered to me by Mr. Wedderburne, I was informed by him of the future favors which his Majesty has, by your lordship's recommendation, been induced to intend for me.

"Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed; your lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation. You have conferred your favors on a man who has neither alliance nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness: you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

"What has been thus elegantly given, will, I hope, not be reproachfully enjoyed; I shall endeavor to give your lordship the only recompense which generosity desires—the gratification of finding that your benefits are not improperly bestowed. I am, my lord,

"Your lordship's most obliged,

"Most obedient, and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Johnson's pension occasioned much rejoicing to his friends, with whom his poverty had long been a source of deep regret. Few persons have been objects of truer friendships than was he, notwithstanding his eccentricities; and as most of his friends were, either by birth or through their own efforts, raised above the condition to which poverty had confined him, they now rejoiced at the lucky turn of fortune by which he was raised to the same social level with themselves. Accordingly congratulations were showered upon him in

abundance—some of them the empty flatteries that wait upon fortune—whose hollowness Johnson could at once detect and appreciate with the scorn they merited—but others were the sincere rejoicings of disinterested friendship, to which his spirit was eminently susceptible. The genial and benevolent heart of Reynolds throbbed with a quicker pulsation as he greeted his old friend, now forever delivered from the dread of

"Toil, envy, want, the garret, and the jail."

Garrick, too, though he had received so many hard thrusts from him, rejoiced most heartily at the bettered condition of his townsman and fellow-adventurer. Langton, who had often been greatly afflicted and almost disgusted by the sordid poverty of his venerated companion and instructor, now greeted him most cordially, and felt himself scarcely less favored by the royal bounty than its immediate recipient. And even the reckless and satirical Beauclerk had a word of congratulation for the occasion, and exercising that liberty, which, beyond all others, he could use toward Johnson, applying the words of Falstaff, he "hoped he would now purge, and dress cleanly, and live like a gentleman." Johnson received the doubtful compliment complacently, and it was thought profited by the suggestion. From this epoch, a new era opens in Johnson's history.

During the summer of 1762, he accompanied Reynolds on an excursion into Devonshire, his native county. This was probably the first time that he had ever given himself this kind of recreation, or spent any considerable time outside of London, since he first entered the metropolis. It is not strange, therefore, that he should find at the end that his rambles had brought him a great accession of new ideas. His associations during the visit were of a highly gratifying character; for the two friends were entertained by many of the nobility of the western counties, and they were everywhere treated with the utmost courtesy and deference, which to Johnson was as grateful as it was new. He had a great regard for the ancient aristocracy of the kingdom—especially when he was received among them and treated with the consideration that he felt he deserved. They remained longest at Plymouth, where Johnson carefully examined the naval armaments and the

<sup>o</sup> What these "bills" were appears to be altogether uncertain; Boswell gives no explanation on the subject.



PLYMOUTH GARRISON.

ship building that was going forward. The commission very courteously ordered a yacht to wait on them, in which they ran down to Eddystone, but were not able to land on account of the roughness of the sea.

While at Plymouth they were the guests of Dr. Mudge, the surgeon of the garrison, whose father, the Rev. Zechariah Mudge, prebendary of Exeter, was also at that time lodging with him. The guests were mutually much pleased with each other. This excellent and learned divine preached a sermon for the gratification of the guests at his son's house; and Johnson was so favorably impressed with his venerable friend, that many years afterward he sketched his character as a model of what a clergyman should be.

At this time the dock-yards were causing a new town to spring up, some two miles from the ancient town of Plymouth, which of course came to be looked upon as a rival. Between this and the old town a violent feud was now raging, and Johnson affected to enter largely into the controversy. That he lodged in the old town was sufficient reason why he should espouse their side of the quarrel; though, perhaps, his regard for whatever had the air of antiquity, and was in the established order of things, might have aided in the matter. It happened that the new town was destitute of water, while in the old one there was a large excess: and so the inhabitants of the former were petitioning for the privilege of making a conduit by means of which their necessity might be met. This petition was now under consideration, and Johnson pretended to be strongly opposed to granting the request. "No, no!" he

exclaimed, "I am against the dockers; I am a Plymouth man! Rogues! Let them die of thirst. They shall not have a drop!"

To this period also belongs the curious and characteristic anecdote, related by Beauclerk, of the visit of a French lady of quality, the Countess de Boufflers, to Johnson at his lodgings in the Temple-lane. Madame de Boufflers visited England in the summer of 1763, and being a voracious sight-seer, was taken by Beauclerk to see Johnson, as one of the lions of the metropolis. She was received very cordially, and went away greatly pleased with the conversation of the sage, whom she found in a strangely grotesque' dishabille, though he seemed to be not at all disconcerted by her presence.

"When our visit was over," said Beauclerk, "she and I left him, and were got into the Inner Temple-lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honors of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality; and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple-gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to the coach. His dress was a rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes, by way of slippers, a little shriveled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

Johnson's increasing circle of personal friends was not far from this time enlarged by the accession of one, whose name in English literature is second only to his own. Oliver Goldsmith was the son of a country



JOHNSON AND MADAME DE BOUFFLERS.

parson, of "forty pounds a year," brought up at Lissoy, in Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His early years were passed in aimless idleness or ineffectual attempts at gaining a place in the world, till having exhausted the generosity of his friends and the forbearance of his creditors, he escaped to the Continent and made the tour of Europe on foot; and at last—four or five years before this time (Feb., 1756)—he found himself friendless and homeless "in the lonely, terrible London streets." In the desperateness of his circumstances he became an author from necessity, and wrought at the Grub-street trade in the true style of the profession, till his genius achieved for him a more eligible, social, and professional position.

In their characters and histories Johnson and Goldsmith had many points in common, as well as not a few marked contrasts. Both had struggled against poverty from their youth, but in very different tempers of mind. Johnson, with surly melancholy, had constantly looked at the dark side of things, and with dogged determination had borne up against difficulties, and always conquered by his indomitable energy of purpose. Goldsmith, on the contrary, was careless, buoyant,

and hopeful; he was easily satisfied, and was less affected by the ills of life than most persons, because he was less sensitive to them. His future was always radiant with hopes; and in his darkest hours he was cheered with the expectation that something favorable would presently *turn up*. In the frame of their minds they were in like manner contradistinguished. Both were writers of rare abilities, yet their works could not be compared; for they differ in kind rather than in degrees of excellence. Instead of Johnson's massy intellect and profound erudition, Goldsmith possessed a lively imagination, and a quick apprehension, and a just appreciation of the beautiful and the true. While Johnson was stately, elevated, and profound, Goldsmith was easy, flexible, and superficial. Johnson was the better thinker, but Goldsmith the better writer; the one gained the admiration of his age, the other made his cotemporaries his readers.

The learned and ingenuous Dr. Percy, author of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*—afterward Bishop of Dromore—had cultivated Goldsmith's acquaintance in the season of his deepest depression, and rejoiced with sincere gratification when his improved finances enabled him to quit

his garret in Green Arbor-court for lodgings in the Wine Office-square in Fleet-street. This joyous event was to be celebrated by a social gathering; and both Percy and Johnson were among the invited guests. However unlike in other particulars, Johnson and Goldsmith were both great slovens, and almost totally regardless of the conventionalities of dress. A bad habit often escapes the notice of its subject till he sees it reproduced in another, when it is viewed in its proper light. An illustration of this was now to be given. When Percy called to take Johnson to Goldsmith's lodgings, he was surprised to find the old russet coat and dingy brown wig replaced by a new suit; and upon his venturing to express his gratification at the transformation, Johnson replied: "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a great sloven, justifies his disregard of



DR. GOLDSMITH.

cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night of showing him a better example." The lesson was not lost.

The acquaintance thus commenced soon ripened into a friendship that proved as lasting as the lives of the parties to it. Goldsmith readily recognized in his new acquaintance the attributes of mind, by virtue of which, either through reverence or fear, he maintained a mastery over all his associates; and being his junior by nearly twenty years, he could, without the loss of self-respect, concede all that would be demanded. Johnson, though often offensively exacting in his social intercourse, would accept the condescensions of his friends in such a manner as to take away the appearance of degradation; and it would seem that he considered such compliances

indications of real excellence, demanding his unfeigned respect for those who rendered them. He also discovered in Goldsmith such excellences, both as a man and an author, that he conceived for him a genuine and hearty respect. The two authors, therefore, "took to each other," to adopt Johnson's own phrase, with mutual goodwill; and though Johnson would sometimes vent his satires on "poor Goldy" with great freedom, and though they frequently quarreled between themselves, yet they mutually esteemed each other very highly, and their friendship was never for a day interrupted.

Not very long after the commencement of this acquaintance, occurred a highly amusing and characteristic affair, which is the more interesting from its connection with a curious passage in literary history. It was some time during the year 1763, that one morning Johnson received a hasty message from Goldsmith, saying that he was in great distress; and because he could not go to Johnson, he entreated that Johnson would come to him. The cause of the difficulty was readily guessed, and a guinea returned by the messenger; and as soon as he was dressed, the Ajax of literature followed in person. He found Goldsmith in a great rage at his landlady, who had caused him to be arrested for arrears of rent. The guinea had been changed, for a partly exhausted bottle of madeira was standing on the table; and while he paced his chamber in great fury, the bailiff and his landlady watched at the door.

After ascertaining the nature of the case, Johnson inquired of his friend as to any available property he might have on hand ready to be disposed of. Goldsmith produced a manuscript volume, which, he said, was complete and ready to be published. Johnson glanced over it hastily, and then going out took it to Newberry, who purchased it for sixty pounds, out of which sum the demanded rent was paid, and the distressed author again set at liberty. This is the early history of the world-read *Vicar of Wakefield*. The manuscript lay in the desk of the bookseller for more than a year; when, "The Traveler" having been published in the mean time, and greatly increased the reputation of its author, Newberry ventured to issue the unpretending fiction under its auspices; and when once that had seen the light, it needed no further patronage.



GOLDSMITH ARRESTED.

As an evidence that Johnson's lesson on dress and cleanliness was not lost upon Goldsmith, the following affair is related, which is here introduced as a part of the subject under notice, though slightly anticipating its chronological order:—The distinguishing features of Goldsmith's character were self-esteem in excess, and a deficiency of self-confidence; and out of these arose a most absurd and ridiculous vanity: when, therefore, his genius had brought him into good society, he was emulous of praise, and aspired to shine as a man of fashion. His unpaid tailor's bills, discovered after his death, forcibly evinced the foibles of the man in this particular.

Boswell, upon his return from his foreign travels, in 1769, gave a dinner party to Johnson and the Johnsonian circle of London wits. The occasion was one of no ordinary interest with Goldsmith, and he accordingly prepared to shine in the bright constellation. He therefore ordered from his tailor "a half-dress suit

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of ratteen, lined with satin; a pair of silk-stockings breeches, and a bloom-colored coat." In these he incased his chubby and awkward limbs and shapeless little body; while above them beamed his coarse and inexpressive face, indented by small-pox, and smirking with self-complacency. Arrived at the ante-room, while dinner waited, Goldsmith strutted up and down the room with evident self-satisfaction. His grotesque appearance attracted the attention of Garrick, and elicited from him an ironical compliment,



GOLDSMITH'S BLOOM-COLORED COAT.



which Goldsmith was not inclined to accept in its literal sense. Garrick, still maintaining his mock-seriousness, pretended to compliment Goldsmith's person at the expense of his dress, adding, "Nay, you will always look like a gentleman; but I was talking of being well or ill dressed." "Well, let me tell you," answered Goldsmith, with the utmost simplicity, "when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of you; when anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water-lane.'" This aroused Johnson, who had been a silent spectator of the whole affair, and he now thundered out, "Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a color." Though Mr. Filby received no other payment for his services and wares, he certainly in this case purchased immortality at a cheaper rate than most are willing to pay for it. For the next period of ten years, the name of Dr. Goldsmith will frequently occur in the history of his illustrious cotemporary and associate.

The only production of any permanent interest from the pen of Johnson, bearing date in 1763, is a sketch of the poet Collins, furnished by him to the "Poetical Calendar," and afterward inserted, slightly enlarged, among the "Lives of the English Poets." That brief production bears strong indications of the author's peculiar style and method of writing, being liberally loaded with reflections and sententious maxims of life. But it is chiefly remarkable for its tender sympathy toward the late suffering object of his memoirs. The writer, no doubt, saw much in Collins's case to remind him of his own mental history; and probably while setting forth the influence of bodily languor in enervating, and at length dethroning, a noble intellect, he felt more than a speculative interest in the subject.

Johnson had known Collins personally for a few years previous to his last and irrecoverable mental prostration; and when that sad event occurred, he deeply sympathized with his suffering friend. Writing to Dr. Warton soon after, he remarked: "How little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers or literary attain-

ments, when we consider the condition of poor Collins! I knew him a few years ago, full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs." Again, the next year, Johnson wrote: "Poor, dear Collins! Let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure if I should write to him. *I have often been near his state*, and therefore have it in great commiseration." Of the nature of that condition to which Johnson supposed himself to "have often been near," he informs us in this sketch of his friend: "He languished under that depression of mind *which enchains the faculties without destroying them*, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it." And as to the origin of these morbid tendencies he adds: "His disorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness—a deficiency of vital rather than of intellectual powers." Such remarks, which are found frequently occurring in his writings, indicate both his interest in the general subject of mental disorders, and his extensive and accurate knowledge of their nature.

A kindly feeling toward the mad poet, as a fellow author for bread, clearly manifests itself in this brief sketch; and the author is constantly prepared to explain away, or extenuate any of his seeming faults or foibles by references to the peculiarities of his circumstances. Truth required that it should be written, that Collins "designed many works, but accomplished very little;" but this declaration is modified by the consideration immediately subjoined: "A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at his creditor, is not much disposed to abstract meditation or remote inquiries." In sketching his moral character, its imperfection is conceded; but this suggestive reflection is annexed: "In a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform; *there is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed*; and long associations with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervor of sincerity." It can hardly be

supposed that this was written without a lively recollection of the scenes of former times, when these things, in their most painful forms, were the circumstances in which Johnson was living, suffering, and faintly hoping for changes that now had occurred. Nor let our reader think that the time has passed when literature is so poorly rewarded. The history of some of our own cotemporaries will unfold a chapter as full of anxiety and privation as any of the times of Johnson. When will a better day dawn? When true merit will be appreciated and its labors rewarded, although fame may not have heralded its approach.

[For the National Magazine.]

### THE DEATH OF MOSES.

A GRAY and chilling morn of early spring  
Creeps feebly up the east. Its somber light  
Reveals the thousand tents of Israel's host,  
Fleeting the wide-spread plain like folds of  
sheep,  
As tribe by tribe they lay encamp'd. The  
dawn,  
With darkness feebly struggling now, shall  
bring  
Unto that slumb'ring host a day of woe,  
A pall of sorrow, 'neath whose heavy folds  
The stoutest heart shall quail, and bearded lips  
Shall quiver, and stern eyes grow dim with  
tears.

The day has come; and now the stir of life  
Runs through that mighty host with quiet hum,  
As 'twere a Sabbath morn. The incense fire  
Sends up its curling perfume to the skies;  
The offering for sin is made; and now  
A band of Israel's elders, and the priest  
And Levite, gather round the holy place,  
And he, their leader, the meek man of God,  
Comes forth and takes his way toward Nebo's  
mount.

They follow him, with slow and funeral step,  
Beyond the camp. And there his trembling  
hands

Are laid in parting blessing on their heads,  
As solemnly they bend in grief and awe.

His upward path he treads, O! *not* alone!  
For yearning hearts are with him, and straining  
eyes

Do follow from afar. In sackcloth robed,  
In ashes bow'd, a nation mourns the day;  
And men of war, six hundred thousand there,  
Are weak as women. Aged men, and maids  
Of laughing eyes, weep now; and e'en young  
babes

Join in the wailing. Still that form erect,  
With undiminish'd vigor, passes on  
Alone, and none may follow where he treads.  
Their wail is wafted on the breeze. But he,—  
Can aught of human love or human woe  
Bedim his prospect now? retard his step?  
Slowly he turns to where a beetling cliff  
Commands the tented plain.

And there he stands,  
That meek and holy man. A hundred years  
And more have laid their winters on his brow,  
Their summers in his heart. Wisdom and love  
Kept pace in that great soul. Communing oft  
With God, he bore to Israel's waiting host  
The bread of Heaven, and in his own heart  
brought

An ever-deeper fount of love for them;  
And now within his aged breast that heart,  
A human heart, is yearning o'er its kind,  
With deep, undying, human love. The wail  
Of Israel is echoed there. "O God!  
If but this cup might pass!" His head is  
bow'd

Upon his heaving breast, where love and grief  
Hold fearful strife with Faith and dreaded Fate.  
The past, with all its weary years, comes back;  
Its years of wandering, and toil, and strife,  
Of sinning and repentance, rise before him—  
Years that have bound him close and closer still  
Unto this wayward race, until his love  
Is such as tender parents feel:—a love  
That found it ever easy to forgive;  
A love that oft has stood between their God,  
Their angry God, and them. Who now can  
lead?

Who now can love and bear with them as he?  
O that this cup might pass! O that e'en now  
He might return, and be their leader still!

The strife is done, and faith has conquer'd grief.  
Again his upturn'd eye is clear and bright,  
Again his step is firm as erst. For Faith  
Is holding high converse, where late the strife  
Wax'd high. She tells him now that God shall  
love

His people, and shall lead them into rest;  
That though they wander from the way and long  
Are straying, they shall be brought back at last.  
"Though they should fall, they'll rise again:

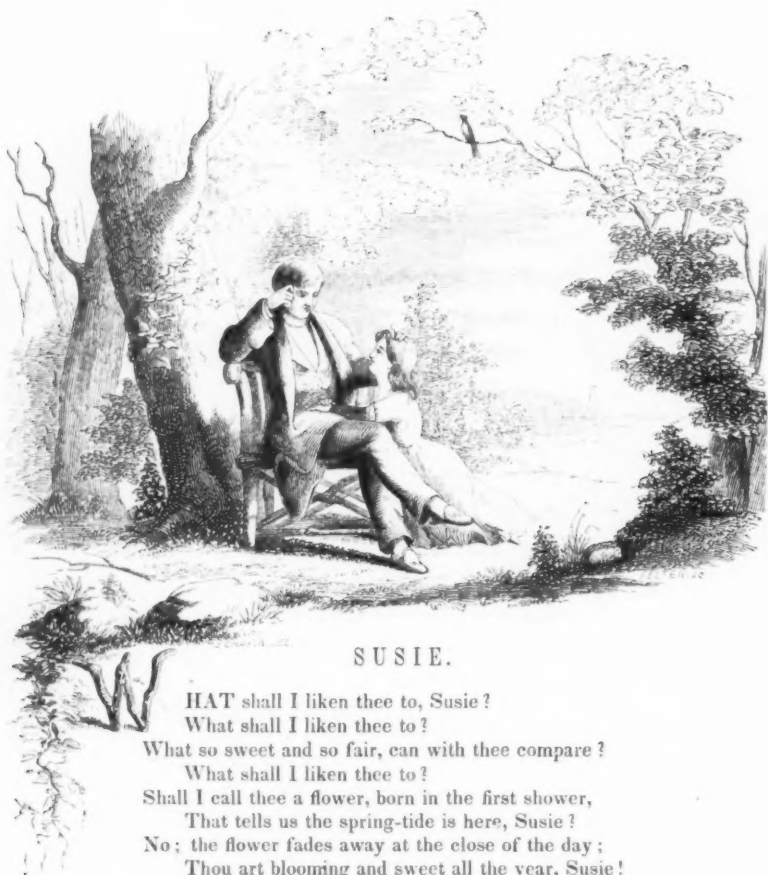
His hand  
Supports them still." Though other human  
hands

Shall lead, yet God shall still direct and guard.

Upward he mounts, and not with lagging step  
Or drooping form, but with elastic tread  
And still increasing vigor, till at length  
He passes on the mountain's brow. The mists  
That veil the vision of mortality  
Are dissipated now. The clear, pure air  
Laving his care-worn brow, so soothes his sense,  
As 'twere the very breath of Heaven. The past  
Seems now but as a "vision of the night,"  
A weary dream, before this dawning day.

The voice of God breaks on his ear, "Behold!"  
And like a map outspread, beneath him lay  
The Promised Land, the fair and fertile fields  
So long awaiting Israel's wand'ring host.  
From north to south, and to the utmost sea,  
From Gilead's borders even unto Zoar,  
His eyes behold its wealth and loveliness,  
And he is satisfied. Not one regret  
O'ershadows now its beauty. Not one pang  
Tells now of selfish thought. His soul outflows  
In liquid love, and o'er that smiling land  
Sheds a last blessing for his nation child.  
Slow fades the vision. Brighter grows the day,  
More pure the air, and fairer scenes appear!  
At length he rests—in Heaven.

M. H. L. JERVIS.



## SUSIE.

HAT shall I liken thee to, Susie?  
 What shall I liken thee to?  
 What so sweet and so fair, can with thee compare?  
 What shall I liken thee to?  
 Shall I call thee a flower, born in the first shower,  
 That tells us the spring-tide is here, Susie?  
 No; the flower fades away at the close of the day;  
 Thou art blooming and sweet all the year, Susie!

What shall I liken thee to, Susie?  
 What shall I liken thee to?  
 What rings out so free, as thy laugh full of glee?  
 What shall I liken thee to?  
 Shall I call thee a bird, whose warble is heard,  
 From the bough of the blossoming tree, Susie?  
 No; the bird's song is still, when November blows chill,  
 Never wind shall blow coldly on thee, Susie!

What shall I liken thee to, Susie?  
 What shall I liken thee to?  
 What so precious and bright as thy face of delight?  
 What shall I liken thee to?  
 To brilliants that shine, like stars from the mine,  
 Or pearls from the depths of the sea, Susie?  
 No; the gem has been sold for silver and gold,  
 But what price could ever buy thee, Susie!

There's naught I can liken thee to, Susie;  
 There's naught I can liken thee to:  
 Bird, flow'ret, and gem, alike I condemn;  
 There's naught I can liken thee to.  
 Thou'rt a gift from above, of the Father of love,  
 Sent to call our hearts upward to him, Susie:  
 His smile we see now in the light of thy brow;  
 God grant it may never grow dim, Susie!

## THE HISTORY OF SERMONS.

WHEN shall the world be favored with a history of the pulpit, and who will write it? Such a work is a great desideratum, and, well executed, might prove of incalculable value. The world is full of material, which only needs to be collected, sifted, and arranged. Let some one of our men of might gird himself for the task.

One chapter in such a work, or perhaps more, should be given to the origin and history of sermons, and curious indeed would be its developments; especially if all their secret history could be made known. Let us give two or three facts, which may go to show somewhat of what we mean.

One of the most beautiful and popular of the sermons of Robert Hall is the one occasioned by the death of the amiable Princess Charlotte, who died in 1817—a sermon which he had not even thought of delivering an hour before its commencement.

Devoted to his duty, this eminent man seldom looked at a newspaper, and was supremely ignorant of passing events, so that he was not aware of the time when the princess was to be buried. The funeral ceremony took place on a Wednesday evening, just at the time of Mr. Hall's weekly lecture. Royal bereavements generally have attention paid them from the pulpit, especially at the hour of interment, but the thought never occurred to Mr. Hall that anything more than an ordinary service would take place at Harvey Lane.

On his arrival there, as usual, behold the whole house was lighted up and crowded. "How is this, sir?" asked Mr. Hall of one of his deacons. "What does this crowd mean?" "Why, sir, the Princess Charlotte, you know, is buried this evening, and the people are come to hear

your funeral sermon for her." "Well, sir, I am very sorry, but I had entirely forgotten it; ask Mr. — to introduce the service, and I will sit down in the vestry, and endeavor to think of something to say." The substance of the sermon on the topic, which appears in the first volume of his works, was the result of half an hour's reflections; the sermon was afterward written, published, and produced great effects. The widowed prince described it as the best of all the sermons sent him on the occasion; and another eminent man thought that the production of such a sermon went far to account for the mysterious removal of the princess.

Much smaller events than the removal of the great have suggested good sermons. The admirable discourse on "Walking on Faith," the first sermon printed by Andrew Fuller, owed its origin to a small matter. It was delivered at an annual meeting of the Northamptonshire Association, at whose request it was printed. Like the sermon of his friend Hall, not a word of it was written till after its delivery. On his way to the Association the roads in several places were flooded, arising from recent rains, which had made the rivers overflow. Mr. Fuller came to one place where the water was very deep, and he, being a stranger to its exact depth, was unwilling to go on. A plain countryman residing in the neighborhood, better acquainted with the water than the preacher, cried out, "Go on, sir, you are quite safe."

Fuller urged on his horse, but the water soon touched his saddle, and he stopped to think. "Go on, sir, all is right," shouted the man. Taking the man at his word, Fuller proceeded, and the text was suggested, "We walk by faith, not by sight."



## EBENEZER ELLIOTT,

THE ENGLISH CORN-LAW RHYMER.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT was born at Masborough, near Sheffield, England, on the 17th of March, 1781. His father was a clerk in the Iron Works of that place, with a salary of £70 a year. On this small pittance he supported a family of eight children. In his youth, Ebenezer was remarkable for good nature—a fault got bravely over in *The Corn-Law Rhymes*—and for a certain dullness of mind that long prevented him from mastering the easiest rudiments of a common English education. And his original stupidity is said to have been confirmed by the help which he received from a clever

school-fellow, who used to do for him his sums in arithmetic. Without understanding addition, he somehow got into the Rule of Three, and without understanding the Rule of Three, (but that of course,) he got into Decimals, where he stuck fast. At this period of his studies he was examined by his father, and “found wanting.” He scarcely knew that two and two made four. Clearly, he will never make the clerk that his father is—never have that fortune of £70 a year!

He was set to work in the foundry to see whether sifting sand would not improve his arithmetic, and make him as



smart a lad as his brother Giles, a chip of the old clerkly block. It is in vain: a dunce is a dunce, place him where you will. Giles sits in the counting-house writing invoices, posting the ledger, and playing the gentleman in general; while Ebenezer "does chores," as we Yankees say, in the foundry, sifting sand through coarse sieves, and smutting his face with charcoal dust. His brother's superiority produces no envy in Ebenezer; he loves him too much for that; but he hates himself, he is such a perfect dunce! His only resource is solitude and play. From infancy he has had a passion for solitude, which the scenery around his birthplace is calculated to strengthen; and all his leisure moments are spent in communion with nature. He is the best kite-maker in the place, and may be often seen alone flying his kite. He is a good ship-builder, too, and his chip armadas float along the banks of the canal.

Among his relations at Masborough was an aunt who had a son studying botany. The plates of his botanical books were beautifully colored, and very delectable to behold. He found that by holding them to a pane of glass he could copy them "as natural as life." (This process, by the by, is an old one; we remember to have practiced it ourselves, years ago.) In time he became a botanist, and had a *hortus siccus* of his own, gathering in his holiday rambles the flowers which composed it. And so passed the days and years.

One day he heard his brother Giles recite a passage from "Thomson's Seasons," and his attention was turned to poetry. Clare and Bloomfield, it is said, drew their early inspiration from the same source. His first attempt at a poem was a rhymed description of a thunder-storm—(your young poet is always fond of thunder)—in which, the story goes, he had a flock of sheep running away after they had been killed by lightning! Now this poetical miracle came to pass because the rhyme would have it so.

"Sometimes  
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."  
He read the poem to his cousin, the botanist, and it was mercilessly ridiculed; but the young poet stuck to his *mutton*.

From Thomson he passed to Shenstone, the most insipid of elegiac poets; thence to Milton, and finally to Shakspeare, "the myriad-minded." For a dunce this is

something. When he began to write verses he became ashamed of his deficiencies, which he now beheld in their true light. If there is anything in the world that can make a man feel his littleness and insignificance it is the eternal spirit of song. For a while he tried his hand at French, but without success. Then he began English Grammar—about the last thing that we ever really *study*—but unfortunately began at the wrong end, viz., at the key, and never reached the beginning. The son of his old schoolmaster, who was preparing for the ministry, used to recite Greek to him, and, without understanding a word of the language, he was so charmed with the music of Homer, "the swelling of the voiceful sea," that he learned by heart the opening lines of the *Iliad*.

One of his biographers, who seems to have been troubled by the poet's early complaint—dullness—relates the following anecdote of his fondness for the classic tongues:—

"Having written a sonorous poem in blank verse on the American Revolution, he wished for a learned title. He wished to call it 'Liberty,' so his learned cousin baptized it in Greek by the name of 'Eleutheria;' but the poet having found that the name Eleutheria also signified fire, humbled himself to Latin, expunged the Greek, and wrote in place of it 'Jus Triumphans.' He then read Johnson's Dictionary through, and selected several dozen words, fifty-three, we believe, of six and seven syllables, which he wrote on slips of paper and pasted over his verses where they would occur and read grammatically!"

But we cannot always be children and youths, reading, and writing verses, and other foolery; the years sweep on, and manhood teaches us other thoughts and loves, and the meaning of that stern word—duty. In a few years the young poet was a man and a father. Concerning his love, marriage, and matrimonial life, we know nothing, further than that it was passed at Sheffield, to which he came one hundred and fifty pounds in debt, with a wife and three or four children. He suffered and endured for a long time as only such men can, and at length began to make money and fame. But he seems to have made the first much the soonest; fame was long in visiting him, and then she only dropped in as it were by accident.

Some time in 1808, his twenty-seventh year, he seems to have tried to find a pub-

lisher; for in Southey's *Life and Letters*, lately published, is a letter to him filled with sound advice about the matter of publication. After saying that a recommendation to the booksellers, which the young poet seems to have solicited, was of no use whatever, that poetry was a drug in the market, etc., he says:—

"From that specimen of your productions which is now in my writing-desk, I have no doubt that you possess the feeling of a poet, and may distinguish yourself."

He then advises him to send his poems to the newspapers, and see what success they meet with there.

In 1809 he wrote him again:—

"In your execution," he says, "you are too exuberant in ornament, and resemble the French engravers, who take off attention from the subject of their prints by the flowers and trappings in the foreground. This makes you indistinct; but distinctness is the great charm of narrative poetry. See how beautifully it is exemplified in Spenser, our great English master of narrative, whom you cannot study too much, nor love too dearly. Your first book reminds me of an old pastoral poet, William Browne; he has the same fault of burying his story in flowers; it is one of those faults which are to be wished for in the writings of all young poets. I am satisfied that your turn of thought and feeling is for the higher branches of the art, and not for the lighter subjects. Your language would well suit the drama; have your thoughts ever been turned toward it?"

The hint was not lost; what hint poetical ever is by a young poet? he turned his attention to the drama, and wrote plays. In 1811 Southey had to write him again concerning a play of his, the name of which is not mentioned. Without doubt the juvenile mutton was in it, and the juvenile thunder and lightning. But all this time he is struggling with fortune in the iron business, now up and now down, yet on the whole rather increasing his means, and certainly increasing his family. Any one visiting Sheffield at this period might have found him in his shop, ready to supply orders at the shortest notice. William Howitt, who visited the place some years ago, calls it a lowish, humblish sort of a building.

"On entering the front door, which, however, you are prevented from doing till a little iron gate in the door-way is first opened for you, you find yourself in a dingy place full of steel and iron of all sorts and sizes, from slenderest rods to good massy bars, reared on almost every inch of space, so that there is just room enough to get among them; and in the midst of all stands aloft a large cast of Shakspeare with the Sir Walter Raleigh ruff about

his neck, and mustache. Your eye glancing forward penetrates a large warehouse behind, of the like iron gloom and occupation. On the left hand is a small room, into which you directly look, for the door is open; if door there be, and which is properly the counting-house, but is nearly as crowded with iron bars as the rest. The center of the room is occupied by a considerable office-desk, which, to judge from its appearance, has for many a year known no occupation but that of being filled with the most miscellaneous chaos of account-books, invoices, bills, memorandum-books, and the like, all buried in the dust of the *iron age* in which they have accumulated. To be used as a desk appears to have ceased long ago; it is the supporter of old chaos come again. And a couple of portable desks set on the counter under the window, though elbowed up by lots of dusty iron, and looked down upon by Achilles and Ajax in wonder, seem to serve the real purposes of desks.

"But Achilles and Ajax, says some one, what do they here? All round the room stand piles of bars of iron, and amid these stand, oddly enough, three great plaster casts of Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon. The two Grecian heroes are in the front on each side of the window, and Napoleon occupies an elevated post in the center of the side of the room, facing the door. Such was at once the study and warehouse of Ebenezer Elliott."

If anything came from such a place, what could it be but discord and strength? Is it a wonder that the poet wrote iron lines, as well as weighed iron bars,—a wonder that a certain energy and sternness brooded over his heart, like the heroic busts over the window? We must look elsewhere for "the lascivious pleasing of the lute;" here is the falling of hammers, and the ringing of anvils, and such clouds of dust!

In 1819, eight years since the date of the letter from which we made our last extract, Southey wrote to Elliott again, acknowledging the receipt of a volume of his poems which had just been criticised in the *Monthly Magazine*:—

"There are," he says, "abundant evidences of power in it. It is also a hateful story, presenting nothing but what is painful. You may do great things, if you will cease to attempt so much; if you will learn to proportion your figures to your canvas. Cease to overload your foreground [the laureate growth skillful in painter's phrases] with florid ornaments, and be persuaded that in a poem, as well as in a picture, there must be bright lights and shades; that the general effect can never be good unless the subordinate parts are kept down; and that the brilliancy of one part is brought out and heightened by the repose of the other. One word more. With your powers of thought and language you need not seek to produce effect by monstrous incidents and exaggerated characters. These dramas have

been administered so often that they are beginning to lose their effect, and it is to truth and nature that we must come at last. Trust to them, and they will bear you through. You are now squandering wealth, with which, if properly disposed, you may purchase golden reputation."

No one can dispute the correctness of Southey's advice: whether Elliott could have followed it, is another matter. It was easy for a man of Southey's limited imagination (limited in all save the creation of *incident*) to talk of Elliott's "florid ornaments," but not so easy for Elliott himself to get rid of them. A more thorough education, and more correctness of taste, might have prevailed to their ostracism, and they might not. In the case of Shelley, they were of no avail. Among the whole range of English poets was not a more cultivated scholar than Shelley, and certainly none whose poems are so floridly ornamented. The volume to which Southey alluded was entitled "Night." How far it corresponded with its title we know not; but it was, doubtless, no misnomer; and, be sure, Ajax was there, and

"Through all that dark and desperate night,  
The prayer of Ajax was for light!"

"For twenty years," to quote Howitt again—

"The poet went on writing and publishing; but in vain. Volume after volume, his productions fell dead from the press, met a contemptuous sneer, or were 'damned with faint praise.' But living consciousness of genius was not to be extinguished; the undaunted spirit of Elliott was not to be frozen out by neglect. He wrote, he appealed to sense and justice; but in vain. He became furious, and hurled a flaming satire at Lord Byron, in the height of his popularity, in the hope that the noble lord would give him a returning blow, and thus draw attention upon him. It was in vain—neither lord nor public would deign him a look, and the case seemed hopeless."

Money matters were, however, brightening with him. He struck into the right track at last; and such was at that time the prosperity of Sheffield, that he used to sit in his chair, and make £20 a day without ever seeing the goods that he sold. The corn-laws changed all this, and made him glad to retire from business with a part of what he had made; the great panic in 1837 sweeping away some thousands at once.

When or how Elliott first became a corn-law rhymist is not known; the probability is, that his change from poetry to politics was gradual. These poets are not

easily led to alloy the pure ore of song. Their eyes, however, are keen to see, and their hearts are quick to warm over sorrow and suffering. And when they do see and feel, it is with the fullness of their souls, especially if they keep company with Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon. From childhood, as we have said, Elliott was noted for mildness and tenderness; but it was time now to put away childish things; for the very bread that he ate was taxed to support a useless aristocracy. And not his own bread only, (that he might have borne, for he was naturally a peaceful man; and he could afford it now, having learned something of arithmetic,) but the bread of all the poor in the kingdom. This touched his heart. Every pale mechanic, weary with excessive labor; and every pale mechanic's wife, sickly with want and sorrow; every unprotected widow, and every orphan child; none were exempted from the crushing influence of these accursed corn-laws. Was it not enough to make any man, much less a poet, lift up his voice in wailing and denunciation? enough to make almost any man a poet, if it be the poet's province to sing songs of defiance and war?

He who said, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," was right. Certainly the songs of Elliott, under God, unmade the corn-laws of England.

One purpose was, however, served by those accursed corn-laws; they drew the attention of the public to the corn-law rhymist. His volumes no longer fell dead from the press, but were widely read and reviewed. His twenty years of neglect were atoned for by a general burst of popularity; Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon, were in the ascendant at last. And thus it happened: When the corn-law excitement was at its height, chance or business led Dr. Bowring, the translator of *The Russian Anthology*, to Sheffield, where some one put into his hands Elliott's *Ranter* and *The Corn-Law Rhymes*. He at once recognized their merit, and began to talk of the poet of Sheffield: not James Montgomery, author of *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, nor Robert ditto, author of *Satan, a poem*; but a new man, one Ebenezer Elliott, a dealer in old iron. Among others to whom he spoke of him was Howitt, who instantly procured his poems. Wordsworth was at that time Howitt's guest, and, for a wonder, was

struck with poetry that was not his own, nor of his own quiet school.

Bowring went up to London, and talked of the new genius there. Meeting Bulwer one night at a party, he prevailed upon him to read his poetry, and Bulwer shortly after reviewed it and its author in *The New Monthly*, in an article entitled, "*Uneducated Poets*." Returning to the Lakes, Wordsworth mentioned the poems to Miss Jewsbury at Manchester, and she noticed them in *The Athenæum*. Carlyle did the same in the *Edinburgh Review*. Of course the smaller fry of critics, who never have any opinions of their own, save those that are weak and damnatory; the timid gentlemen, who had given Elliott the cold shoulder for so many years, now made the discovery that he was a great genius. Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all, they barked for him. He was a famous man, that Ebenezer Elliott!

Surely it was time. Twenty years of neglect were quite sufficient to establish his right to a niche in the temple of Fame. Our good friend Southey was not over pleased at the success of his pupil: he either felt that he, too, had neglected Elliott, or else he trembled for his own aristocratic bread and butter. In one of his letters to Lord Mahon, he alludes to Elliott as "this man," and says he shall give him some good advice in *The Christian Magazine*. Any amount of Southey's could not then have stopped Elliott's fame.

Till the repeal of the corn-laws in 1846, Elliott continued to pour out his stirring songs in behalf of the people. Finding at last that he was growing old, he gave up to his sons the principal part of his business, and retired from Sheffield to Darfield, a village hard by, where he spent the remainder of his days in quiet and ease among his friends and books, dying, in 1849, at the age of sixty-eight. Since his death there has been some talk of a monument to his memory; and one is now, we believe, under way in the city of Sheffield. While his poems live, however, and they bid fair to live long, there is no great need of "piled stones" to keep him alive in the hearts of men.

The poetry of Ebenezer Elliott, and some other of the late English poets who have followed in his track, embodies the political element of the age. For the first time in English literature we recognize politics as the soul of poetry: heretofore

we have had gleams of it; it has shown itself covertly in satire; has occasionally turned the point of a song, but never before pushed boldly and prominently forward, as it does now, sternly and fiercely unfolding its truths, and uttering its terrible denunciations. Freedom, which before only *fought*, now *sings*, and has a place in the choir of Apollo, the oracular Tenth Muse. Few poets have sung her praises as well, or have served her as truly, as Ebenezer Elliott, the corn-law rhymers. A greater difference than exists between his poetry and that of the preceding age, can scarcely be conceived. In the ages of Elizabeth and Charles, and even so late as those of Anne and the Georges, the mass of the so-called English poets were abject and groveling flatterers of all the then existing royal and aristocratic institutions; and the aim and end of their worthless poems, and still more worthless lives, was patronage, nothing but patronage. It was not, "How much genius does my book contain?" but, "To whom can I dedicate it, and make the most money!" My Lord This, it is true, is a rake, and my Lady That a fool; but then they are rich, and will give me fifty or a hundred guineas for a dedication extolling their virtues; and they shall have it, the simpletons, and I, cunning knave, shall have the coin.

Somewhat different from this tribe of butterflies is Ebenezer Elliott. There is nothing of the popinjay about him, nothing of the lord and fine gentleman; he is only a man; a dealer in old iron, if you will, rusty and dusty, and even perhaps vulgar, (that horrid word!) but in his soul he is a king, "ay, every inch a king!"

The word "politics," that we have applied to his poetry, hardly conveys our meaning, so much and so little does that single word sometimes embrace. As a politician, Elliott neither supports nor refuses to support any particular party; he ignores the names "Whig," "Tory," and uses no Shibboleth of his own in their stead. He is simply the mouthpiece of the people; the voice of the down-trodden and the oppressed of England; the embodiment of popular sentiment the world over; the current opinions of the world in matters of every-day life and thought; its protest against an aristocratic and privileged class, whether of prophets, priests, or kings; the scorn and indignation which

it feels at the constant exhibition of tyranny, as yet too strong for it to overthrow; in short, the nineteenth century itself, in its work-day clothes. This is the subject of Elliott's poetry. He is not a poet, a scholar, a wit, though he possessed the distinctive qualities of all; but a man among men; a thorough flesh-and-blood man, with a warm heart and a hard hand; sincere and honest, with universal sympathies, especially for the poor. His poetry is *real*; it gives us a feeling of the man himself; strong, sensible, earnest, indignant, often bitter and willful; yet tender and gentle withal; full of the milk of human kindness. Were he less gentle, he would be less harsh; he is cruel only to be kind. In some respects he resembles the great Scottish peasant, Burns; he lacks, it is true, his richness and warmth of genius; but he also lacks his frailties and errors. He pushed the quality of mind in which they resembled each other, namely, a certain scornful independence and freedom, much further than did Burns, making it the staple of nearly all his poems; while Burns was gradually drawn away from it, by the versatility of his genius, into the enchanted regions of romance, the world of fictitious joy and sorrow. While the one poured out the rarest of love-songs, the other shouted the stormiest of battle-odes. The amount of Burns's revolutionary poetry, as it was considered in his own day, is small compared with the bulk of his writings. The general tendency of *Man is made to mourn*, especially the half stanza,—

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,  
By nature's law design'd,  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?"

The glorious, *A Man's a Man for a' that*; *Bruce's Address*; and one or two local ballads, comprise it all; while that of Elliott extends to, we know not how many volumes. Elliott has never said any single thing as fine as—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gold for a' that."

But he has said that, in common with other brave thoughts, over and over again. It is the key-note and substance of his poetry; and a nobler could not be found.

There is also another, and a twofold aspect in his verse, seldom found in that of the modern poets. Whether dealing with man or nature, with the squalor and

wretchedness of the town, or the beauty and gladness of the country, it is equally fine and true. He unites the best qualities of Crabbe and Wordsworth; the minute detail and love of still life, the *genre* painting of the one, with the antique pastoral feeling of the other. The dew lies thick in his fields; the dust lies thick on his streets. The birds sing in his clouds, free and joyous; the children weep in his factories, dying of work.

In his love for, and intimate knowledge of, nature, he is equal to the best of the pastoral poets; much finer, we think, than Thomson and his vaunted *Seasons*. Old Chaucer himself is not more profuse in his admiration of spring; Milton and Shakspeare, so famous in this respect, (see the flower lines in *Lycidas* and *The Winter's Tale*.) have not given us a finer catalogue of flowers than can be culled at random from any of his dewy pages. His love of nature is not "got up" for effect, but is real; the result of his solitary rambles when a duncie of a boy; the fruit of his incipient botanizing, and his holiday walks when a man along the banks of the Don and the Rivlin. His landscapes are not Arcadian, but English, drawn from Sheffield and the country adjacent. One might pick his way anywhere about there, with a volume of Elliott in his hand for a guide-book. The chief fault of his verse, for he has now and then a fault, like many of his betters, is a kind of lashing of Pegasus, a straining after force and power. It is too declamatory and abrupt, full of gulfs and chasms, and the lightnings that he managed so ill in youth. *The Village Patriarch*, his longest poem, and *The Splendid Village*, a merciless satire, are already enrolled among the English classics. Many of his minor poems are "beautiful exceedingly." No complete edition of his works has ever been issued, that we are aware of, either in this country or England. A small volume of selections was published in Philadelphia some years ago, but it does him no justice.

LIFE.—What a serious matter our life is! How unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed! What a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be who does not, as soon as possible, lend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies before him!—*Sterling*.

[For the National Magazine.]

## A SPECIMEN OF WILLBUR FISK.

IT is said of one of old that, wishing to dispose of his house, he went down to Rome for the purpose, and took a brick as a sample. We may be guilty of like folly in attempting a specimen or two of the eloquence of Dr. Fisk. But such a holy charm seems to linger around this precious name, that anything of his history, snatched from oblivion, will be read with interest.

Nature had given him a form of superior dignity and grace, and a countenance beaming with intellect and loveliness. She had also imparted to him a voice of richest melody, with which in holy songs the itinerant was wont to make the old forests of Northern Vermont resound. It was his frequent custom to sing some well-known hymn at the close of his discourse. One present at Charlestown, on such an occasion, has told me that so plaintively and touchingly did he sing one of the most familiar Methodist hymns, that scarcely a dry eye could be seen. His person, manners, and voice, all conspired to make him an orator. As he rose to your view in the pulpit, these would at once challenge your attention; but when he opened his lips and began to speak, it was so calmly, so impressively, so logically, that he had secured your judgment as well as your prejudices. He usually proceeded in this manner, unfolding his subject clearly and comprehensively, enlivening his discourse by gems of thought and expression, thrown out so naturally, that the speaker scarcely seemed to know their beauty or worth. Of this style of address, the sermon on "Christ's Kingdom not of this World" is a happy illustration. All this, however, in his best efforts, was only preparatory to a conclusion most overwhelming in its appeal. On these occasions, as he proceeded, his form would seem to become more erect, his countenance more animated, his eye lit up with the excitement of the hour; and with an utterance more rapid than usual, his musical voice would ring out the most heart-searching denunciations of sin, or the most melting exhibitions of a Redeemer's love. Tears, and sighs, and low responses, gave evidence of the power which the truth possessed. An instance occurred at Lynn, Mass., in his earlier ministry, in which, while thus presenting the case of the sinner, one man despair-

ingly cried, "Good God! is this my case?"

It was not our purpose to describe the general characteristics of his preaching, but simply to illustrate one or two of its peculiar features. Everything was laid under contribution to his public performances. His reading, meditations, visits, conversations, walks,—all were taxed for material for his frequent sermons and addresses. His illustrations, like those of his Divine Master, were taken from familiar objects. Even the passing events of the hour of worship were often made to tell upon the interest of the subject.

At one time entering a law-office, he saw conspicuously posted up, "*Be Short.*" Preaching the next Sabbath, he stated the case, claiming that if men of this world were so earnest in the business of life, Christians should let nothing interfere with eternity; but, putting their fingers in their ears, run, crying, "Life! Life! Eternal Life!"

At another time, while preaching in Middletown, he heard the town clock strike. He had been speaking with great earnestness. As the bell tolled the hour, he paused a moment. "Time," says he, "bids me stop; but vast eternity says, 'Plead on.'" And he did plead on, until angels must have been astonished that a single sinner could refuse to yield.

At New-London he once preached from, "Beginning at Jerusalem." The fact in the text he regarded: 1. As an evidence of the *truth* of the gospel; for Christ sent it to be first preached where it was best known; and if false, could have been most easily refuted. 2. As an evidence of the *benevolence* of the gospel; for he required it to be preached first to his murderers. The day before, he had visited a man condemned for the murder of his own wife and children. In the course of the sermon, he described his emotions on his way to the prison: "Can I," thought he, "offer pardon and heaven to so vile a wretch as he? Then," said he, "I thought, 'Beginning at Jerusalem.' The gospel was preached to the very murderers of Jesus Christ; and surely I can offer it to this man." And then, O how he triumphed in Christ's ability "to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him!"

One more illustration must suffice. His text may have been, "The heavens declare the glory of God," &c. He called



to mind his visit to St. Paul's, London, where, just over the entrance to the choir, he had read the following Latin epitaph :—

"Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself alone, but for the public.

"Reader, do you seek his monument? Look around."

"Would you see God?" said the preacher, "*Look around.* The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork."

The most graphic pen would, of course, be unable to place the life and power of these illustrations upon paper. They are but etchings—the picture itself must be filled up by the reader.

Another distinguishing feature in Dr. Fisk, as a preacher, was his power of description. So vividly would he present a picture to the eye, that his audience would often forget that it was other than real. That was a charming representation of the fidelity of St. Paul: "Pressing onward toward the mark of the prize of his high calling in Christ Jesus." The gilded balls of earth roll across his path, but he heeds them not. Fiends would terrify him, but he presses onward. His eye is upon the prize.

A remarkable instance of this nature is briefly alluded to by Dr. Bangs, in his funeral discourse: Dr. Fisk was preaching in the Forsyth-street church, in New-York city. His text was Philipians iii, 18, 19. Dwelling upon the latter verse, he inverted its order, and came finally to consider the expression, "Whose end is destruction." Here his soul glowed with uncommon fervor. His voice and manner indicated the greatest anxiety for those before him. He painted a poor, thoughtless sinner, "minding earthly things," making pleasure his god, upon the very brink of an awful precipice. Beneath rolled a fiery lake, ready to engulf him; and the rocks on which he stood, so slippery that each moment he was in peril of destruction. Then he recited the old verse,—

"On slippery rocks I see them stand," &c.

Having fully depicted the scene, and presented the imperiled soul fully to the view of the congregation, their interest, as might be expected, was at the highest pitch. He now began to plead that something might be done to deliver one so near to hopeless ruin. He most urgently pro-

claimed the glorious possibility of his salvation; and, suiting the action to the words, stretched out his arms as if to save him. He seized him just as he was about to fall headlong into perdition, raised him up, and planted him in a place of security. One of the ministers within the railing, losing himself entirely in the occasion, stretched out his arms to aid in this blessed work; and the congregation, to their fancy's eye, no sooner saw the sinner delivered from his critical situation, than they broke forth into one simultaneous shout of joy. And why not? It was a realization to them for the moment of what creates a "joy in heaven."

Psalm xxiv, 7-10, was with him a favorite text; and in discussing it he would indulge his graphic powers to great effect. This was particularly the case, as toward the close of the sermon he would attempt the presentation of a view of the death, resurrection, and ascension, of the adorable Saviour. Earth weeps, but heaven rejoices. Plaintively he would recite the former verses of the hymn, beginning,—

"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around."

Coming to the latter verses, his tones would seem to speak out his emotions of triumph. His voice swelled into its richer and fuller volume as he continued :—

"Jesus, the dead, revives again.  
The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise!)  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies."

Now, in the speaker's conception, the glorious escort has reached the walls of the New Jerusalem. They stand before the pearly gates and upraise their voices, crying, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!" The angel porter from within cries, "Who is this King of glory?" The escort answers, "The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates! even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in." The mighty doors begin to move, and myriads of voices from within again inquire, "Who is this King of glory?" Those without respond, with angel emphasis, "The Lord of Hosts; He is the King of glory." The doors at once fly open—heaven is filled with new bliss and splendor: Jesus has returned to the skies,

and setteth down at the right hand of the Father. It is not difficult to conceive what an interest such a painter as Dr. Fisk could give to such a scene.

Our space will allow us to present but another case : one in which both the aptitude of his illustrations and the power of his descriptions were perfectly exemplified. He had just set foot on the shores of America, after an absence in Europe of some fifteen months. Before leaving for his home at Middletown, he tarried a few days in the city of New-York ; and on Sabbath morning, in the Forsyth-street church, preached from those words, no doubt in such perfect harmony with his feelings : "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Psalm cxix, 54. It was a sermon of surpassing beauty and effect. He showed how appropriately life was termed a pilgrimage ; and that, as such, it had many inconveniences and evils ; but to the Christian, light was ever springing out of darkness—hope out of despair—joy out of sorrow—"songs in his pilgrimage." One of the sources of this light, and hope, and joy, to the soul, was the prospect of a bright and blissful future. To illustrate this thought, he introduced a scene which he had witnessed in crossing the Alps ; and so glowingly presented it to the congregation, that, says a hearer, it must have been heard to be appreciated. As they ascended, it seems, a heavy veil of rack and mist was spread out upon the mountains, giving to the rugged pathway of our travelers a most gloomy aspect. In a little while, however, the cloud and mist parted ; and through an opening, as if it were a window, they could "see far, far upward, in the blue ether, the silver turrets of the mountain-top, throwing back the bright beams of a cloudless sun. The world," continued the speaker, "around us was, indeed, a world of shadows ; but that world, of which we gained a distant glimpse, was one of unearthly brightness. So we dwell in a vale of clouds and tears, but betimes we catch a distant, but bright vision of the

'House of our Father above,  
'The palace of angels and God.'

"These wake up songs in the house of our pilgrimage. Yes," cried the speaker, in tones and with an emphasis peculiar to himself—

"By faith we already behold  
The lovely Jerusalem here ;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear.

"Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands as she ever hath stood ;  
And brightly her Builder displays,  
And flames with the GLORY of God."

#### PASCAL—HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

ABOUT the beginning of the seventeenth century, two young priests, who had been previously fellow-students at Louvain, passed some years together in mutual study at Bayonne. The writings of St. Augustine principally engaged them ; and, as a natural consequence, they both imbibed an ardent and life-long love for his peculiar views. One of these was Jean Baptiste du Verger d'Hauranne, who afterward became the Abbé de St. Cyran and the spiritual director of Port Royal. The other was the equally well-known Cornelius Jansen, subsequently Bishop of Ypres. Smitten with so intense a love for the distinguishing tenets of St. Augustine, the latter made it the business of his life to arrange and systematize them in a volume under the title of "Augustinus." Being suddenly cut off by the plague in 1638, his scarcely-finished work was immediately published by his friend. At once the smoldering fire of the controversy was kindled into a new flame. The Jesuits rose in unanimous cry against the ill-fated volume ; and so high and fierce was their indignation that they are even said to have demolished a splendid monument erected over the grave of its author, and disturbed with impious hand his remains. One of their number, Nicolas Cornet, forthwith set himself to extract its alleged heresy in the shape of five propositions—which, by a bull of the pope, dated 31st May, 1653, were pronounced to be "heretical, false, rash, impious, and blasphemous." The friends of Jansen, however, maintained that the condemned propositions were not to be found in his book. Another papal decree was accordingly obtained, declaring that the propositions were not only heretical, but that they were contained in the "Augustinus." But this, as a matter of fact, the Jansenists boldly (!) pronounced to be beyond even the pope's infallibility to determine ; and so the war of words raged more bitterly and hopelessly than ever.

Among others who engaged in the strife was the celebrated Anthony Arnaud, doctor of the Sorbonne, and brother of the abess. He was among the most illustrious of the band of students who had gathered around St. Cyraa in the retirement of Port Royal des Champs; and, on the death of the former, who perished from the effects of his sufferings in the cause of his friend, Arnaud in a measure assumed his place. Deeply interested in the progress of the controversy, it was only to be expected that he should personally join in it. The old antagonist of Descartes and Malebranche was not likely to fear an encounter with the Jesuits. He accordingly published, in the year 1655, two letters on the subjects of discussion. Immediately he was made the object of the most unrelenting hostility. Two propositions were extracted from the second letter, upon which his colleagues of the Sorbonne sat in judgment, and which, after a prolonged discussion, they pronounced to be heretical, and consequently expelled him from their society. This decision was obtained by a very disgraceful combination of parties; the Dominicans having united with their old enemies the Jesuits against the defenders of Jansen, and subscribed a form of condemnation in which the two parties could only have agreed by interpreting the same terms in entirely different senses.

But in the mean time, and just before this sentence was published, a new antagonist had entered the field against the Jesuits. The first of the "Provincial Letters" had appeared. The story of the origin of these inimitable letters is thus told:—

"While Arnaud's process before the Sorbonne was still in dependence, a few of his friends, among whom were Pascal and Nicole, were in the habit of meeting privately at Port Royal to consult on the measures they should adopt. During these conferences, one of their number said to Arnaud, 'Will you really suffer yourself to be condemned like a child, without saying a word, or telling the public the real state of the case?' The rest concurred; and in compliance with their solicitations, Arnaud, after some days, produced and read before them a long and serious vindication of himself. His audience listened in coolness and silence, upon which he remarked, 'I see you don't think highly of my production, and I believe you are right; but,' added he, turning himself round and addressing Pascal, 'you, who are young, why cannot you produce something?' The appeal was not lost. Pascal engaged to try a sketch which they might fill up; and, retiring

to his room, he produced, instead of a sketch, the first Letter to a Provincial. On reading this to his assembled friends, Arnaud exclaimed, 'That is excellent! That will do; we must have it printed immediately.'

Pascal, by a happy intuition of genius, had just seized the right way in which to treat such a subject so as to win the public interest and favor. By bringing his clear and penetrating intellect and sound sense to bear upon the jargon which had become mingled up with the controversy, and the gross absurdity and injustice which had characterized it on the part of the Jesuits, he threw a flood of light upon it which engaged the most general curiosity, and left his opponents without any reply. The first letter fell like an unexpected dart among them, striking dismay into their ranks; and as the others followed at irregular intervals, becoming more pointed and fatal in their effects, their idle rage knew no bounds, and, unable to meet them with any effective weapons of argument, they could only exclaim, *Les menteurs immortelles*—"The immortal liars." Keen and perspicuous logic, the most effective and ingenious turns of statement, the most eloquent earnestness, the liveliest wit, the most good-tempered, yet unrelenting railery, were all combined by Pascal in these memorable attacks. Nothing can be more felicitous than the manner in which he blends these various qualities, the unceasing intermixture of light and shadow, of the casual conversational pleasantry, the most careless sidelong strokes of sarcasm with the gravest invective and the most solemn argument, imparting to all the charm of dramatic interest. "Molière's best comedies," says Voltaire, "do not excel them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity." "There is more wit," echoes Perrault, "in these eighteen letters, than in Plato's Dialogues, more delicate and artful railery than in those of Lucian, more strength and vigor of reasoning than in the Orations of Cicero."

It will not be necessary to present the reader with any analysis of these celebrated letters. They range over a great diversity of topics with the same rare compass and flexibility of comprehension—the same inimitable grace and facility of expression. The reader is carried captive with the intermingled flow of humor and power—laughter, astonishment, and seriousness. The first two, which were published before the promulgation of the

sentence against Arnaud, deal with the subject-matter of the controversy—the condemned propositions of Jansen, and the import of the disputed doctrines. The darkened and unintelligible squabble becomes, for the first time, clear in the strong light cast upon it. In the two following letters Pascal discusses the decision of the Sorbonne—exposing, with the keenest shafts of his wit, its injustice, and especially the inconsistency of the Dominicans, in making cause with the Jesuits, and so forswearing the doctrines of the “Angelic Doctor,”\* for whose authority they professed so unbounded a reverence. In the next six—still addressing his supposititious friend in the country—he lays open the whole subject of Jesuitical casuistry—unfolding gradually, and with the most ingenious effect, the accumulated mass of its absurdities and immoralities. In the remaining eight letters, he drops the style of address adopted in the preceding; and, turning directly to the Jesuits, he meets in the face the calumnies by which they had sought to impair the effect of his disclosures; and passes under review more at large, and in a more earnest and elevated strain, their whole system of maxims and morals. The lighter argument of his previous letters he exchanges for the most solemn and forcibly-sustained charges—overwhelming them in a torrent of indignant eloquence beneath the ruin of their own baseless crudities of doctrine and criminalities of practice. We have already mentioned with what successful power these famous letters told against the Jesuits; but it was not merely from the difficulties they had in replying to them that they found them so formidable. Their most fatal influence, perhaps, arose from the ridicule they excited in all classes against them. They were so entertaining that everybody read them. They penetrated into every rank of the Parisians, and even of the inhabitants in the provinces. They were seen “on the merchant’s counter, the lawyer’s desk, the doctor’s table, the lady’s toilet.” “Never,” says Father Daniel, “did the post-office reap such a profit. Copies were dispatched over the whole kingdom, and I myself received a packet of them, post-paid, in a town of Brittany, where I was then residing.” Even the political friends of the

Jesuits participated in the mirth of which they were the objects. The seventh letter is said to have found its way to Cardinal Mazarin, who laughed over it very heartily. “The names of the favorite casuists were converted into proverbs. *Escobar* came to signify the same thing with “paltering in a double sense.”\* Father Bauny’s grotesque maxims furnished topics for perpetual badinage; and the Jesuits, wherever they went, were assailed with inextinguishable laughter. Nor was this all. More serious effects followed. The popularity of the Jansenists, both as confessors and preachers, rose with the tide of ridicule against their enemies; and while their churches were crowded, those of the Jesuits were comparatively deserted. On all hands, the “Provincial Letters” procured their discomfiture and chagrin; and it is impossible to conceive any mode by which they could have been more pitifully abased, and the standard of Right raised more victoriously over them, if the rude success of Might yet remained with them.

The Jesuits patiently waited their time. A fresh bull was in the mean time obtained from Rome, reiterating the condemnation of the five propositions, and the declaration that they were in the “Augustinus;” and further adding that the *sense* in which they had been condemned was the *sense* in which they had been stated by Jansen. In December, 1660, the young monarch, Louis XIV., gave effect to this bull. Having convened an assembly of bishops, an anti-Jansenist formulary based upon it was drawn up, and so framed as to entrap all who were not prepared to yield in the most implicit manner. The consequence was the commencement of a fierce and bitter persecution against the Port Royalists.

During the issue of these commotions, Pascal had somewhat strangely reverted to his long-abandoned scientific studies. Nothing can more strongly evince the strength and liveliness of his genius than the manner in which he returned to pursuits he had so early and completely laid aside. During one of the many nights which his almost continued suffering rendered sleepless, his mind was directed to the subject of the cycloid. A train of

\* Introduction to M'Crie's Translation of the “Provincial Letters,”—an interesting introduction to an admirable translation.

\* Thomas Aquinas.

new thought respecting it occurred to him, which he traced to its results with a facility and success quite the same as if he had never left off his mathematical studies. In the short space of eight days he completed an original method of solving this class of problems, which ranks among his most brilliant claims to distinction as a geometrician.

The last years of Pascal's life, it is well known, were chiefly occupied with preparations for a great work which he meditated on the Christian religion. From the fragments which he left behind him, we can but faintly gather the outline of this work. There remains enough, however, to testify to the magnificence of its conception. Here lie, as it were, a noble pedestal, and there a sculptured pillar, and there an ornament of rich chasing and exquisite device; and we may imagine, although we cannot supply, the sublime temple which Pascal would have reared of these rare materials to the honor of his God had his life been spared. All the inconsistencies and exaggerations which critics now so easily detect in the "Thoughts," the mere broken pieces which were as yet to be hewn and molded together by his consummate genius, would doubtless have disappeared as the fabric arose in compact beauty and strength under his plastic hand. Every exaggeration would have been softened down under the influence of his fine judgment and almost perfect taste, and what now remains a mere glorious project would have been a luminous work.

But if the "Thoughts" are thus at the very best unfinished, we have hitherto only possessed them in a still more imperfect state even than that in which they were left by Pascal. Fragments at the best, they have been still further broken and mutilated by the rude and impertinent hands of editors and commentators.

M. Cousin deserves the credit of having first taken active steps to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things. He instituted, in 1843, an elaborate comparison between the published list of the "Pensées" and the original MSS. of Pascal, which had fortunately been preserved in the Royal Library at Paris; and being struck with their wide and serious discrepancy, he drew up a report on the subject, which he laid before the French Academy. This had the effect of exciting a prominent at-

tention to the subject, and M. Faugères was found immediately ready to undertake a new edition in strict conformity with the original MSS. This task M. Faugères has executed in a most highly satisfactory manner. He has collected with industrious care the entire autograph MSS. of Pascal, and transferred them in their original and unmutated form to his pages.

But while Pascal thus meditated in seclusion, the shadow of death was creeping fast on him; he was hastening to an early grave. With declining strength his devotional austerities rather increased than diminished. Sorrow also preyed upon him. Apart from his general sympathy with the sufferings of his Port Royalist brethren, he had specially to mourn the death of his sister Jacqueline, who fell a victim to the conflict between expediency and conscience in the matter of the formula. Henceforth he seems to have secluded himself from the world more than ever, devoting his time especially to duties of charity. He had taken a poor man, with his whole family, to live in his house. One of the children having fallen ill of small-pox, he removed, at her earnest solicitation, to the house of his sister, Madame Perier, who had come to Paris with her family, just to be near him and watch over him. Almost immediately on his removal he was seized with an alarming sickness. The physician did not apprehend any immediate danger, but he himself judged otherwise. He desired to have the sacrament administered to him, committed himself to the disposal of God, and, convulsions having supervened, he expired on the 19th August, 1662, in the fortieth year of his age.

Thus lived and died one who has left behind him an imperishable name equally in science, literature, and religion. Had he accomplished nothing more than the brilliant researches of his youth, he would yet have been remembered among the most illustrious of the noble band who ushered in the high advance of modern science; but the succeeding luster of his literary renown as the author of the "Provincial Letters," the mellow glory of his piety, and the lofty and comprehensive radiance of his genius, so conspicuous in the "Pensées," have nearly eclipsed the remembrance of his early scientific greatness. It is but seldom, surely, that we see so manifold a gift of mental endow-

ment bestowed on any of the sons of men—a union of talents at once so splendid and so homely, so rich in the higher attributes that soar into the mystic empyrean of sublime contemplation, and at the same time in the observant, ingenious, and reflective faculties, that range freely amid the more complex phenomena of nature, the pettiest details of mechanical contrivance, or of literary argumentation, and the abstruser difficulties of the higher geometry.

The personal character of Pascal is no less fitted to draw our love than his many high intellectual qualities our admiration. Sweetness of temper, warmth of affection, the most unassuming simplicity, and the gentlest humility, are the features that beam forth upon us in all his conduct and writings. Amid all the temptations of his controversy with the Jesuits, he never forgets that benignant courtesy which tempers with grace even the wound which it inflicts; and however strong may be the current of righteous indignation in which his eloquence sometimes flows, it is never agitated by the turbulence of asperity, nor the foul energy of abuse. He was too penetrated by the "divine spirit of charity to permit his taking any unfair advantages against even such enemies as the Jesuits. His labors of active benevolence were unceasing; his generosity knew no bounds; he even beggared himself by his prodigal benefactions; he did what few do—mortgaged even his expectancies to charity."

The depth and sincerity of Pascal's piety it were needless to dwell upon. No one ever cherished more profound and influential convictions of religion, or sought more thoroughly to resign himself to their sacred sway. He lived continually as under the "great Taskmaster's eye." He dwelt with a delighted earnestness on the lofty ideal of Christian virtue, and few characters have, perhaps, borne in greater purity and loveliness the impress of some of its higher features. It must be confessed, at the same time, that there was much in Pascal's views of religion that cannot be commended. In the later years of his life, especially, its darker and less cheerful aspects were far too predominantly present with him. The awful shadow of eternity lay on him so heavily as almost to conceal the brightness of earth, and check the warm and genial flow of natural affection. Suffering seems not only to have

chastened, but depressed and darkened his spirit, so that he felt distrustful even of the blessings of life, and shrank from its joys. It is, we believe, undoubted that his ascetic practices were of the most rigid and unyielding nature. He is even said to have worn beneath his clothes a girdle of iron with sharp points affixed, which he struck into his side whenever he felt his mind disposed to wander from religious objects, or take delight in things around him. And he gives deliberate expressions to the feelings under which he thus acted in such sayings as the following:—"I can approve only of those who seek in tears for happiness." "Disease is the natural state of Christians." We need not say how great a misconception of Christianity these statements present. Blessed, no doubt, are the uses of affliction; but blessed also are the uses of prosperity; and the Christian is to be educated as well by the light and warmth of bright days, and benign and joyful affections, as by the sad painfulness of disease and the shadowed loneliness of sorrow. So far from Christianity requiring from us the abnegation of any of the true and pure emotions of our nature, it is its very glory that it consecrates and hallows them all—that it invests them with a higher interest and a more enduring loveliness. Under whatever misconception, however, and formal extravagances he lived, as may appear in the writings or life of Pascal, we must not forget the rare Christian strength and beauty that lay beneath; the faith which bore him with so meek a fortitude through all his trials, and the love which never wearied in his labors and never wasted in its strength.

As a writer, we have already so far spoken of Pascal. In this capacity it is not too much to say that he shines with the brightest luster. There is at once a breadth of power and a felicity of touch in all his literary productions which stamp them classical, and may be said to have already placed them beyond all the ordinary chances of oblivion. The singular purity and finish of his style are proverbial. It is copious and powerful, yet flexible and easy, owning the lightest play of thought, rising at times into passages of transcendent compass and beauty, yet moving gracefully and tastefully in the least labored sketches; as M. Faugères truly says, "Lofty without exaggeration, everywhere



replete with emotion, yet self-sustained, animated without turbulence, personal without pedantry or egotism, at once magnificent and modest."

And thus we close our cursory sketch of the life and works of this great man. Familiar as may be his name, his works, we are pretty sure, are yet but very partially familiar, and models as they are both in style and sentiment, at once adorned with the brightest graces of literary art, and full of the deepest springs of thought, we know of none that will more amply reward a close and repeated study.

### THE DUEL OF D'ESTERRE AND DANIEL O'CONNELL.

IN a conversation after dinner about handwriting, as indicating character, the master of the house produced a document penned, as he truly observed, under very peculiar circumstances. It is the fragment of a letter from Daniel O'Connell to his *fidus Achates*, George Lidwell, written after the duel with D'Esterre, but before the final consummation of the tragedy. Lidwell was to have been O'Connell's second upon the occasion, but, for some pressing reason, was obliged to leave Dublin pending the preliminary defiances, which were of unusual duration.

As D'Esterre only survived the *rencontre* forty-eight hours, this letter may be considered a dispatch from the field of battle, while as yet the flush of victory had not been dashed with remorse, and a little exultation—all the facts and circumstances of the case considered—might, perhaps, have been excusable. But there is nothing of the kind. It is a dry, hard letter enough, indicating that instinctive attention to "number one" which appears to have grown with the writer's growth, and never to have deserted him during the most vehement or the most soul-subduing passages of his life. The effect of the transaction upon his own fortunes (his "good chance," as he calls it) seems to have been the uppermost thought; but that apart, no feeling of a truculent or unbecoming nature displays itself.

On the other hand, we cannot discover any latent spark of the almost maudlin sensibility which, in his latter days, imparted so high a coloring to Mr. O'Connell's reminiscences of this unhappy affair. Although his antagonist lay at that mo-

ment in a state of imminent danger, with a lovely young wife anxiously watching every flutter of his ebbing life, while the cries of her firstborn in the cradle beside her gave poignancy to her sufferings, and heightened the interest of "the situation," the sentimental victor notices none of these matters, but coolly relates how "greatly" under his mark the unhappy man had aimed; and then, in a postscript, speculates on the Earl of Donoughmore taking charge of the Catholic Petition. All this is extremely characteristic; and the firm, even, round hand in which it is indited, repels the suspicion of an assumed coolness.

It is written on a sheet of letter-paper, a part of the leaf from the date nearly to the bottom having been worn off. It is doubtful, therefore, where it was written; but most probably from the first three letters (and part of a fourth) of the name, which are still preserved, he was then at Moorefield, a roadside inn and posting-house, near the Curragh of Kildare, then, and down to a recent period, much frequented by southern travelers. The seal has been broken off, but enough remains to show that the wax was black, and the direction on the back is—

"To                    "George Lidwell, Esq.  
                              "Dromard,  
                              "Roscrea."

Here is a faithful copy of it in its present fragmentary state:—

Moor  
2d

"MY DEAR LIDWELL,  
"I write merely to thank y  
and again—and again for you  
-ness.—Indeed I do not use a *pl*  
I say I want words to thank  
I ought.

"The papers will give you a  
details of my affair with D'Este  
-sequent to your leaving this.—We  
little fighting.—He fired greatly  
He is I am happy to tell you  
this morning but his life is still  
danger.—If he recovers I shall say  
there never was so fortunate a man  
I am—and to make my good chance quite per-  
fect—my wife never heard a word of it until I  
returned from the ground.

"Believe me to be  
"Your most sincerely  
"Obliged and faithful  
"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Will Lord D. accept our petition? Have  
you any influence over him still?—I wish to  
God he would, for our sake and his, accept it  
*cordially*. It would place him on the highest  
station in Ireland."

The reading of this letter recalls in a vivid manner some of the most striking incidents connected with that tragical event in O'Connell's history. It was in January, 1815, that in one of his political diatribes at the agitation-shop of the day, (whether it was called board, or club, or society,) O'Connell complimented the municipal body of the city of Dublin with the title of a "beggarly corporation." It is noteworthy, that nearly thirty years after that, having first richly earned for himself the distinctive appellation of "King of Beggars," he ruled the same city as its Lord Mayor, representing a corporation composed of as tag-rag materials as ever disgraced any age or country.

That, however, is nothing to the matter. The old corporation had no great right to pride itself on its gentility, and it was considered a hectoring proceeding when one of its members took up a censure bestowed upon the general body as a personal offense, and resolved to fasten a quarrel upon its author. This was Mr. D'Esterre, a retired marine officer, who had formed a mercantile connection in Dublin and become a member of the common council. His affairs were supposed to be in a tottering state at the time, and therefore, perhaps, he was the more quick to take the reflection to himself. Some were so charitable as to insinuate that he was anxious to seize so good an opportunity to recommend himself to the government by humbling a public enemy. Whatever might be his motive, he called upon Mr. O'Connell to retract the offensive words, and Mr. O'Connell stoutly refused to do so.

Thereupon ensued a state of society such as may have been often witnessed in the olden times of Irish misrule; but it is vain to hope, under the present state of police, that we ever shall "look upon its like again." For two or three days the town was domineered by two factions, who traversed the streets in opposite directions, ostensibly in search of one another, but never once contrived to come face to face.

At one time Mr. D'Esterre, armed with a cane, sallied forth from Dawson-street, attended by some score of true-blue supporters of our glorious constitution, all similarly equipped. Swaggering along the sunny side of Stephen's-green, they would pass down Grafton-street and cross the river by Carlisle bridge. Rumor ascribed this demonstration to a deadly intention to

horsewhip O'Connell wherever he should be found.

When this party had comfortably housed itself back again with the Lord Mayor, or was seated at Atwood's Coffee-room in Dame-street, "nursing its wrath to keep it warm," over a competent supply of mock turtle, Daniel O'Connell with a stalwart following would come like tragedy, "sweeping by," every mother's son brandishing a defensive cudgel, and casting fierce looks across the street at the gownsmen who crowded about the college gates, eager and impatient to behold the conflict.

A strapping fellow was Dan in that day, tall, active, muscular, and full of life. Hand to hand, he would have been an ugly customer to any champion the thick-winded corporation could have turned out against him. But as in the Homeric battles, often two heroes "ranging for revenge" would traverse the field for the length of a day without collision, an envious mist interposing, so the steam of Atwood's soup, or the hats of the *liberty boys* tossing in the air, still concealed these fiery spirits from each other's sight; and it was not till the second night, when they were tired and ashamed of strutting and fretting on the pavement, that a cartel was delivered at Mr. O'Connell's house, and a meeting appointed for the following day.

After breakfast on the following morning, accordingly, was Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by Major Mac Namara and some other friends, seen passing through the leading streets of our metropolis in a coach drawn by four horses, toward the Naas Road; and much about the same hour a like equipage with Mr. D'Esterre and his friends proceeded in the same direction.

It was not unusual in those days to manage such matters in such a way. Although Lord Norbury had already pronounced his opinion, that "the first report of a duel should be that of the pistols," display and fanfaronade were not considered evidence of a reluctance to do real business: and at a much latter period parties in quest of barbarous satisfaction have been seen to move with an undisguised intent of murder toward the field, gathering their friends and admirers as they advanced, and followed by any quantity of barren disinterested amateurs who might think it worth while to "see the sport."

Thus I well recollect to have seen, about six years after that, the quiet village of

Abbeyleix disturbed from its propriety by an inroad of equipages, crowded inside and out with stern-looking passengers, who demanded refreshment for themselves and provender for their horses. They had been routed by a magistrate, a singularly meddling and officious person, who had interdicted their meeting in the adjacent county of Kilkenny; and Abbeyleix, with its sequestered woods and lawns, being considered "a nice quiet place to fight in," they came trooping, in number about thirty, first to breakfast, and afterward to settle the difference with what appetite they might.

It was a motley muster as could well be assembled at a short notice, made up of half-pay militia subalterns, attorneys, sporting squires of a grade now nearly extinct, and two or three gentlemen of unequivocal pretensions. There were noted fire-eaters in the number, at least half a dozen, who had each killed or seriously disabled his man or two; and it was strange to remark what an inferior order of humanity those manslayers represented. They were distinguished among the rest by their smallness of stature and mean appearance, without anything manly in their bearing, but on the contrary a sinister and rather sneaking cast of features, as if they were ashamed to look at the image which they had defaced. It was, perhaps, natural that it should be so; for the motive which most commonly led to the perpetration of those homicides was a pitiful and vulgar thirst for eminence, which is not easily gained by a person of low attainments, unless by some extraordinary exertion he can raise himself from the ground

"Et virum victor volitare per ora."

The best-looking and most interesting personage in the whole group was a young fellow named Shaw, of a fresh complexion and good figure, who was hawked about to be shot at in a convenient time and place, by one of the dirty little creatures aforesaid. Their attempt to desecrate that neighborhood, however, was frustrated by the interference of another magistrate, the brother of the noble proprietor, who was also the incumbent of the parish, and who, having vainly endeavored to overrule the party to a peace, bound them over not to transgress the law within his jurisdiction. They passed on therefore in quest of some other "quiet" place, and found it, as the

shades of evening were descending upon them, in an island near the source of the River Suir in the county of Tipperary, from which they had the satisfaction of retiring, after a few moment's delay, to their respective homes, leaving the fresh-colored lad above-mentioned on the grass behind them, with a bullet in his head. He died the following day, and all because the law is, or was, so punctilious as not to permit a county magistrate to follow or arrest a murderer prepenone one inch beyond the confines of his own jurisdiction.

But what has all this to do with O'Connell's *rencontre* with D'Esterre, which no magistrate, lay or clerical, paid or unpaid, dreamt of opposing or interfering with in the slightest degree? The only visible exertion of authority was the dispatch of a squadron of dragoons from the royal barracks, after it was ascertained that all Dublin was pouring out its population toward the expected field of battle. Gigs, cars, and postchaises, equestrians, to no end, and an innumerable concourse of the light-footed sons of the sod, crowded the broad road at the back of Kilmainham jail and hurried away south. As soon as this state of things was known at the castle, orders were sent to the military authorities to be on the alert; but whether with a view to arrest the principal authors of the commotion, or to see fair play observed between them, is a question that is not likely at this time of day to receive a thorough solution. If the purpose was to interrupt the combat, the precaution was tardily resolved upon; for the departure of the belligerents had been known some hours before the troopers were in the saddle.

To account, however, for these things now can be at best only matter of surmise. All that is certain is, that a very different result was anticipated from that which came to pass. D'Esterre was a reputed fire-eater, and his cool determination had been proved on a very trying occasion. The mutineers at the Nore had seized him, and required him on pain of death to assume the command of a ship, which he fiercely refused, and he was actually tied up at the yard-arm with a halter round his neck; but he never faltered. "Haul away, ye lubbers!" was his defying answer to the last offer of these dishonorable terms. In the next moment he would have been dangling in the air, had not the chief mutineers, in generous admiration of

a spirit so apt to excite their sympathies, interposed and procured a respite for further parley. An hour at such a crisis is generally equivalent to a life. He was sent back to his cabin; and before the time allowed for the definitive enforcement of the conditions had arrived, the rage of the conspirators had cooled down. After some further detention, he was set ashore to join the other officers of the fleet.

It was supposed that such an antagonist would prove an awkward customer to O'Connell, against whose personal courage doubts were even then entertained. Not long before, an unseemly quarrel with a brother of the long robe had been adjusted in a manner little conformable to the truculent notions of honor at that time prevalent. At some minor court, where it was safe to take liberties with the presiding power, O'Connell met an argument of the opposite counsel, Maurice Magrath, with this unparliamentary rejoinder—"Maurice, you lie;" and Maurice, taking up a volume of the Statutes at Large that lay convenient for such a purpose, flung the same at his learned friend's head. A message followed, and on the ground, when the pistols had been handed to the parties, O'Connell, who was the challenger, exclaimed, with that dramatic pathos in which he had no superior, either on the stage or off it, "Now I am going to fire at my dearest and best friend." This led to a reconciliation, and no powder was burned.

An ill-natured and sanguinary public was not slow to assign the worst motive to the reminiscences of friendship at such a moment; and hence people were prepared to expect an easy triumph for Mr. D'Esterre. Party spirit could scarcely have run higher than it does now, but personal hatred was a more avowed ingredient in the feeling with which an obnoxious politician was regarded. It is not a reflection, therefore, so much upon the individuals as upon the spirit of the time, to say that there were men in office who would have rejoiced to see their formidable adversary brought low in any manner. To such a feeling, at least, was attributed the passive acquiescence of the authorities in the tumultuary state of the capital previous to the duel, and their abstinence from measures of prevention when apprized that the parties had proceeded to the field.

If any one imagined, however, that O'Connell was deficient in physical courage, it was a great mistake. He had nerve to sustain him in any danger, though it never was a part of his philosophy to court it. As Madame de Staël said of Napoleon—whom the hero-mongers reproached for not having rushed, like Catiline, into the thick of the carnage at Waterloo, and perished sword in hand—of death in itself he had no fear; but death would have been a reverse, and to reverses of every kind he had a decided objection. So neither was it any part of O'Connell's plan, with a brilliant career before him, to run a-tilt at every one he met. If he did not run out of the way, it was as much as either his friends or his foes had a right to expect. The desperate course which he steered for nearly thirty years, in the teeth of hostile administrations, among the breakers which separate the anchorage of the law from the wild surf of treason and rebellion, is an answer to the absurd imputation of personal fear as a defect in O'Connell's nature. He was in fact daring even to rashness: and it is notorious that his wife's health suffered materially, nay, very probably her life was shortened, by unceasing agonies of trepidation and alarm, lest his temerity should at length place him within the fangs of legal vengeance. Is it not absurd to suppose that such a man would shrink into a corner from the discharge of a pistol?

The story of his encounter with D'Esterre is soon told. As he said himself, in the letter to Lidwell, they had "little fighting." It was nearly sunset when they were placed on the ground, in a field at Bishops-court, in the county of Kildare, about twelve miles distant from Dublin. The place was well chosen for spectators, being near the foot of a hill, from which many thousands could, and did, behold the proceedings, without crowding or interruption. A chilling sight it must have been to the small party of friends who attended poor D'Esterre, to find themselves hemmed in on every side by hostile ranks, whose menacing looks left no reason to doubt that a speedy retribution would follow, should the result prove untoward to the popular idol. They must have been men of no ordinary determination, to have consented to stand the hazard at all against such threatening odds; no rules of chivalry required them to enter lists surrounded

exclusively by the partisans of an adverse and angry faction; and it certainly argued but little magnanimity in the managers at the opposite side not to have rejected such a fearful advantage, and proposed a more secret meeting.

Not one of the whole assemblage maintained a more intrepid demeanor, under these trying circumstances, than D'Esterre. However needlessly he may have sought the quarrel, being in, he conducted himself with unaffected manliness. His second was a brother corporator, who, inexperienced in the science of projectiles, accepted the services of an adept in loading the pistols. A great deal was supposed to depend upon that operation; half a grain of powder, over or under, being deemed equal to the square of the distance in determining the point of incidence. The old tacticians did not use to be so precise, but shook the charge, *à discretion*, out of a powder-horn. Happily it has almost ceased to be of the least importance whether of the two methods be the more effective. But, on the occasion of which we speak, it seems not improbable that over-exact science saved O'Connell's life.

Mr. Frederick Piers, who had undertaken the nice operation of measuring out the menstroom necessary for giving the bolus due effect, is supposed to have been too sparing of his powder. Some persons, who were spectators of the event, alleged that the fault was D'Esterre's, who, in his haste to have the first shot, fired before his pistol had been brought to a proper level. Whatever the cause, the bullet entered the ground before O'Connell's feet, and he, never the man to throw a "good chance" away, took a steady aim and shot his antagonist in the hip.

The ceremonial observed on this occasion differed from that which was usually observed, in the omission of any signal, or word of command. The parties were placed on the ground, and left to their own discretion to choose their time, and to use the weapons of offense which had been committed to them.

The reason assigned for this departure from the regular usage was that D'Esterre had, in a previous *rencontre*, fired at his man before the word could be given, and hit him; and that it was therefore deemed advisable to preclude him from taking a similar advantage on this occasion.

The procedure was not without a pre-

cedent. Curran, a great many years before, when he was a stripling unknown to fame, provoked a quarrel in the Circuit Court of Clonmel with one Walsh, the mob-favorite of his day, and they went out, accompanied by the whole court, except the judge and jury. They were taken to a field, well inclosed with hedges, and placed in opposite corners, just as if they had been a pair of bulls turned into a paddock. The whole population, from the outside of the fence, eagerly watched and encouraged their mutual advances. They both fired, and missed; a "lame and impotent conclusion," provocative of derisive cheers, amid the echoes of which the combatants reentered the court, to receive the ironical congratulations of their long-robed brethren.

But, on this occasion, it was no derisive cheer which rose up to heaven; but a loud and cruel yell of triumph went forth from the valley, and was sent back again from the hills, while its echoes were prolonged from field to field, and passed away to distant multitudes, who telegraphed the event, with incredible speed, into the heart of the city. The hapless victim, of his own intemperate folly, lay writhing in torture; but the pang which that shout sent through his heart far surpassed—as he described it on his dying bed—the anguish of his wound. A bitter thing surely it must be to hear thousands of your fellow-creatures rejoicing, with one voice, in your calamity; and such was the requiem which attended poor D'Esterre from that luckless field. The following day, while the shades of death were thickening around him, his victor—taking his ease at his inn—was speculating on the advantages which the Catholic Question might reap from the patronage of the Earl of Donoughmore.

"So runs the world away."

PROGRESS.—There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so destructive to society, as the strain to keep things *fixed*, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal *progress*; and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption—that our business is to *preserve*, and not to *improve*. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.—*Dr. Arnold.*

[For the National Magazine.]

## DISCORDS IN MUSIC.

**B**URNEY gives the following origin and design of discords:—

"While harmony was refining and receiving new combinations, it was found, like other sweet and delicious things, to want qualification to keep off languor and satiety, when some bold musician had the courage and address to render it piquant and interesting, by means of discords in order to stimulate attention; and by thus giving the ear a momentary uneasiness, and keeping it in suspense, its delight became more exquisite when the discordant difficulty was solved."

But all discords connected with music do not have the pleasing result indicated above. There are some violations of the spirit of melody which have no such subsequent compensating sweetness. There are some features of musical life which chord not with the harmonies of the soul.

We would here present some beautiful, and also some violent contrasts in the household of song. It may be fortunate that we are not all gifted, in this world of conflicting noises, with the delicate sensitiveness to the character of sound possessed by Mozart, the prince of German musicians, who, on first hearing the blast of a trumpet, fell senseless to the ground.

In violent contrast with this fine musical sensibility of Mozart, is the stupid appreciation of an Asiatic prince, who was invited to an elaborate musical performance, with the expectation that he would be overwhelmed by its grandeur and beauty; but, to the astonishment of his friends, the most delightful part of the entertainment to his ear was the discordant tuning of the instruments at the commencement. *This* he desired to be repeated. It is to be desired that nature may *repeat* very few such men. Even a morbid delicacy in hearing would be a far less calamity than the *wooden* perception of the Asiatic prince. Though he may have had a rich crown, he had a poor ear.

We observe a very great discord in the character of some men with their musical ability, a contradiction between their life and their power in melody, a harsh contrast between the qualities of their voice and the qualities of their soul.

Who can bear to look at Nero, with the accompaniment of his bloody history, singing on the public stage at Naples? Who can rejoice in his triumph, as he bears off eighteen hundred of the prizes of song from

Greece? He is said to have had such care of his voice, that he had an officer about his person to admonish him when his intonations were too loud; and if the emperor, transported by sudden passion, did not listen to his remonstrances, the officer had orders to stop his mouth with a napkin. One can hardly help wishing that the napkin might have been thrust into his mouth every time he attempted to *sing*; for his savage laws of persecution and the laws of harmony appear in strong conflict. His singing on the stage, with the singing of the martyrs amid the flames he kindled, makes a terrible discord.

One almost sees the genius of song wondering and lamenting over the indifference of the burning and poetic soul of Chalmers to music. And who can but regret that while Charles Lamb loved his sister so tenderly, he cared not for the sisterhood of song? We do not find it so repulsive and difficult to observe the hostility of Calvin to music, or to hear him pronounce it a snare of the Evil One; for his heart was made of "sterner stuff."

While we find a discord of beautiful surprise, ending in exquisite melody, in seeing Luther, with his daring battle spirit, often pausing to touch his flute and guitar, and cheerfully singing under the thundering terrors of the hierarchy of Rome, we find almost a miracle of song in such a chieftain moving to the fight of faith without the accompaniment of any band of musicians, yet having a soul full of heroic melody. The singing of Luther is like songs in a midnight of storm. The hymns written beneath the dark and terrible covering of his soul are beautiful as the golden hymns of the stars, which we sometimes see for a moment between the opening and moving folds of the thunder-clouds at the depth of night. Such a hymn is his sentence—"Music is the art of the prophets; as it is the only one which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul and put the devil to flight." Such words, from the stern lips of Luther, are truly like the "roses which bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche."

We have a kindred surprise in knowing of the munificent request that Oliver Cromwell made to a musician, in bidding him ask what favor he pleased. Such an offer, from the rigid Puritan leader, is like listening to a bird-song among the crags of a rock.



We will end this chapter on discords and contrasts in music, with giving a beautiful variation in the life and death of Paganini, the king of the violin. When in the rapt and conquering power of his genius he played on his instrument, he is said to have seemed like one fighting with some wild beast, tearing, struggling, and finally triumphing. So that the professors of music, who listened to him, if not violin players, thanked Heaven that they had never attempted to perform on that instrument; while those who were, threw away their violins in despair.

The words of an Italian give this description of the peaceful ending of his life, in lovely contrast with the almost terrible effort with which he played in the vigor of his health:—

"On the last night of his existence he appeared unusually tranquil. When he awoke he requested that the curtains of his bed should be drawn aside, to contemplate the moon, which was advancing calmly in the immensity of the pure heavens. At this solemn hour he seemed desirous of returning to nature all the soft sensations he was then possessed of; stretching forth his hand toward his enchanted violin—to the faithful companion of his travels—to the magician which had robbed care of its stings—he sent to heaven with its last sounds, the last sigh of a life which had been all melody."

#### "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

"AS soon as my father gets better he shall take me to the menagerie," said Anne Townsend; "for I have never seen a lion, and I hear they have a very large one there."

"How do you know he will consent, Anne?" said her companion, Mary Stevenson.

"O! my father never refuses me anything; and indeed, Mary, when I hear your mother say No! so often to you, I cannot help feeling glad that since I had to lose one of my parents, it was —" Anne hesitated, for she saw Mary's eyes filling with tears—"it was not my father."

Mary Stevenson scarcely remembered her father, for he had died when she was but a few years old; but her kind mother had entirely supplied his place. By her industry and activity she had been able to provide for the bodily wants of her children, while her unceasing cares and timely restraints formed their minds and corrected their faults; thus was she to her orphans both father and mother, and

though she often had the firmness to say No! to Mary's unreasonable wishes, her little girl had sense enough to perceive that her mother was right, and always regarded her with the tenderest affection. It may be supposed, then, when the children parted, how unpleasantly Mary felt when she remembered her companion's words.

But Anne Townsend had never known the care of a mother, for she died when her infant was a week old; and, except the nurse, her father was the only being on earth who had ever supplied her wants or watched over her with affection. When, therefore, she saw her playmates hanging round their mother, or heard them mentioning her commands with respect, she often exclaimed, "How singular! Now if it were their father, I should not wonder."

It was a chilly evening in the autumn when Mary and Anne parted, and as the latter entered the neat little parlor at her home, where a cheerful fire was burning in the grate, for the first time she missed her father from his accustomed seat in the arm-chair. He had been looking pale and unwell for some time; was not always able to rise in the morning time enough to see her before she went to school; and when she had teased him the evening previous to take her to the menagerie, he had told her that he did not feel well enough to go out; but while he spoke his eyes were so bright and his cheek so red that she thought he must be well.

"Where is my father, Mrs. Jones?" said she to the friend who took care of the house.

"He has gone to bed, Anne, and wishes you to be very quiet this evening; so come into the kitchen and take your supper."

The little girl obeyed, for she was hungry; but after tea-time seemed very long to her, for there was no kind father near to whom she might tell her little joys and sorrows. She had risen to the head of her class that day, but now no one praised her for it; she had three times checked herself when on the point of contradicting her schoolmates, but there was no one to rejoice with her; above all, she had grieved her intimate friend by a thoughtless, and, she could not help thinking, unfeeling speech, but there was no one

to receive her confession or advise her for the better. Poor Anne wept that night as she said her evening prayer, and her heart felt heavy, she scarcely knew why.

There were not many more bright days just then for Anne Townsend, as her father never after left his chamber, and scarcely his bed, while his cheek burned brighter and brighter, and was often so hot that it seemed scorching to Anne's lips, as she affectionately kissed him each day on returning from school. At first he used to tell her how soon he hoped to be well; but now when she spoke of it the great tears would roll down his cheek, and he would shake his head so sorrowfully that she no longer talked about it.

One Saturday afternoon she was playing with Mary Stevenson, when a little girl came in whose clothes were patched and shabby, and Anne refused to play with her.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Stevenson, when she saw Anne with her bonnet in her hand.

"Ellen Smith has come in to play with us, ma'am; and Mary will not send her home."

"And why should she send her home, Anne? is she not a good girl?"

"O! yes, ma'am, I suppose so; but her mother keeps a little shop, and I do not like to play with her. Besides she wears leather shoes on a Sabbath, and just look how her frock is patched!"

"And who, Anne, has given you your nice merino frock and morocco shoes?"

"O, my father, ma'am; my father gives me everything I want."

"But who gives your father his life and strength to labor for your comfort?"

"God," said Anne, a little confused.

"And if it is the will of God that you should have a father able to give you nice clothing, and Ellen Smith one who can only keep her in a patched frock, are you to be praised, or she blamed? Remember that what God has given he can take away. And which is the better girl of the two—which is the more useful child? Every morning early, though ever so cold, you may see little Ellen carrying home a large pitcher of milk from market; and then, before she has tasted a mouthful of food, she hastens to the workshop with her father's breakfast. All the morning she is engaged in taking care of her little brothers and sisters, nursing the baby, or doing some piece of household work for

her mother, and in the afternoon goes off with a cheerful face to school, where, I am told, she learns as much by diligence and attention as most girls do in the whole day; and on Sabbath, who is more constant or attentive at the Sabbath school? who ever heard Ellen Smith say an unkind or naughty thing, or saw her do a rude, bold action? I do not want you, Anne, to play with every little girl who wears a patched frock, lest you should grow proud; but I wish you, and Mary too, never to shun a child whose example and conversation can do you good, whether she wear a coarse frock or a fine one."

Ellen coming in just then with such a pleasant smile, Anne, heartily ashamed, slid her bonnet into the chair, and, taking her hand, went out of the room, and in a little while quite forgot the patches.

"O, dear mother!" said Mary Stevenson, one day in the middle of winter, "Anne Townsend was not at school to-day, for her father is dead! Poor little girl! what will she do, for she has no mother?"

"She has a Father in heaven, Mary."

"So she has, mother; but I do not believe she ever thought of *that*. You tell me, and so I always think directly—I mean very soon—that when I get anything my Heavenly Father has given it to me; but Anne used to say, '*My father* gave it to me,' or, '*My father* will buy it for me;' do, dear mother, let me run up and tell her about her Father in heaven, for she hangs round her father's coffin and screams that they shall not bury him. Maybe when she knows that she has another Father she will not cry so."

Good little Mary was not suffered to see her friend until after the funeral of Mr. Townsend, and then she lay so stupid that Mrs. Jones sent for Mary, hoping she might rouse her.

"*My father! my father!*" screamed the poor little orphan—"he has gone away, and I have no father!"

"O, yes! Anne," said Mary, eagerly, "you have a Father, and he is looking at you and pitying you."

"Where?" she exclaimed in astonishment.

The little comforter, taking her by the hand, led her to the window, and pointing to the clear, blue winter sky, said:—

"There! in heaven!"

Anne shrunk back disappointed, and said, "I do not want a father so far off!"

"He is not far off: for listen to what he says in the Psalm—'Thou compassed my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.'"

"Ah, but, Mary, you never had a father who would listen to you whenever you wanted to speak to him. God is so great he would not listen to such a little girl as I."

"Look here, dear Anne, what it says in the sixth chapter of Matthew: 'Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret, and thy Father that seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.'"

"But I am so very naughty, Mary; I have told so many stories, and been so proud that God will not have me for his child."

"O, no! Anne; for I remember another place where it says, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust.'"

"What! just like the way my own dear father used to pity me! O, how much that would be! for if I was ever so naughty, my dear father used to be sorry for me, and the moment I promised to be better, he would take me up in his arms and kiss me."

"And so will your Heavenly Father; I mean he will forgive you just so."

The little girl lay a long time silent. At last she said despondingly:—

"When you go home to-night, Mary, and go to bed, you will have a kind mother to come and kiss you, seeing that you are safe and warm; but I shall have no one,"—and her tears burst out afresh.

"But, dear Anne, my mother will shut her eyes and go to sleep too, and then who would watch over us if we had not a Father in heaven 'who never slumbers nor sleeps,' the Bible says?"

"God has a great many little children to watch over," said Anne, doubtfully; "how can I be certain that he will remember me?"

"If you were only at our house, Anne, I could show you where it says, in my own little Bible, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, I will preserve them alive;' well then, our Heavenly Father cannot forget either of us, for we have no father. Besides, our Saviour says here, in Matthew, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and yet not one of them falleth

to the ground without your Father; are not ye much better than they? For the very hairs of your head are all numbered.' But it is dark now, and I must make haste home. Come soon to our house and stay all night, and sleep in my little bed, and then I'll tell you ever so much more about our Father in heaven."

Poor Anne often heard all this before; but with a father on earth who supplied all her wants, what was it to her that she had a Father in heaven? But he was now resting in the cold grave-yard; no earthly friend was near, for she had neither grandparent, aunt, or cousin, and she felt very lonely. She knelt down, as was her custom, to say her evening prayer, for words repeated only with the lips is not praying; but the recollection of all Mary's conversation rushed upon her, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed:—

"Our Father who art in heaven!"

Then followed a simple petition of her wants; and when she rose from her knees she felt comforted, she scarcely knew why; but, children, the great, the powerful Almighty had listened to this poor little girl's whispered prayer, and had sent his Holy Spirit into her heart—"the Comforter," as the blessed Saviour called Him—and she *was* comforted.

She soon went to live with Mrs. Stevenson, who, with her own children, taught her daily more and more of her Father in heaven; and, as she continues to reverence his commandments, to be desirous, by her dutiful conduct, to preserve His love, and in all her sinfulness and trials to pray to Him for grace to preserve her in the right way, she lives in the daily hope of one day meeting her earthly parents in the presence of her "*Father in heaven.*"

HOW TO DRESS WELL.—Dr. Johnson, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked—"The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, *that one can never remember what she had on.*" Delicacy of feeling in a lady will prevent her putting on anything calculated to attract notice; and yet a female of good taste will dress so as to have every part of her dress correspond. Thus while she avoids what is showy and attractive, everything will be adjusted so as to exhibit symmetry and taste.

### IZVOSCHICK AND THE EMPEROR'S CLOAK.

THE Emperor of Russia, having remained somewhat longer than usual on his daily visit to his daughter the Grand Duchess Maria-Nicolaivna, the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, having no carriage with him, and being desirous of returning quickly to the palace, most probably having an appointment for a stated time, as he is known to be the very essence of punctuality, took a street sledge. On arriving, the Emperor left the sledge, and was about to enter the palace, when the izvoshick,\* not knowing His Majesty, who had returned to St. Petersburg only on the preceding day, after an absence of some weeks, taking off his monstrous cap with both hands, reminded him that he had not paid the fare. "Good, good," said His Majesty, "I will send you the money." "Ah, baron," (pronounced bahrin, and is a term of respect used by the lower classes in addressing their superiors,) said the poor izvoshick, looking at the palace, "this is a very large building, and has a great many ways out; your nobleness might make a mistake and leave by another door, or the person you might send with the money might not know at which door I am, and might make a mistake; but if, baron, your nobleness would leave your cloak with me and take my plate,† we shall both be safe." "What!" said His Majesty, "do you imagine that an officer driving to the palace of the emperor would rob you of your fare, which cannot exceed a greevenick, (about ten cents,) or at most a p'yetaltine, (about twelve cents)?" "Ah, baron, forgive me," replied the man, "your nobleness is not an izvoshick. You do not know what we do. It is precisely at the palace of the emperor, at the theaters, at the tribunals and great houses, that we are robbed." His Majesty threw off his cloak,

\* Izvoshick, the driver of a public carriage. During the winter hundreds of the peasantry, not being able to occupy themselves in the country, proceed to St. Petersburg with a sledge of their own manufacture, and one, two, or more horses, where they become izvoshicks, and in the spring return to their homes, frequently having realized considerable sums.

† Every izvoshick wears suspended from the collar of his coat behind a tin plate, on which is his number, and for which he pays a certain sum annually. The shape of the plate is changed every year, that the tax may not be evaded.

under which was simply the uniform of a general officer, deposited it with the izvoshick, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to be passing, and entered the palace. A few minutes only had elapsed, when an aide-de-camp presented himself for the purpose of redeeming the cloak; telling the izvoshick that he had driven the emperor, who had sent him a ten double note, (about \$8,) which His Majesty hoped would make up for any sums of which he had been robbed by officers or others, and desired he would wait there until he was sent for. The poor fellow was alarmed; he took off his cap with both hands, as usual, fell upon his knees, burst into tears, and crossing himself—"Gospodi pometa, (Lord, have mercy upon me;) Gospodi boja moi, (Holy God! what have I done? what will become of me?) Boja moi! Boja moi! (No, no, no, I will take no money, I will take no money; pray let me go, oh baron, pray let me go;)" saying which he jumped on his sledge, and flogging his horse, drove off at full speed, leaving the money in the hands of the officer, who was too much surprised to stop him or have him stopped. An order was given for the man to be found and conducted to the palace, which was immediately done, as His Majesty always has persons near enough to him when he goes out to mark anything that transpires. The poor fellow was now more alarmed than before. He had not only detained the emperor's cloak, but by running away, had acted in direct opposition to His Majesty's commands; and the least he expected was to receive some hundred pair of rods, and be put into the army. What, then, was his surprise at being received with kindness, and told not to be alarmed, but to look upon the emperor as his best friend, whose great happiness and desire was to improve the condition of those whose position placed them at the mercy of evil-disposed persons. The emperor then gave him a bank-note for twenty silver roubles, (about \$16,) and dismissed him.

ATTEND TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—A man who had become rich by his own exertions was asked by a friend the secret of his success. "I have accumulated," replied he, "one half my property by attending strictly to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's alone."

THE TWO PRISONERS OF THE  
CONCIERGERIE:

OR, OCTOBER 16TH, 1793, AND OCTOBER 16TH, 1852.

IT was a chill autumn morning—a gray fog brooded over the city, and a gloom rested on the people of Paris. A few faint rays of sunshine struggled through the mist and rested on the roof of the Louvre, and the time-honored towers of Notre Dame. The streets were thronged with people; crowds stood as if in anxious expectation of some great event,—in front of the Palais de Justice, on the steps of the Church of St. Roche, and on the Place de la Revolution, (*now* the Place de la Concorde.)

And yet it might easily be perceived that it was no festal scene which drew the people from their houses on the 16th of October, 1793. Here and there, it is true, a countenance might be discovered which betrayed marks of sorrow; but those of the great majority wore an aspect either of idle curiosity, cold scorn, or bitter hatred and malignity.

On that day *Marie Antoinette* was to be led forth to the scaffold. Separated from her children, and from all who were dear to her on earth, she had for some time past dragged out a miserable existence in a gloomy cell of the *Conciergerie*, the prison belonging to the old Palais de Justice, on the banks of the Seine. This palace, once the abode of the kings of France—the spot whence St. Louis, surrounded by the flower of European chivalry, set forth for the wars of the crusades—*this* palace it was whose vaults were doomed to be the living grave of a queen of France—a queen whose sorrows and untimely fate have almost caused the world to forget her follies and her faults.

At an early hour of the morning her summons came; the night had been chiefly spent in writing to her children and to the Princess Elizabeth. Exhausted nature at length claimed a few moments for repose; but very brief had been the slumbers of the broken-hearted victim, when her jailer came to announce to her that everything was prepared for her departure. She was not even allowed the petty consolation of appearing in decent attire before the nation who had once beheld her in all the pomp and splendor of royalty. The damp of the dungeon and long-continued wear, had imparted a soiled and tattered aspect

to her garments. Vainly she strove to arrange them to the best advantage ere she quitted her cell. The daughter and the wife of kings must drink the cup of bitterness to its very dregs! When she reached the door of the prison, the first object on which her eye rested was the cart which was to convey her, and some of her fellow-prisoners, to the scaffold. A shudder convulsed her frame. Her husband had at least been allowed the favor of a *covered* carriage to convey him to the place of execution; but no such privilege was in store for *her*. She must go forth to meet her doom exposed to the gaze of the multitude in a common open cart, thronged with victims!

Slowly and reluctantly she entered, and the cart drove off. After so many months spent in solitude and gloom, the cheerful light of day had no charms for the royal captive; and the sight of the throng of human beings by whom she was surrounded, completely overpowered her. Her exhausted frame was but ill able to bear the joltings of the cart as it passed onward over the rough stones. Vainly she strove to balance herself by grasping the side of the vehicle; alas! her hands were bound, and on she went that long and dreary way, suffering in body and crushed in spirit, while many an insulting jeer fell upon her ear, as she rocked from side to side; and not one in that vast human throng dared to cry, "God bless *her*!"

And yet, even then, in this her hour of misery, the fallen queen was not utterly deserted. It was remarked by many among the multitude that, as she drove up the Rue St. Honoré, her eye seemed to wander from house to house; they attributed this to her levity of character, which, even in that awful moment, was attracted by objects of passing interest. But gay and thoughtless as *Marie Antoinette* had once been, the anxieties which at this moment filled her heart were of no idle cast. She had refused to receive the last sacraments of her Church from the hands of the revolutionary priests, who were alone admitted to the prisons; and secret intelligence had been conveyed to her, on the evening preceding her execution, that one of the non-juring priests, concealed in a house of the Rue St. Honoré, would pronounce absolution over her as she passed on her way to the scaffold. Long did her eye wander from house to house in fruit-

less search for the appointed sign : at last, she discovered it over the door of an obscure dwelling-house. A passing ray of joy lighted up for a moment the pallid features of the fallen queen, and she bowed her head as she passed to receive the sacrament, which was thus alone accessible to her. Soon the Place de la Revolution was reached—that scene of terror and of crime. As the queen approached the scaffold, close to the very gate of the Tuileries, she glanced for a moment toward that spot where she had once dwelt in royal splendor. How many visions of the past may not have crowded through her mind during that brief, sad moment!—visions of the day when she came to that palace, years before, a gay and lovely bride, and during the festivities attendant on her marriage, hundreds were crushed to death on that very Place!—visions of the days of thoughtless levity which followed, when the love of pleasure and admiration alone filled her heart!—visions of a time of better and purer joy, when a mother's love first stirred within her, and with a thrill of delight she had pressed her first-born to her heart!—visions, too, of the hour when the first muttering of the gathering storm reached her ear!

All this, and much more,—thoughts of the children she was leaving behind her in pitiless hands and evil days—of the hour of anguish which now awaited her—and the awful future upon which she was about to enter. All this might, and probably did, pass through the mind of the unhappy queen, as she gazed for the last time on the Tuileries—for the first time on the guillotine! Brief, however, was the space afforded her for meditation : hurried by the executioner from the cart to the scaffold, the sharp ax swiftly executed its bloody task, and the *Veuve Capet* was proclaimed to be *no more!* Other victims followed—the crowd gazed till they were satiated with the sight of blood—and then they dispersed, each man to his home, and thus ended the 16th October, 1793!

Sixty years had well nigh sped their changing course ; anarchy had been succeeded by despotism ; legitimacy, restored for a brief space, had yielded up the scepter it swayed with a feeble hand ; constitutional monarchy had been tried and failed ; organized republicanism, too, had had its day ; and then another memorable 16th of October dawned on France.

It inaugurated the empire ! Once more was a *Prisoner of the Conciergerie* the hero of the day. Amid the crash of falling dynasties and all the vicissitudes of time, those old gray towers had stood unchanged on the banks of the smiling Seine.

On many a sad heart had the gates of the Conciergerie closed since the day when Marie Antoinette left it for the scaffold ; but few more daring spirits were ever confined within those gloomy precincts than *Louis Napoleon*, nephew of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. After his landing at Boulogne, and the failure of that rash and premature attempt, the son of Hortense was confined in the ancient prison of the *Palais de Justice*, previous to his removal to the Fortress of Ham.

The game seemed utterly lost, and even the most daring and hopeful heart might well have despaired of success. But years rolled on ; the prisoner escaped, bided his time ; and when France, weary of anarchy and confusion, yearned for order and security, his firm hand grasped the reins of power, and on the 16th of October, 1852, the *Prisoner of the Conciergerie* entered Paris as the *Emperor Elect* of the French nation.

No fog obscured the sun of Austerlitz on this memorable day—the day which sealed the doom of France, at least during this present phase of her destinies. The air was clear and bright, and all Paris was astir ; people were hurrying to and fro on the boulevards in busy preparation ; shop-boys looking anxiously at the clock, watching for the hour of twelve, which seemed to them “long-a-coming,” for then the shop was to be closed and the rest of the day devoted to festivity ; workmen were giving the finishing touch to triumphal arches ; hawkers vending by thousands small gilt medals with the effigy of Louis Napoleon stamped on one side, and on the other the imperial eagle, with the inscription, “*La Ville de Paris, à Louis Napoleon, Empereur ;*” while others were crying themselves hoarse, offering for sale flying sheets headed, “*Vive l'Empereur ! c'est le vau de la France !*” “*Programme des Fêtes et Cérémonies qui vont avoir lieu dans Paris, le Samedi, 16 Octobre,*” &c., and all these valuable documents were to be acquired at the reasonable rate of five centimes a-piece.

A few quiet citizens walked about in amazement, scarcely seeming well assured



whether the whole was not a dream; and one might be heard greeting another beneath the shadow of Napoleon's column on the Place Vendôme, with the half-inquiring exclamation, "*Eh bien, voilà l'Empire!*"

But now the hour of noon has struck. Louis Napoleon is to arrive at the railway station at two, and it is high time the procession should begin to form. On they pour—that vast human tide—hemmed in by the double file of soldiers which lined the boulevards throughout their whole extent.

Deputations from the neighboring communes, each bearing some gay flag, with a laudatory device; portly *dames de la halle*, with huge nosegays in their hands; spruce-looking *demoiselles* from divers *marchés* and *halles*, all dressed in white muslin and decked with violets; school children, led by priests and waving triumphantly their little tri-colored flags, while they shouted most lustily "*Vive l'Empereur*," and doubtless with them it was a hearty cry, for to him they were indebted for a holiday! Next came a venerable band, dressed in motley garb—the relics of the *Vieille Garde* and of the *Grande Armée*. As they passed onward with failing steps, in the varied uniforms of by-gone days, many a one with a wooden leg or broken arm, every heart warmed to the brave old men, and many a hearty cheer greeted them on their way. One of the aged men, who bore the banner, waved it three times solemnly over the heads of the younger soldiery who stood by his side, as though he would fain consecrate them to the service of his master's nephew.

Squadron after squadron of cavalry now dashed onward through the streets, their helmets glittering in the noon-day sun; while every now and then the measured tread of infantry again fell upon the ear.

And now, heads are seen outstretched in anxious expectation; cries—not loud, it must be owned—of "*Vive l'Empereur*" are borne upon the breeze; a brilliant group appears in the distance, and, foremost of them all, his usually impassive countenance kindling with triumph, rode Louis Napoleon. Gracefully he bowed with uncovered head as he passed onward among the crowd, his beautiful Arabian bearing itself as though it shared in its master's triumph. It was a gorgeous pageant, that

presented by the sight of those one hundred and fifty thousand armed men, crowds of gayly dressed women, peasants from the country, all pouring along like a resistless, living tide for five whole hours, without intermission. When the prince had passed, and men no longer stood on the "tip-toe of expectation," some of the sharers in the pageant seemed suddenly to remember that it was a long time since they had had their breakfast; and a young national guardsman might be seen quitting the lines, and cutting a loaf in pieces with his sword; while, on the point of the same serviceable weapon, he gallantly handed the several slices to some of the fair damsels of Montrouge, who had borne their part in the procession, and now stood, radiant with smiles and nosegays, beneath the triumphal arch. The merry peals of laughter which this act of civility elicited had scarcely subsided, when a fresh incident attracted the attention of the crowd. As a *cuirassier* was galloping along, his horse slipped on the smooth pavement of a crossing, and he fell to the ground with some violence. One of the pretty *cantinières*, or *filles du regiment*, dressed in picturesque military attire, immediately stepped forward, and assisted the fallen man to rise, at the same time offering him a draught from the canteen, which hung gracefully by her side. Gayety and good humor served to lend a charm to every passing incident, and an atmosphere of joyous hilarity pervaded all around. Meanwhile, the prince and his brilliant staff passed on their way through the gazing throngs, till they reached the Place de la Concorde.

No blood-stained guillotine now defaced that spacious area; sparkling fountains played on the very spot where once the blood of royalty had flowed, as though they would fain efface the foul stain which had erstwhile marked their site.

Did recollections of the deeds of violence which this *Place de la Revolution* had witnessed sixty years before, cast their shadow over the heart of the new potentate as he entered the gates of the palace, where Marie Antoinette had once dwelt in royal splendor? Did a conviction of the illusive nature of all this triumphal pomp flash across his mind, when, in answer to one of his attendants, who expressed a hope that his imperial highness had been satisfied with his reception, he replied: "*Beaucoup*

*d'arcs de triomphe, mais très peu d'enthousiasme !"*

Very little enthusiasm indeed there was throughout the vast concourse assembled on that day in Paris! *Parisian women* were pleased, because it was a gay scene, such a scene as they always love—and "*il y aura tant de belles fêtes quand nous avons un Empereur !*" Some *old soldiers* were pleased, because the hero of the day was nephew to their *own* Napoleon; and the prospect of a busy season won him some golden opinions from *Parisian tradesmen*. But among the great mass of the people, not one spark of true homage or genuine devotion glowed, as their future emperor rode through the streets of Paris; while in many a breast hatred as deep and as undying as that which followed the fallen queen to the scaffold, pursued the rising emperor to the Palace of the Tuileries.

The one quality of Louis Napoleon which, in the eyes of France, redeems his despotism, and casts a *prestige* about his person, is his undaunted courage—his almost reckless daring—" *Il n'a pas peur, ce gaillard là,*" was the exclamation of a stout-hearted Norman peasant, who did not seem in any other respect to entertain much reverence or affection for his new ruler.

" *Il n'y aura pas d'attentat sur sa vie car il ne craint rien, cet homme là, et les Français respectent le courage,*" was the observation of a *Parisian gentleman*, who acknowledged no other merit, save that of hardihood, in the future emperor.

And thus, amid the hollow plaudits of the populace, amid gay processions and brilliant illuminations, terminated the 16th October, 1852, whose sunny sky and gorgeous pomp offered a striking contrast to the mournful gloom of the same day in the month of October, 1793.

The fate of Marie Antoinette, despite her weakness, her follies, and her mistakes, has awakened emotions of pity and of regret, even in the minds of her bitterest foes; and we question whether there are any who can look back on that fatal 16th October, 1793, and think without a sigh on the degradation and misery which a fallen queen was then called upon to endure.

With what eyes posterity may glance back upon the 16th of October, 1852,—whether blame or wonder, pity or admira-

tion, will predominate in the minds of men, as, at the close of another half-century, they look back upon the conduct and career of Louis Napoleon, we cannot now venture to predict.

To the issue of events still unfolded in the womb of time, we leave the result of his daring policy, and for a faithful verdict on his character we must await the *future* decision of that *vox populi*, which sooner or later is sure to speak with impartial truth of the mighty dead!

### WAYSIDE WORDS.

IT chanced that, some months ago, I was walking in one of the busiest thoroughfares of London, and a feeling came over me of my utter loneliness in the great city, and the absence of any links to bind me to the world of busy men and women who were passing and repassing me as I slowly sauntered along; and at last I said to myself, "It seems to me that I have been jostled, and kicked, and sworn at, for the last half hour, just to teach me that my duty in life is to go on my way as quietly and with as little delay as possible—in the strictest sense of the word to mind my own business, and leave others to mind theirs." Just, however, as I had come to this conclusion, some words, uttered by one of two women, close to me, in a sharp, clear tone, arrested my attention. "But," said she, "you know there are some things we can never forgive."

"There are some things we can never forgive," I repeated to myself, and fell into a fit of musing on the probable circumstances in which this woman had been placed: how, and by whom, she had been so sinned against, as to feel she could "never forgive" the offense—whether it was as wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter, that she had been wronged. And then the offense itself—What is there that we cannot pardon in those we love? What power we have of opening a fresh future by forgiveness of the past; and who among us would rashly close the doors of hope, and debar ourselves the joy of saying, "My love and trust in you make you all that I desire you should become?" And with such a feeling, what might we not forgive?—what neglect? what unkindness? what ingratitude?—especially in those who are dear to us. And what limits can there be to this self-

abnegation? for to forgive another is to forget self; who shall say the seventy-times seven have expired; this is the four hundred and ninety-first sin, which I cannot forgive; or, what crime committed against man can equal that against the Holy Ghost?—the only one which God can never pardon.

Then, too, from the words of this woman, her forgiveness must have been sought, perhaps in tears and heart-anguish; for she says, "But there are some things we can never forgive." The guilty one, then, had come to her, sorrowing and repentant, and begged for that which it seems to me each one may claim as a right; for do we not need it one from another, every day of our lives? and shall those who hope to receive it unasked, for a thousand faults of omission and commission, refuse it when sought by one whom they may elevate and ennoble, and over whom they may exert a good influence through life?

I was so completely absorbed in these contemplations as not to notice a man and woman, who were talking together at the corner of a street, and who stood just in my way. I stepped back hastily to avoid knocking against them; and, being completely roused from my reverie, overheard the following words:—

"He left his home the same night, and has never been heard of since."

The speaker might have been forty years of age—perhaps fifty—it might be a very difficult task indeed to guess the age from a face which had been much reduced by poverty and care—or, perhaps, sorrow.

There was an expression of sadness on her face, and the tone of her voice marked a force upon her words that made me marvel over her history. Surely she must have been deeply interested in the person who had thus left his home—perhaps had mourned for him ever since—and then I thought of the previous words I had listened to, and which might help to explain his conduct. It may be that he had committed some sin which he believed would never be forgiven by those whom he loved, and preferred to leave his home and become a stranger in a strange land rather than to meet with eternal coldness and reproach. He would struggle with the evil within him, and conquer it; but it must be away from the hard, unforgiving

faces which spoke to him of the past, and made him believe that there could be no future for him. And then, this woman, in an after-life of suffering and regret, had learned the power of love, and the meaning of love, alas! too late. We all seem to learn the lesson of life too late. I think it is the want of charity, of love to all men, which keeps us so far apart, and makes the experience of each one more or less an unreality to every one else. How much might we learn, even from the poorest and most wretched creature whom we meet in our daily walks!

So, after all, I thought to myself, the main duty of each one may not be to go on his way quietly, and with as little delay as possible. It may be a good thing that some of us should stand as spectators, and report progress, and should say:—

"See, how this common bond of humanity unites us all one to another; how the links of this chain, from the lowest to the highest, are unbroken; and how we are reminded of this every day and every hour, if we will but look into the faces and the eyes of our fellow men, and read the words which are written there. There are none so high as not to need our sympathy and our love, and none so low that we cannot reach them by means of it."

And thus it was that the wayside words of these two women taught a lesson worth the learning, and one which those who are still in ignorance of it would do well to get by heart as soon as possible.

**IMPERISHABILITY OF HUMAN ACTIONS.**—Man's deeds are of an imperishable character. Not only are they recorded in the book of divine remembrance, but modern discoveries of science have established a fact peculiarly calculated to impress creatures of sense, viz., that their every word and action produce an abiding impression on the globe we inhabit. The pulsations of the air, we are told, in Babbage's "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," once set in motion, cease not to exist; its waves, raised by each sound or muscular exertion, perambulate the earth's and ocean's surface, and, in less than twenty-four hours, every atom of atmosphere takes up the altered movement resulting to it from that sound or action. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or ever whispered. —*Elliott.*

## CHINESE LADIES, DINNERS, AND LOVE-LETTERS.

THE constant intercourse now taking place between this country and China, naturally renders anything connected with the latter interesting. The subjoined remarks succinctly point out the characteristics of the women of the country, and give one an idea of their social habits. A Chinese dinner-party is a curiosity in its way. But *hommage aux dames!* Let the writer first speak of the ladies:—

"The women of China, as in all other countries not blessed with Christianity, occupy a rank in society far inferior to that of the men. Nevertheless, their place in the social scale is higher, their influence greater, and their treatment better, than can be predicted of the sex in any other Asiatic nation. Of school education the mass receive none, though there are occasionally shining exceptions; but Gutzlaff ascribes to them the possession of a large share of common sense, and says that they make 'devoted wives and tender mothers.'

"The generality of Chinese ladies cannot boast of great beauty. They make a free use of rouge, and this article is always among the presents to a bride on the occasion of her nuptials. The distinguishing marks of personal attractions among the Chinese, in a gentleman, are, a large person, including a corpulency, a full glossy face, and large pendent ears—the latter indicating high breeding and fortune. In females it is nearly the reverse, delicate forms are in them highly esteemed; having slender 'willow waists.' The eyes are termed 'silver seas.' The eye-brows are frequently removed, and in their stead a delicately curved pencil line is drawn, resembling the leaf of the willow, 'Lew shoo,' a species of palm which is considered beautiful, and used metaphorically for 'pleasure.' Hence the saying—'deceived and stupefied by willows and flowers;' i. e., by dissolute pleasures.

"In what circumstances the 'golden lilies,' the highest of personal attractions, originated, is not known. The distortion is produced by turning the toes under the soles of the feet at birth, and confining them in that position by tight bandages, till their growth is effectually checked. The bandaging is continued for several years, during which the poor child suffers the most excruciating tortures. This is no doubt an absurd, cruel, and wicked practice; but those who dwell in glass houses should not throw stones. It is not a whit worse, nay, I maintain that it is less irrational and injurious, than the abomination of tight-lacing. No vital part is here attacked, no vital functions disordered; and on the score of taste, if the errors of Nature are to be rectified, and her graceful lines and proportions improved, I see not why the process of amendment may not be as reasonably applied to the feet as to the waist. Almost every family in China, however poor, has one daughter with the small feet.

"Head dresses of natural and artificial flowers are always worn. 'No woman,' says Sir George

Staunton, 'is so poor as to neglect, or so aged as to give up adorning herself in this manner.' The culture of flowers for this purpose is a regular occupation throughout the country.

"Wives are distinguished from unmarried females, by the latter allowing the hair near the forehead to hang down toward the eye-brows; while the former have theirs bound together upon the crown of the head.

"Among the accomplishments of Chinese ladies, music, painting on silk, and embroidery, hold the chief places. The musical instruments are various in kind and material, and a supply of them is held to be an indispensable part of the furniture of a lady's boudoir. Painting on silk is a very common recreation; and embroidery is an almost universal accomplishment."

So much for the women of China. Let us now take a peep at a Chinese "spread."

The ceremony attending an invitation to dinner is somewhat formal, and may be interesting to many of your readers. The invitation is conveyed some days before, by a crimson-colored ticket, on which is inscribed the time appointed; and the guest is entreated to bestow "*the illumination of his presence.*" At other times, the phrase is, "*I have prepared pure tea, and wait for your company to converse.*"

The following description of a Chinese dinner, from the pen of Captain Laplace, of the French Navy, is given with so much of the characteristic vivacity of his countrymen, and so well conveys the *first impression* of a scene not often witnessed by Europeans, that I introduce it without further apology:—

"The first course was laid out in a great number of saucers of painted porcelain, and consisted of various relishes in a cold state, as salted earthworms, prepared and dried, but so cut up that I fortunately did not know what they were until I swallowed them; salted or smoked fish and ham, both of them cut into extremely small slices; beside which there was what they called Japan leather, a sort of darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong, and far from agreeable taste, which seemed to have been macerated in water for some time. All these *et ceteras*, including among the number a liquor which I recognized to be soy, made from a Japan bean, and long since adopted by the wine-drinkers of Europe to revive their faded appetites or tastes, were used as seasoning to a great number of stews, which were contained in bowls, and succeeded each other uninterruptedly. All the dishes, without exception, swam in soup; on one side figured pigeons' eggs, cooked in gravy, together with ducks and fowls, cut very small, and immersed in a dark colored sauce; on the other, little balls made of sharks' fins, eggs prepared by heat, (of which both the smell and taste seemed to us equally repulsive,) immense grubs, a peculiar kind of sea-fish, crabs, and pounded shrimps.

"Seated at the right of our excellent Am-

*phur-yon*, I was the object of his whole attention; but, nevertheless, found myself considerably at a loss how to use the two little ivory sticks, tipped with silver, which, together with a knife that had a long, narrow, and thin blade, formed the whole of my eating apparatus. I had great difficulty in seizing my prey, in the midst of these several bowls filled with gravy; in vain I tried to hold, in imitation of my host, this substitute for a fork, between the thumb and the two first fingers of the right hand, for the chopsticks slipped aside every moment, leaving behind them the unhappy little morsel which I coveted. It is true that the master of the house came to the relief of my inexperience (by which he was much entertained) with his two instruments, the extremities of which, a few moments before, had touched a mouth, whence age, and the use of snuff and tobacco, had cruelly chased its good looks. However, I contrived to eat, with tolerable propriety, a soup prepared with the famous birds' nests in which the Chinese are such epicures. The substance thus served up is reduced into very thin filaments, transparent as isinglass, and resembling vermicelli, with little or no taste. At first I was much puzzled to find out how, with our chopsticks, we should be able to taste of the various soups which composed the greater part of the dinner, and had already called to mind the fable of the fox and the stork, when our two Chinese entertainers, dipping at once into the bowls with the little saucer placed at the side of each guest, showed us how to get rid of the difficulty."

I confess I was never witness to this slovenly manœuvre, as the Chinese tables are generally supplied with a species of spoon, of silver or porcelain, sufficiently convenient in shape.

"To the younger guests, naturally lively, such a crowd of novelties presented an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry; and, though unintelligible to the worthy Hong merchant and his brother, the jokes seemed to delight them not at all the less. The wine, in the mean time, circulated freely, and the toasts followed each other in rapid succession. This liquor, which to my taste was by no means agreeable, is always taken hot; and in this state it approaches pretty nearly to Madeira in color, as well as a little in taste; but it is not easy to get tipsy with it, for, in spite of the necessity of frequently attending to the invitations of my host, this wine did not in the least affect my head. We drank it in little gilt cups, having the shape of an antique vase, with two handles, of perfect workmanship, and kept constantly filled by attendants holding larger silver vessels like coffee-pots.

"After all these good things served one upon the other, of which it gave me pleasure to see the last, succeeded the second course, which was preceded by a little ceremony, of which the object seemed to be a trial of the guests' appetites. Upon the edges of four bowls, arranged in a square, three others were placed, filled with stews, and surmounted by an eighth, which thus formed the summit of a pyramid; and the custom is to touch none of these, although invited by the host. On the refusal

of the party the whole disappeared, and the table was covered with articles in pastry and sugar; in the midst of which was a salad composed of the tender shoots of the bamboo, and some watery preparations, that exhaled a most disagreeable odor.

"Up to this point the relishes, of which I first spoke, had been the sole accompaniment of all the successive ragouts; they still serve to season the bowls of plain rice, which the attendants now, for the first time, placed before each of the guests."

It must be remembered that this was a formal dinner; rice forms a much more integral part of an every-day meal.

"I regarded with an air of considerable embarrassment the two little sticks, with which, notwithstanding the experience acquired since the commencement of the repast, it seemed very doubtful whether I should be able to eat my rice, grain by grain, according to the belief of Europeans regarding the Chinese custom. I therefore waited until my host should begin, to follow his example, foreseeing that, on this new occasion, some fresh discovery would serve to relieve us from the truly ludicrous embarrassment which we all displayed; in a word our two Chinese, cleverly joining the ends of their chopsticks, plunged them into the bowls of rice, held up to the mouth, which was opened to its full extent, and thus easily shoveled in the rice, not by grains, but by handfuls. Thus instructed, I might have followed their example; but I preferred making up with the other delicacies for the few attractions which, to my taste, had been displayed by the first course. The second lasted a much shorter time, the attendants cleared away everything. Presently the table was strewn with flowers, which vied with each other in brilliancy; pretty baskets, filled with the same, were mixed with plates which contained a vast variety of delicious sweetmeats, as well as cakes, of which the forms were as ingenious as they were varied. Napkins steeped in warm water, and flavored with attar of roses, are frequently handed to each guest by the servants in attendance. This display of the productions of nature and art, was equally agreeable to the eyes and the tastes of the guests. By the side of the yellow plantain was seen the *litchi*, of which the strong, rough, and bright crimson skin defends a stone enveloped in a whitish pulp, which, for its fine aromatic taste, is superior to most of the tropical fruits; when dried, it forms an excellent provision for the winter. With these fruits of the warm climates were mingled those of the temperate zone, brought at some expense from the northern provinces; as walnuts, chestnuts, apples, grapes, and Pekin pears, which last, though their lively color and pleasant smell attracted the attention, proved to be tasteless, and even retained all the harshness of wild fruits.

"At length we adjourned to the next room to take tea—the indispensable commencement and close of all visits and ceremonies among the Chinese. According to custom, the servants presented it in porcelain cups, each of which was covered with a saucer-like top, which confines

and prevents the aroma from evaporating. The boiling water had been poured over a few of the leaves, collected at the bottom of the cup; and the infusion, to which no sugar or cream is ever added in China, exhaled a delicious fragrant odor, of which the best teas carried to Europe can scarcely give an idea."

Other visits of ceremony are conducted with much pomp and formality. When a gentleman proceeds in his sedan to pay a visit, his attendants present his ticket at the gate, consisting of his name and titles written down the middle of a folded sheet of vermilion-colored paper, ornamented with gold leaf; and sometimes there is enough paper in one of these to extend across a room. According to the rank of the parties, the visitor and his host begin bowing at stated distances; though among equals the ordinary mode of salutation is to join closed hands. Only mandarins or official persons can be carried by four bearers, or be accompanied by a train of attendants. Soon after visitors are seated, an attendant brings in porcelain cups with covers, with a small quantity of fine tea-leaves in each, on which boiling water has been poured, and the infusion is thus drunk without the addition of sugar or milk; fruits are also brought in on beautifully japanned trays. In some Chinese apartments there are broad couches, called "*kangs*," as large as a bed. In the center of these, small tables are placed, about a foot in height, intended to rest the arm upon, or place tea-cups. On the conclusion of a visit the host conducts his guest to his sedan.

Corpulency, and small, delicate, taper fingers, are much esteemed, as indications of gentility. Also a goodly rotundity of person, and smallness and delicacy of hands. The carefully-cultivated and well-braided cues—so long in some instances as almost to trail upon the ground, and affording admirable "handles" to an antagonist in a passion—form a curious subject of observation. The history of this singular appendage affords a remarkable illustration of those revolutions which sometimes occur in national taste and manners. Previously to the conquest of their country by the Tartars, the Chinese permitted the hair to grow over the whole head. Shunche, the first of the Tartar emperors, issued an imperial edict, requiring the conquered people to conform in this particular to the custom of their victors. So stoutly was this decree at first resisted, that many of the nobles preferred death

to obedience, and actually perished by command of the conqueror. At the present day, however, the loss of this very badge of servitude is considered one of the greatest calamities, scarcely less dreaded than death itself. To be deprived of it is one of the most opprobrious brands put upon convicts and criminals. Those to whom nature has been sparing in respect to the natural covering of the head, supply her deficiencies by the artificial introduction and intermingling of other hair with their own, thus seeking to "increase it to a reputedly fashioned size."

The Chinese put faith in the external developments of the skull, and are therefore, to a certain extent, phrenologists. They look for the principal characteristics of a man in his forehead, and of a woman on the back of her cranium.

We complete our Chinese sketch by two love-letters—a literal transcript, from the *Panama Herald*. It will be seen therefrom, that the great point required in the lady lover is to have her "hair dressed;" while her ardent swain must first "wash his head clean," and then give himself a few "knocks" on the seat of knowledge. The lady is, by her father, called "despicable;" and her lover says he is "mean, and ashamed of himself!" These mutual confessions made, the young folks carry on the war much as we do. The poetry of course comes first; and, as usual, it gradually subsides into respectable prose. On this we need not dilate. So now for the curious document:—

"We think we might safely venture on a wager that perhaps not half a dozen, if any, of our readers have ever seen a genuine Chinese love-letter. We have, though! Recently, in Anoy, a marriage was concluded between a son of the ancient family of 'Tan,' and a daughter of the equally old and respectable house of 'O,' and the annexed productions, we are assured, are literal translations of the letters that passed on the occasion between the fathers of the young couple. Here we have the proposal of the father to the bridegroom:—

"The ashamed young brother, surnamed Tan, named Su, with washed head makes obeisance, and writes this letter to the greatly virtuous and humble gentleman whose name is O, old teacher, great man; and presents it at the foot of the gallery. At this season of the year the satin curtains are enveloped in mist, reflecting the beauty of the river and hills. In the fields of the blue gem are planted rows of willows close together, arranging and diffusing the commencement of genial influences, and consequently adding to the good of the old year.

"I duly reverence your lofty door. The guest of the Sue country descends from a good stock, the origin of the female of the Hui country likewise (is so too). You have received their transforming influences, resembling the great effects produced by rain. Much more you, my honorable, nearly-related



uncle; your good qualities are of a very rare order. I, the mean one, am ashamed of myself; just as rotten wood is in the presence of aromatic herbs. I now receive your indulgence, inasmuch as you have listened to the words of the matchmaker, and given Miss S. in marriage to the mean one's eldest son, named Kang. Your assenting to it is worth more to me than a thousand pieces of gold. The marriage business will be conducted according to the six rules of propriety, and I will reverently announce the business to my ancestors with presents of gems and silks. I will arrange the things received in your basket, so that all who tread the threshold of my door may enjoy them. From this time forward, the two surnames will be united; and I trust the union will be a felicitous one, and last for a hundred years, and realize the delight experienced by the union of the two countries Chin and Chin. I hope that your honorable benevolence and consideration will defend me unceasingly. At present, the dragon flies in Sin Hai term—the first month, lucky day. I, Mr. Su, bow respectfully. Light before."

"On this decoction of the essential oil of modesty, the young Miss O's father looks with favor; so he responds in a state of still more profoundly polite humility:—

"The younger brother surnamed O, named Tuz, of the family to be related by marriage, washes his head clean, knocks his head and bows, and writes this marriage letter in reply to the far-famed and virtuous gentleman surnamed Tan, the venerable teacher and great man who manages this business. At this season, the heart of the plum-blossom is increasingly white; at the beginning of the first month, it opens its petals. The eye-brows of the willow shoot out their green; when shaken by the wind, it displays its glory, and grows luxuriantly into five generations. 'Tis matter for congratulation, the union of a hundred years. I reverence your lofty gate. The prognostic is good, also the divination of the lucky bird. The stars are bright, and the dragons meet together. In every succeeding dynasty, office will be held; and for many a generation official vestments will be worn. Not only those of your family surname will enjoy all the aforementioned felicity, but more especially will you, honorable gentleman, who possess abilities great and deep; your manners are dignified and pure. I, the foolish one, am ashamed of my diminutiveness. I for a long time have desired your dragon powers; now you have not looked down upon me with contempt, but have entertained the statements of the matchmaker, and agree to give Mr. Kang to be united to my despicable daughter. We all wish the girl to have her hair dressed, and the young man to put on his cap of manhood. The peach flowers just now look beautiful; the red plum also looks gay. I praise your son, who is like a fairy horse who can cross over through water, and is able to ride upon the winds and waves; but my tiny daughter is like a green window and a feeble plant, and is not worthy of becoming the subject of verse.

"Now I reverently bow to your good words, and make use of them to display your good breeding. Now I hope your honorable benevolence will always remember me without end. Now the dragon flies in the Sin Hai term—first month, lucky day. Mr. Tu makes obeisance. May the future be prosperous!"

"The modesty of the old gentleman is so painful, that we are almost afraid to guess what may have been the feelings of Master Tan and Miss O; but whatever they were, they must have overcome them by this time; for the friend to whom we are indebted for these epistolary gems, danced at their wedding a couple of months back, and was nearly suffocated with drinking scalding black-tea out of coconut-shell cups.

"But the letters themselves—for we have received the originals, together with the translations—are at least as remarkable for external glitter as for internal value. Each of them is about the size of one of the *Citizen's* pages, and consists of a rich frame composed of something like our *papier maché*. Inside this, is artistically

folded a scroll of richly-tinted crimson paper, studded with the golden letters that convey the words of love and modesty. The outer surface is likewise emblazoned with a quantity of raised work, representing robes of honor, tails of distinction, the smallest of all small shoes, peacocks' feathers, and a variety of other equally tasteful designs, which are supposed to be emblematic of the vast accession to the wealth and honor of both contracting houses that may be expected to flow from the union of the gallant Su Tan, junior, and the accomplished Miss Tu O."

We can readily imagine the "courtship" of such a pair as this—consequent upon the betrothal. A Chinese countenance, animated by love, must be a curiosity indeed! The eyes may perchance be eloquent; "but the nose, the nose, my good masters!" However, the natives are "used" to it; and Use is second Nature. Their ideas, too, of "expression," may vary from ours; so let us not be hypercritical.

Success to the gallant Su Tan, junior, and the accomplished Miss Tu O, of the two countries Chin and Chin!

#### THE AUSTRALIAN FILE.

THERE is no readier way of obtaining something like a correct idea of the condition of society, as it exists in a distant colony, than by contemplating the reflection of it presented by its newspaper press, when it is fortunate enough to possess one. This, though not intended generally to serve any such purpose, is in fact a source of information not to be sophisticated; and the knowledge to be derived from it, though it consists of little more than heterogeneous scraps, is of a nature to be relied on, and not the less likely to be genuine that it is involuntarily bestowed. Under this conviction, we propose taking a brief glance at the contents of a late number of the *Melbourne Argus*, in the course of which we may chance to turn up a few not uninteresting social characteristics which lie but thinly shrouded in the form of advertisements—for it is with advertisements alone that we shall have anything to do.

Melbourne, as most of our readers know, is a thriving and rapidly rising town, situated near the extremity of the noble bay of Port Philip, and within a few days' journey of the Mount Alexander gold diggings. Two years ago it possessed a population of twenty thousand, and since that time

has been increasing at such an abnormal rate, owing to the number of immigrants arriving almost daily, that it might be imprudent at the present moment to venture a guess as to their numbers. The *Melbourne Argus* is a newspaper published daily, about the size of the double *Times*, and containing fifty-six columns some two feet in length each, offering to the colonists a cheap and excellent medium for all the purposes to which a newspaper can be adapted. Large as it is, and expensive as labor is on the spot, it is delivered daily to subscribers at about \$10 a year, or something under twenty cents a week; and it can afford to insert advertisements of four lines and under at the charge of only twenty-four cents each. The consequence is, that of the whole fifty-six columns rather more than forty-three are crammed with advertisements. Of these, sixteen are occupied by announcements of sales by auction, from which it would appear that the cargo of every vessel that arrives in port is for the most part subjected to the hammer and sold off at once to the highest bidder. The articles thus put up to competition comprise almost every luxury, as well as all the necessities of life. There are sacks of flour, and Indian corn, and double-action grand pianofortes. There are all the drapers' wares which are to be found in the most comprehensive London catalogue, and there are "corrugated iron houses" with two or four rooms, which will make a home in the wilderness at the expense of a few hours' labor. There are Newcastle coals, and Wiltshire bacon, and Nottingham shoes. There are allotments of land for "successful gold-diggers," and "cheese, butter, and books," food for mind and body, for the benefit of their families; and there are "pistols! pistols! pistols!" revolvers with as many barrels as you choose to carry, with rifles, daggers, belts, and life-preservers, for those about to take up the gold-diggers' peaceful profession. There are "eggs! eggs! eggs!" and a valuable assortment of jewelry—with joists and beams for builders, and tobacco, and meerschaums, and everything possible in the shape of a pipe for those that choose to smoke. In short, there are no limits to the modes in which an immigrant may lay out his money and commence his colonial progress, either up-hill or down, the moment he sets foot on shore.

Next to the sales by auction, the propositions under the general head of "merchandise" demand attention. These are announcements of sales by private contract, or proposals for barter on the part of individuals. Some of them are suggestive enough. One gentleman wants to get rid of ten thousand sheep in a lot so soon as he has done with the shearing. And another is sick and tired of twenty-eight thousand sheep and three thousand head of cattle; his health compels him to seek another climate; and he will sell the whole lot, together with the feeding-ground, a bargain, and add to it, if the purchaser chooses, "forty miles of lamb and dog-proof galvanized wire," with which the flocks and herds may be inclosed within telescopic bounds. An impatient adventurer is anxious to be off to the diggings, and, by way of raising the wind, offers for sale his "elegant gold chronometer, made by French, of the Royal Exchange, London, with massive gold chain attached." A sober tradesman, residing in the Market Square, anxious no doubt to contribute his share toward the comforts of the rising colony, makes the following proclamation, part of which we copy: "For sale by the undersigned—arsenic, corrosive sublimate, butyr antimony, strychnine in crystals;" then follow some quack medicines, the whole showing a judgment in the classification of poisons highly creditable in a tradesman in a young country. Another is a wholesale purveyor of all the mining requisites, and politely invites "persons proceeding to the Ballarat and Eureka diggings" to come and inspect his abundant stores of necessities, a long list of which figures at the end of his address. The perusal of the list is not very encouraging to the non-combatant: along with cradles, scales, washing-pans, pestles, and mortars, and magnets, there is a murderous display of pistols, guns, tomahawks, and gunpowder, with the usual appendage of "Wanted a shopman;" that being an article evidently scarce in Melbourne. Then there are horses, and drays, and wagons, and yokes of oxen, and carts, and wheelbarrows which will shut up and submit to be carried under the arm like a three-cornered hat on a levee day; there are wooden houses without number, and piccola pianofortes, and octaves of sherry, and cases of champagne, and soda water, and bottled

ale; and there is a printing business which is guaranteed to yield a better income than is to be got at the diggings; and there are five hundred things besides, all to be had for a consideration by those who want them.

But enough of sales and merchandise; let us now take a glance at the "wants," all pithily expressed in paragraphs of from three to five lines each. Of these there is no end; but we must be as brief in our selection as the necessities of the case will allow. Of domestic servants, to begin with, there appears to be a universal lack; from "a little girl to nurse a child" and a "strong boy to carry out goods," up to the finished cook and experienced head waiter, all are in general demand, and the advertisers promise an easy place and liberal wages as an inducement for candidates to come forward. From some of the proposals we gather that "liberal wages" means for female servants about \$120 a year, for a good plain cook \$200 a year. Married couples appear to be in prodigious request—the husband to act as porter, groom, storekeeper, or carter, and the wife as a domestic servant, and \$400 a year are offered as their united wages. "A steady man to look after a horse and drive a dray" is earnestly requested to make his appearance, and go to work at once, for the consideration of \$10 a week and his rations. Good plain cooks, especially if they have husbands willing to wait at table, are at an enormous premium, judging from the reiterated demands made for them; in short, servitude of almost every imaginable kind, except clerks, is at a premium, and no species of domestic help need go a-begging. Then, among the trades and handicrafts, the wants seem equally pressing. A master who is evidently driven to extremities cries out in large capitals: "Bakers! bakers! wanted two good journeymen bakers; the highest wages given. Apply," &c. A builder is in want of carpenters and joiners, and proclaims to all and sundry that he is ready to give any one or more of them nearly four dollars a day for wages, and a house to live in into the bargain. Watch and clock makers are also a general desideratum, and the *Argus*, with its hundred eyes, is on the look-out for them in all quarters. Milliners and dress-makers, too, look up in the market of Melbourne, where midnight labors are a thing un-

known, and starvation and standing meals are economical discoveries yet to be made. Linen-draper's assistants, moreover, are an uncommonly scarce commodity; one employer actually goes so far as to advertise for an entire establishment, including manager, cashier, general salesmen, and in-door porters. Sawyers, wood-cutters, gardeners, cattle-drovers, smiths, laborers, quarrymen, tent-makers, &c., &c., all are lured by tempting offers to accept service at the highest current wages, at a moment's notice. But the chief desideratum of all would appear to be sailors, who, judging from the unheard-of premiums offered for their services, must have been seized with an infatuation for the diggings, and abandoned their vessels almost to a man. A captain, advertising for a crew to navigate his vessel to China, offers \$150 a month, or \$300 for the voyage, at the option of the seamen: this is about ten times the usual amount of wages paid in merchant vessels. If the common sailors have succumbed to the golden temptation, the ship's officers have been equally unable to resist, the same appeals being made to them in the columns of the *Argus*, inviting them to return to their duty on board. Among other singular wants is that of a man with a good bass voice to supply the place of a chorister who has vanished, gone off probably with a cradle upon his shoulder in company with Herr Mater's musicians—that gentleman being compelled to have recourse to an advertisement to procure performers, both vocal and instrumental, for the Thursday night concerts, from which his band, seduced by the charms of Ballarat, have taken unceremonious leave. Perhaps, after all, the most remarkable "wants" are those experienced by the proprietors of the *Argus* themselves: they have actually advertised in its columns, first, for any number of compositors to come forward at once, offering to all payment at the rate of sixty cents a thousand, at which it would be easy to earn \$7 a day; secondly, for two strong fellows to turn the machine which prints the paper; thirdly, for a reader to read it; fourthly, for 1500 pounds of new nonpareil type, the old being worn out long ago; and fifthly, for any quantity of paper of the requisite size upon which to print it. This is a curious crisis of affairs in a printing-office, and one too in which such a prodigious amount of work has to

be daily got through as the publication of a paper the size of the *Argus* must necessarily involve. The last "wants" we shall mention are two which it is pleasant to suppose, whatever may be the case with the others, have a chance of being supplied. Mr. Harris wants a big dog to guard his house by night; and Mrs. Harris will give a liberal price for a goat giving milk. As watch-dogs and milch-goats may be supposed to be free from the gold-fever, it is likely that these good people obtained what they wanted with less tax upon their patience than the miscellaneous advertisers above-mentioned had to endure.

As a consequence, where such high wages are given, the cost of the necessities of life cannot fail to be affected by that of labor. Mr. William Howitt, in his letter which is now going the round of the papers, gives a lamentable account of the difficulty of getting into "any kind of lodgings, even at the most astounding prices." But what says the newspaper which was printing while he was writing? "A single gentleman can obtain board and residence in a private family for \$6 per week. Apply to Mr. Harvey, chemist, Wellington-street." This is not outrageously dear, at any rate, and it is by no means a solitary specimen of the sort of accommodation offered.

Among the miscellaneous advertisements we must allude to two or three, suggestive of social peculiarities incidental to a city located within fourscore miles of the gold-diggings. Thus, there is one which summons very imperatively an Irish delinquent, one Michael Casey, to come back immediately and surrender the sum of \$300, which was paid to him, over and above its value, for his gold, and threatening him with the rigor of the law if he dare to neglect the appeal. One can hardly help suspecting that Michael has been cheating the bullion-broker with a sham "nugget," thousands of which, it is said, have been manufactured in England, and sent out to facilitate the villainies of the unprincipled, with which unhappily the convict colony abounds. A respectable "party going to the diggings with pack-horses on Tuesday next can accommodate several persons by carrying their *swags*, and with the use of a tent on the road." Another advertiser has established a Diggers' Directory, in which he

registers the addresses of the gold-finders, together with the brands and descriptions of their horses, which latter he undertakes to hunt up at any time, and restore to their owners, for a consideration. The owner of an estate on Salt Water River announces that a black horse, marked W. V., and having a switch tail, and a white-faced bay mare, also wagging a switch tail, have come astray on his estate, and that the owners can have them on application. But there is another kind of animal gone astray, the loss of which is more deeply deplored than that of switch-tailed nags, and which nobody offers to restore. Wives and sisters, deserted by husbands and brothers, put forth a melancholy appeal to the wanderers for a recognition of their tender claims: "If this should meet the eye of ——" thus runs the all but hopeless cry sent forth into the wilderness—"he is particularly requested to write to his wife;" and she adds her present address—it is all she can do—and awaits in solitude the response of her absent protector. A disconsolate sister earnestly demands information concerning her brother from any one who is able to give it. Such announcements as these are the only elements of romance in connexion with real life to be found in the columns of the *Argus*, and these are such as we should have been glad to have dispensed with for the sake of the forlorn sufferers.

The rapid growth and prosperity of Melbourne must be owing more to its situation on the noble bay of Port Philip than to any other cause. This bay is an inland sea, having an entrance not more than a mile and a half broad, and presenting within the strait an area of fifty miles in length by twenty-five in width. The *Argus* advertises as many as fifty-six vessels on the point of sailing, five of its columns being taken up by the business of navigation. The town has one street more than a mile in length, with a number of others branching from it laterally. As a place of residence it is subjected to one very serious drawback, in the shape of sudden inundations of an alarming character. We gather from the letter of a correspondent that children are sometimes drowned in the streets; and we happen to know from private sources that newcomers who have been thoughtless enough to settle, seduced by their cheapness, upon low sites, have been ruined by the sudden

irruption of floods, from the sweep of which they have themselves escaped with difficulty.

To the above aspect of society, gathered from the contents of a newspaper, we feel bound to add a few characteristics derived from information of a later date. From this we gather that, owing to the influx of strangers into Melbourne, the arrivals being calculated at about three hundred a day, the price of accommodation is on the rise, \$7 50 a week being now demanded for board and lodging for a single man, who, even at that price, gets but a share of a bed in a many-bedded room. Notwithstanding the strenuous attempts of the police to keep the peace, robbery and violence prevail to an alarming extent, and almost every night is marked by a murder. At the diggings, all is lottery; some making large sums with little exertion, and others wearing themselves out, and sacrificing health and comfort for the scantiest reward. The acquirement of sudden wealth by men of degraded habits has realized the proverb of "the beggar on horseback," and crowded the taverns and the streets with a class of reckless wretches, who are a bane to one another, and a terror to the well-disposed. The prospect of the crops and the clip of wool is not very promising; the difficulty of obtaining hands is not indeed so great as might have been anticipated; but the gold mania has demoralized the men, and it is found impossible to keep them in subjection, and to induce them to labor with industry and regularity. Men who have gone out with their families find themselves deplorably situated, unless they have friends to whom they can apply. The charge for transport and warehousing of their property amounts, in a short time, to its entire value; lodgings for families are not to be had, and the smallest house, if indeed it is to be procured at all, has to be hired at a rent of four or five pounds a week. Houses, ready made, are now being exported in large numbers from England, and new ones are daily being built in Melbourne; but these efforts have been as yet quite inadequate to the demand. Provisions have risen at least ten per cent. since the date of the newspaper from which the above sketch has been compiled; and at the same time complaints are made on all sides that the mines have diminished more than one-half in productiveness—not

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that less gold is found than formerly, but that it takes now nearly three times the number of hands to dig the same quantity. The roads and routes to the diggings are infested by gangs of bushrangers and bandits, who hold human life at a discount, and plunder and maltreat all who fall into their hands. Lastly, according to the late advices from Mr. Howitt, the climate appears to be by no means of that genial temperature which has been lauded so loudly in England as rendering Australia a paradise of salubrity. He declares that the past season has been frightfully unhealthy, and the journey to the gold fields has been fatal to many. "Thousands," says he, "have been struck down by sickness; hundreds have already returned, abusing the parties who sent them such one-sided statements of the gold fields and the climate; while hundreds are still lying ill from its insidious influence. In Melbourne, I hear, there is scarcely a person but has been ill, and all up the country it is the same. Gentlemen who have been in India, China, and over the whole continents of Europe and America, say that this is the worst climate they know." We need hardly remark that this report is in direct contradiction to the declarations of former writers on Australia; but it may be true without impugning the credibility of their evidence. One unhealthy season does not make an unhealthy climate; and it is quite in accordance with natural laws that the overcrowding of Melbourne, and the excitement attending the speculative pursuit of digging for gold, should create an unusual amount of sickness. All possible or probable contingencies the intending emigrant should weigh well before he sets forth on an expedition for any El Dorado. The above sketch may supply him with some elements for reflection, and we would commend them to his sober consideration before he takes such an important step.

DOMESTIC PEACE.—The less of physical force or menacing language we use—the less, to take an expressive word, we scold our children—the more order and quiet we shall commonly secure. I have seen a family where a single word, or a look even, would allay a rising storm. The gentle but firm method is the very best security for domestic peace.—*Rev. A. B. Murray.*

## THE DIVINING-ROD.

EVERY singular popular error is the belief in the DIVINING-ROD. This rod, it was formerly supposed, was capable of pointing out the position of minerals in the earth, of hidden springs of water, and even capable of manifesting the guilt of criminals, and discovering stolen property. It is, however, no longer used in the latter capacity, the advance of knowledge having led men to require stronger proofs against an accused party than could be furnished by the divining-rod; but it is even yet employed, in some very distant parts of the world, as a means of ascertaining the presence of water or metals. The divining-rod is a forked stick, generally of hazel, the limbs of the fork measuring about eighteen inches each, and about a quarter of an inch in diameter. To use it, the diviner grasps the extremity of the limbs, one in each hand, the palms being turned upward and the fingers inward toward the body. Moving cautiously and slowly onward, step by step, with the rod held in this manner, the diviner, on becoming aware of the action of hidden power, tightens his grasp of the fork; but, in spite of this, and though the bark is frequently wrenched from the rod in the struggle between the influence of the force which bears it downward and the efforts of the holder to keep it tight—in spite of this, we say, the limbs of the rod become bent outward, and ultimately the head of the fork points perpendicularly downward to the spot where the metal or the water is supposed to lie. Now, that the rod really turns in this manner is beyond all question, no end of persons having testified to their having witnessed it; and that it acts thus in the hands of men whose character prevents the least suspicion of imposture is an equally well-established fact. These men have tried it, and, as we have said before, found the green bark fairly wrenched off in their endeavors to prevent the rod from turning in their hands. What, then, is the cause of this action of the rod? Some authors have attributed it to magnetism and electricity. But the only probable solution of the mystery we have yet met with is that given in a recent number of Professor Silliman's *American Journal of Science*. When we say a solution of the mystery, we, of course, allude only to the cause of

the rod's motion; as to its pointing to water, &c., that is simply a superstition. The writer tells us how he witnessed the action of a divining-rod, which, held in the hands of a boy, distinctly traced out the course of a subterraneous stream, which was accordingly marked out as he went along. However, upon the boy being blindfolded, and led about from one part of the field to the other, although he frequently passed over the course of his newly-discovered spring, and though the rod kept continually pointing down in different places, it never pointed out the same spot twice; and the whole grass-plot was covered with marks until the course originally pointed out seemed completely lost. This looked very like an imposture on the boy's part. The writer, however, on a subsequent occasion, took the rod himself, and holding it in the diviner's manner, approached the bank of a rivulet, when, to his extreme astonishment, he began to feel the limbs of the rod crawling round, and saw the point turning downward, in spite of all the efforts his clenched hands could make to restrain it. So great was the struggle between the opposing forces that he found the bark wrenched off the limbs of the rod, just as the diviners declare it sometimes happens. And yet, instead of its being really a contest, it is the very tightness and vigor with which the rod is held which alone causes it to move. He explains it thus: Take the rod in the diviner's manner, and it is evident that the bent limbs of the rod are equivalent to two boughs tied together at one extremity; and when bent outward they exert a force in opposite directions upon the point at which they are united. Held thus, the forces are equal and opposite, and no motion is produced. Keep the arms steady, but turn the hands on the wrists inward an almost imperceptible degree, and the point of the rod will be constrained to move; and if the limbs be clenched very tightly, so that they cannot turn in the hand, the bark will burst and wring off. The greater the effort made in clinching the rod, the shorter is the bend of the limbs, and the greater the amount of opposing forces meeting in one point; and the more unconsciously, also, do the hands incline to turn to their natural position on the wrists. And this gives true ground for the diviner's declaration that the more powerful his efforts are to re-



strain the rod, the more powerful are its efforts to move. Thus explained, the divining-rod, we see, is capable of deceiving the holder of it no less than those who put their trust in him; and we can well conceive how the motion is conveyed from his hands to the rod, not only involuntarily, but even against his will.

#### THE MEMBER FOR BUMBLETOWN, AND HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

OF all stale old sayings, there is none more common or musty than the venerable adage, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. The adage is true enough, but it is not the whole truth, because it would imply that poets are alone of the *Nascitur non fit* species, whereas, we opine, there are many others. For example, take orators. It was all very well for Demosthenes to tell men *how* to speak, how to regulate their voices and their action, and how to deal with their subjects; but let any man follow, or attempt to follow, all the best rules that have ever been given for the guidance of orators, from those of oratory's greatest master down to those of the third-rate actors, who give lessons in elocution according to the most approved Surrey and Victoria notions of the art—and what will be the result? Will he find himself an orator after he has completed his course of instruction? Not at all. He will be as far from the mark as the man who should learn Horace's *Ars Poetica* by heart, (not *by rote* only,) in the faith that a mastery of its rules would make him a poet. Where would be the deficiency then? We reply—In the absence of the natural gifts that alone can make an orator or a poet. Talking is not oratory, neither is versification poetry; and all the teaching in the world can produce but talking and versification—the rest is God's work.

Whether my friend Mr. Algernon Beagles was of this opinion, I am not able to state. If so, he was also impressed with the idea that *he*, at least, possessed the genuine inspiration of true oratory, for he fully resolved to astonish the world, and to delight listening senates. To effect this great end, it was necessary to get into Parliament—no great difficulty with a pocket well lined in these days of rampant bribery and corruption.

Mr. Beagles had never greatly distinguished himself at school or college,

though he had read harder than most men, cramming his unfortunate brains with all the learning he could get hold of; but, like seed sown in an ungrateful soil, the said brains, after absorbing all the learning, brought forth no fruits. Never was there a duller dog than Algernon Beagles. You might converse with him on any subject, and feel perfectly convinced that he was utterly ignorant of everything connected with it, while he had, in fact, read probably more books on that very subject than you yourself had ever heard of. I don't believe he could construe Ovid without the constant aid of a Latin dictionary, though I am positive there is no known Latin author whose works he had not read more than once. If he had Greek enough to understand the Testament, I am greatly mistaken, though Blomfield himself should have known less of Sophocles than he, if incessant study alone conferred knowledge. Poor Beagles! Nature meant him for a journeyman-anything, where the smallest particle of intellect is sufficient for the daily dull routine of life; but fortune made him a gentleman, and ambition made him aspire to be an orator.

When Beagles left college, he was an independent man. He followed no profession, and needed none, for he had a nice little estate of three thousand a year in a midland county. He might have taken to partridge-shooting, coursing, fox-hunting, and petty sessions, with the ardor and spirit of country squires in general; but he had a soul above such things. He aimed at something higher than partridges; he pursued something nobler than hares; he sought greater "ends" than reynard's brush; he forswore the magisterial sessions, where poachers are punished and unlicensed papas compelled to provide for the fruits of their naughtiness, for the great sessions of the House of Commons; where laws are made for the mystification of judges and magistrates throughout the realm, by the collective wisdom of the representatives "of the people," or of the length of their own purses.

"No man is a prophet in his own country," says another old adage. Beagles was not considered a Solomon in the county where his paternal acres lay. His tenantry were not numerous enough to secure his election, either for the shire, or for any borough in it, and, therefore, Beagles cast his eye over the map of Great Britain and

Ireland, in order to see "what place he should stand for" at the next general election. The result was satisfactory, but not decisive: he was troubled by an *embarras de richesses* in regard to boroughs open to the highest bidder—the question was, which would be the best, safest, and most economical investment!

Beagles took advice of his solicitor. The advice was sound and sensible, and much to the point. It was simply to go to Mr. Puffy Cheetham, the celebrated dealer in boroughs—election agent, we mean—who would, no doubt, arrange matters to his satisfaction. Accordingly Beagles set off at once for London, and, in due time, he was closeted with the renowned Mr. Puffy Cheetham.

"I understand, then, my dear sir," said that bland gentleman, after twenty minutes previous questioning on the subject; "I understand that what you wish is to secure yourself a safe borough."

"Decidedly," replied Beagles.

"I presume you are perfectly indifferent as to which side you adopt in politics? or have you any little prejudices in that way?"

Beagles looked aghast! indifferent as to which side! little prejudices! could he believe his own ears? Why, Beagles felt himself a perfect patriot of a genuine high tory—so high a tory as to be almost out of sight of the generation he lived in altogether. And *he* to be supposed "indifferent" on such a subject, or to have only some "little prejudices" about it!

As soon as he could recover from his state of amazement sufficiently to speak, he exclaimed:—

"Indifferent, Mr. Cheetham! I thank Heaven that I am thoroughly conservative to the back bone! I would not barter my principles for—for—"

"For a borough; exactly so, my good sir, I thoroughly respect your principles; there is no doubt of the respectability of conservatism, and the purity of its professors."

It never struck Beagles that while he was boasting about his own incorruptibility, he was going to negotiate a bargain for corrupting other people—to wit, the ten-pound voters of some immaculate borough. Neither did the polite Mr. Puffy Cheetham think of hinting at such a thing. However, there *is* a difference between buying and selling;—the latter is trades-

man-like, the former gentleman-like, even in the matter of votes and consciences.

"Conservatives, then," said Mr. Cheetham, making a note of that fact. "Now, the next point, my dear sir, is, as to the expense; what are you disposed to risk in this contest?"

"Risk!" repeated Beagles, not quite liking the word.

"When I say 'risk,'" replied Mr. Cheetham, with another bland smile, "you must understand me as using simply a professional term. In point of fact, there is no risk at all; *my* candidate always wins."

"But there may be a petition?" suggested Beagles, "may n't there?"

"Of course—of course; such things *will* happen, and, indeed, they are getting most unpleasantly common: but those things may be arranged."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Beagles; "I did n't know that; may I ask how?"

Mr. Puffy Cheetham smiled again—politely, yet half pityingly—his client was so charmingly "verdant." However, assuming a look of intense confidence, he said:—

"My dear sir, you, of course, understand that our present conversation is of the most private and confidential nature." Beagles nodded assent. "Then, I need only add that petitions, like everything else, are very easily arranged, thus—." And here Mr. Puffy Cheetham significantly tapped his side pocket, within which his purse chinked with a golden rattle.

"Bless my soul, you don't say so!" exclaimed Beagles; "but how so?"

Mr. Puffy Cheetham here entered into a delicate explanation, wrapped up in a great deal of circumlocution, but the effect of which was, that those gentlemen, who paid sufficiently well for it, had their petitions "set off" against other petitions, so that a well-paying Whig petitioned against, and a well-paying Tory in the like condition, were mutually released from their state of peril, one petition being played off against another, or withdrawn at the same time; by which means, as Mr. Puffy Cheetham lucidly explained, no injury was done to either side, nor was the balance of parties in the house destroyed by it.

"The question is, therefore," continued Mr. Puffy Cheetham, after this explanation, "do you wish to secure a seat in spite of petitions? or are you content to secure your election only, and *risk* a petition?"

"What will be the difference of the expense?" asked Beagles.

"Considerable, of course," replied Cheetham; "but the amount will depend on the place you stand for."

"Let me have the least expensive place," suggested Beagles.

Again Mr. Cheetham smiled benignantly.

"It does not follow that I *can*, my good sir, however much I may desire to do so. You must be aware that some places are already engaged. Let me see—" and here he turned to a large steel-clasped ledger, and looked over some pages of it. We should very much have liked to peep into that book, but no one, save Mr. Puffy Cheetham himself, was ever allowed to do so. Therefore we can only guess at its contents, and we strongly surmise them to be a full, true, and particular account of the names, population, number of voters, politics, peculiarities, price and purchasers, of divers or most of the boroughs in Great Britain.

"There is Bumbletown," said Mr. Cheetham; "a nice quiet borough; nor particular as to politics; voters very well informed as to the *value* of their privileges; no overwhelming landlord interest at work; quite open at all times to the most *eligible* candidate, and, at present, disengaged."

"What would be the price—I mean what would be the expenses of my election for Bumbletown, do you think?" asked Mr. Beagles.

"Risking petition, about fifteen hundred; guaranteeing against petition, (at least, against its consequences,) one thousand more," replied Puffy Cheetham.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Beagles, thinking how expensive was a license for oratory. "Well, I think I'll *risk* the petition."

If poor Beagles could have seen the little sardonic smile that crossed Mr. Puffy Cheetham's benign countenance for an instant, he would have altered his mind. It never struck him that a *third* species of bargain might be made—to lose the election at the poll and gain the seat on petition! Mr. Puffy Cheetham had guaranteed him the election; might he not guarantee his opponent? well, well, we must leave *some* things to the reader's imagination.

However, after a little further discussion, Mr. Beagles wrote a check for £1,500,

payable to "John Smith, Esq.," in consideration of which, Mr. Puffy Cheetham guaranteed that he should be elected M. P. for Bumbletown, at the forthcoming general election.

Beagles went away with a lightened heart—and pocket—now that he saw his way clearly to the height of his ambition—a seat in Parliament. He was quite confident of obtaining the seat, and equally confident that he should distinguish himself by his oratory. Not that Beagles possessed that complete self-satisfaction and inimitable audacity distinctive of so many rising orators of the day, and especially characteristic of Irish gentlemen, who practice at the Old Bailey bar, and which the ill-natured term *impudence*. Beagles was quite deficient in this valuable quality; he was nervous, and, in one sense, modest; but, at the bottom of all his modesty lay an idea that he was a man of ability, and that he had the "stuff" of an orator in him. How many Algernon Beagles there are in the world!

The stout gentleman at the evening parties, with the white waistcoat working its slow way up to his throat, who always proposes "the ladies," never doubts that he has made a "neat speech," while he has been floundering and spluttering about like a large fish in shallow water. The eternal chairman of public dinners, who proposes "Prosperity to the United South-sea Islanders Provident Institution," in a dot-and-go-one, tautological, asthmatical, bewildered, and interminable speech, always imagines that he has been eloquent; and even more so when he lays his hand on his heart and assures the charitable toppers, who had just drunk his health, that he is highly "flatified and gratered"\* by the honor they have done him.

Parliament was dissolved, the general election drew nigh. Algernon Beagles prepared his address to the free and independent electors of the borough of Bumbletown. We will not present it to the reader: if he be a Bumbletonian, he has read it already; if not, he will probably be neither enlightened nor gratified by its perusal. It was very like election addresses in general, except that it was written by the candidate himself: generally, these things are managed by others, and we are especially amused when we hear

\* No fiction this; we heard it.

an uninitiated politician exclaim:—" 'Pon my soul, that address of the Honorable Captain Slowboys is not badly done; I had no idea he was a man of such ability." As if poor Slowboys, who was never guilty of writing anything in his life, except his name across a bill-stamp, could have produced ("out of his own head," as the children say) that wonderfully diffuse, flowery, smooth, and very *promising* production, which has excited the admiration of the reader, and the enthusiasm of the electors, to whom it is addressed. What does a man pay a secretary for, we should like to know, if he is to have such work left on his own hands? And how does Michael O'Callaghan, Esq., beloved equally of the Carlton and the Reform, retain his popularity and the flourishing state of his finances, in spite of the ruined condition of the O'Callaghan estates, whose county has never been discovered by geographers? Why is that worthy gentleman—familiarily termed "Pen-and-ink Mike"—overwhelmed with civilities from parliamentary aspirants of all politics, and enabled to pay all his outstanding little accounts, at the particular period when a general election is approaching? When you have solved that question, you may have an idea why Slowboys' address is so good, and Dunderhead's hustings-speech so remarkably eloquent.

Algernon Beagles proceeded to the town of Bumbletown, as the nomination day of that important borough approached. Of course he entered the town in a carriage and four, and sported his colors (orange) in due style. Of course, also, he was cheered and hooted, lauded and quizzed, blessed and cursed, with the ordinary enthusiasm. Not that those who blessed him had any particular love for himself or his politics, nor did all those who cursed him intend to vote against him. As Mr. Cheetham said, they knew the *value* of their privileges, and intended to get it. Besides which, men sell their votes, but retain their freedom of speech, and some, in one point, of action also: and so Bill Styles, the blacksmith, votes for the orange candidate on polling day, but, nevertheless, hurls a dead cat in his face on nomination day. Is not Bill Styles a freeborn Briton, and an independent elector?

The nomination ensued. One gentleman proposed Algernon Beagles, Esq., as a fit and proper, &c., &c. Another gen-

tleman proposed Valentine Keen, Esq. The show of hands was in favor of Keen; a poll was demanded, and the business of the election commenced. Stay, though! we have omitted to make mention of the speeches of the rival candidates: but it is of little consequence, seeing that no one heard a single word of them, and it might have been very doubtful whether either gentleman *did* make a speech at all, were it not for the fact that the "orange" paper of Bumbletown gave Mr. Beagles's oration in full, professing their inability to catch one word of Mr. Keen's, in consequence of the storm of hisses and hootings, where-with he was assailed; while the "blue" journal of the same place reported the entire of Mr. Keen's harangue, and were extremely sorry that Mr. Beagles's was utterly inaudible. Very oddly-formed ears there are at an election!

The polling took place. We are not going to divulge the secret and mysterious arts by which red-hot "blues" were induced to vote for the "orange" candidate, by which others were rendered unable to vote at all, and by which a few dead men appeared to have risen from the tomb to record their votes for Mr. Beagles. Suffice it to say that for once in a way the "orange" was *coulour de rose*. Beagles was declared duly elected; Beagles was chaired; Beagles addressed the mob; Beagles had two rotten eggs in his face—a dead dog smashed his hat, and a cabbage-stalk nearly doubled him up. No matter: these are but the necessary concomitants of an election under our free and happy system. Beagles was M. P. for Bumbletown!

It is far easier to get into the House of Commons than to do anything besides vote and attend committees when you are there. So Beagles found it. He was now a legislator, but he wanted to be an orator. Alas! there were innumerable difficulties to be overcome before Beagles could let off a speech. First, there were the forms of the House, which troubled and puzzled him greatly; he found that he had a new education to go through, and one that called for the very qualities poor Beagles was most deficient in—memory and quickness. He was astonished to find, also, how the atmosphere of the place seemed to oppress and unnerve him. He observed that platform orators, who were in the habit of astounding public meetings, were tame and

twaddling within the walls of the House; that noisy demagogues sunk into the most insignificant of back-bench-men; that it was very difficult to catch the Speaker's eye at the right moment, and still more puzzling to make out what the deuce the last speaker had been talking about, though his speech seemed clear and comprehensible enough when read in the newspapers the next day, with all the "hems," and "ahs," and "I beg pardons," and the ten thousand repetitions hiding the *point*, as effectually as the scabbard does the sword-blade, left out by the ingenuity and intuitive perception of the reporter. How few men would have the reputation of good speakers were it not for the tact of the stenographers!

Beagles studied every subject brought before the House. All the day long that he was not attending committees, he was "cramming" himself with Hansard and Blue-books, McCulloch, Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and the Statutes at large. He made notes of all he read, and then he wrote speeches on the question; but alas! the House always "divided" and settled the matter before poor Beagles had had the slightest opportunity of displaying the learning he had amassed, or the oratory he possessed—or of practically ascertaining how completely he had forgotten both.

All this was very distressing to Beagles; but still more annoying and alarming was the fact of a very strong petition being presented against his return, on the ground of the grossest bribery and corruption. The ominous way in which this petition progressed—the mass of ugly evidence which was accumulating—the doubtful shake of the head with which Mr. Puffy Cheetham answered him when he tremblingly asked him what he thought of it, convinced him that the worst was impending.

"You should have made up your mind to guarantee against this misfortune, my good sir," said the borough-trafficker.

"Could n't I now?" began Beagles.

"Too late, sir, too late," replied Cheetham—and Beagles felt that his doom was sealed.

Had Beagles been wise, he would, perhaps, have resigned; but Beagles was *not* wise. So he came to an entirely different resolution.

"If," said he to himself, "I *must* lose my seat, be it so: but I will at least dis-

tinguish myself *once* before it is gone. It may help me to another seat before long, and at all events the House shall know whom and what they have lost by my defeat." And so saying, Beagles determined to compose a regular Demosthenic speech, and to deliver it somehow or other. What subject should he select? There was little time to be lost—to-day was Wednesday: he had the evening to himself: to-morrow was Thursday—What were the Orders of the Day?

There was the "Sugar Question," and the "Sewer Question."

Beagles selected the former. He seized his pen, and set about the composition of his oration. He treated his subject methodically. He began with the history of sugar; he went on with the process of its manufacture; he touched on slavery in connection with it; on the slave-trade; on North America; on the West Indies; the East Indies, and the Mauritius; on the consumption of sugar; on the wholesomeness of sugar; on the refining of sugar—in fact on every place, every race, everything and every event connected nearly or remotely with sugar. Then he branched off from facts into declamation, or, as he called it, the higher flights of oratory. He talked about the wisdom of our ancestors, the common sense of the English people, the august assembly he was addressing, &c. He invoked the goddess of justice in classical terms; he "implored" the House in parliamentary terms; he appealed to the great British nation in clap-trap terms; and he wound up with a wonderful peroration in which Britannia and the House of Commons, the suffering colonies, the landed interest, the rights of the people, his duty to his constituents, his conscientious motives, and the "welfare and greatness of our immense and glorious empire" were jumbled together in a grand and dazzling final tableau that would infallibly electrify the House, and overwhelm him with a roar—of *applause*, of course.

Having completed the composition of his speech, the next thing was to learn it by heart. Beagles maintained that every good speech was prepared beforehand, and he referred to the oft-repeated assertion of the orations of Demosthenes smelling of the lamp. The difficulty was to learn the statistical parts of his oration. So by way of aid he made a kind of ab-

stract of its contents—with copious notes, and the headings of each new sentence. And so with immense labor (for he began at ten at night, and did not finish till five in the morning) he learned his speech by heart, and delivered it in front of his *cheval-glass* with great effect.

The momentous evening arrived. The Sugar Question came on, and Beagles sat in a state of great inward excitement, watching for an opportunity of springing on to his legs to catch the Speaker's eye, and, meanwhile, repeating his speech over to himself so that he might not forget it. It was particularly unpleasant to feel so nervous that night: he really wished that his hands would not tremble so much, and that his legs would not feel so weak. Once or twice, when addressed by a neighbor, he found it very difficult to get a "Yes," or "No," out: these little words seemed to stick in his throat, and, at last, burst out in a tremulous style—like the handwriting of a gentleman who drinks brandy and water for breakfast. Very unlucky all this on the very night he was going to make his *début* as an orator.

At least six times did poor Beagles jump up after other members had sat down, endeavoring to catch the Speaker's eye. But some one had always caught it already, and was beginning his address, and so Beagles had to shrink back again into his seat. At length he was horrified by hearing loud cries of "divide," during the speech of an eloquent Irish gentleman who was expatiating on the wrongs of Ireland, *apropos* of the Sugar Question. But an Irish orator is not easily put down or abashed—still less easily is he kept to the subject in hand. And so the honorable member thundered away in a violent ear-piercing Cork brogue, on everything *but* sugar, till he had given vent to all the national indignation with which he always came down to the House full primed. At last he sat down, Beagles sprang up, and so did six more back-benchers; but a perfect hail-storm of "divides" met them; the Speaker caught nobody's eye, but put the question: away trotted the opposing parties into the opposing lobbies, and poor Beagles's oration was stifled in the moment of its birth!

"Why did n't I select the Sewer question?" thought Beagles, as he took his seat again after the division. "What a pity!"

Suddenly an idea struck him. Could he turn his speech on the "Sugar" question into one on the "Sewer" question? It was quite clear that the historical, statistical, and geographical parts of it were useless; but might not the declamatory, the more oratorical and imaginative parts, do as well for the one question as the other? After a little thought Beagles decided that they would—and we are convinced that he was right; for we are strongly disposed to think that if our readers will take any of the big speeches, ending with "great cheering," or "the right honorable gentleman resumed his seat amid loud and long-continued cheering," and so forth, on the great "field-nights," he will find that the concluding parts of them are generally very wide of the particular question under debate; wondrously poetical and patriotic, and all that sort of thing—but really as much adapted to an oration on "things in general" as on anything in particular—as much suited to sewers as sugar. And so Beagles dressed his speech a little, pruned it, and inserted a paragraph about drainage in general, and then returned to the House, determined to make his speech in spite of every obstacle in the world.

He was rather grieved to observe that there was a very thin House when he returned to it. His audience would be limited then—but still the reporters would be there. A prosy gentleman who seemed to know as much about sewers as any rat-catcher in London, was working away at the subject in a most business-like manner. He evidently intended a long dose; and so hungry member after hungry member retired, and the audience became more and more scant. He came to a conclusion at last, and Beagles was on his legs in an instant; more than that, he was the only member on his legs; he *did* catch the Speaker's eye, and he began.

"Mr. Speaker! The eloquent address you have just listened to," (a laugh, and the honorable member referred to looks indignant, suspecting a "quiz," as he was never accused of eloquence before,) "on the great and momentous question affecting our home and colonial interests," (another laugh and a surprised look from the Speaker—Beagles was *getting* into "Sugar.") "I say, sir, the eloquent—"

An honorable member jumped up and said, "I move that the House be counted."



The House *was* counted—there were thirty-eight members present—the Speaker declared it adjourned, and Beagles went home in a rage; was a disappointed orator, an unhappy and inconsolable man!

Next day—ay, a bitter day it was for Beagles!—the Bumbletown committee made their report, and their report was:—

“That Algernon Beagles, Esq., was *not* duly elected a member for the said borough of Bumbletown,” &c. Then followed some awkward allegations about treating, bribery, and gross corruption, personation, and every other peccadillo known to elections.

Mr. Beagles no longer writes M. P. to his name. He is minus about three thousand pounds by his brief parliamentary career, and he is cured of his ambition to shine as an orator.

#### CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

AMONG the men who, during the eighteenth century, aided in the terrific revolution of opinion in France, Rousseau was the most extraordinary. His moral character, his religious theories, even his political principles, were problems which he bequeathed to posterity. Unlike all other human beings, as he was, he only perplexed the world more hopelessly by endeavoring to describe himself. Before his “*Confessions*” were published, there was a cloud about him; but when these appeared, though part of the old mystery was dispelled, a new one, far more impenetrable, was created. Accordingly, many as the writers are who have investigated the idiosyncrasies of Rousseau, not one has secured the concurrence of mankind with his views. There is still confusion; there are still contradictory ideas. To some the Genevese sophist is even now an inspired idiot; to others an impostor, mad with vanity;—a philosopher to the remnants of the Academy, a maniac to the relies of the Sorbonne. A whole cabinet of literature is divided, therefore, between the apologists, the panegyrists, the detractors, the libelers, and the temperate critics of Rousseau. Burke paints him as a wild conspirator, with a rainbow fancy, a pen bewitching by its eloquence, and a mind plunged into delirium by the study of fantasies. Lord John Russell commemorates him as the false oracle of Geneva pursuing an ideal of social virtue,

losing himself in searching it; but converting and deluding an entire people. Baruel points him out as a bewildered dreamer, a criminal with redeeming qualities, one of the most dangerous that ever lived, because his sophisms were so persuasive; but not one of the worst, because none could approach in audacity the powerful but repulsive genius of Voltaire. The French drink in his doctrines, and venerate his ashes in the Pantheon; the Germans reject his theories as too aerial to be in unison with theirs; the English read his “*Confessions*,” admire his sentimental reveries, neglect his political works, and vituperate or ridicule his name. In this manner the discussion has gone on through more than half a century, and new apologists or detractors appear at intervals to assist in elucidating or obscuring the truth.

The only misfortune, according to Chateaubriand, which is greater than that of giving birth to another, is that of being born yourself. This affliction he probably derived from Rousseau, who describes the day of his birth as the most unfortunate of his life. So, perhaps, it was, though not in the sense he intended; for his mother died on that day, leaving him, on the 28th of June, 1712, half an orphan, to the care of his father, a humble watchmaker of Geneva. His education, with its results, justifies the fears of those who dread the influence on their children's minds of an unchecked habit of reading romances. Before he learned one maxim of virtue; before he was on his guard against a single temptation; before a solitary moral feeling, or one religious perception had been introduced into his breast, he was accustomed to pour over exciting fictions, wild stories, appealing to the most dangerous passions of his nature. The emotions which thus became early familiar to him, the ideas he acquired of life, the brooding dreams in which he indulged, all tended to form a character originally susceptible to any powerful impression. The groundwork, therefore, of his disposition was the agitation of the feelings, and the pleasing of the senses. From this state he passed into a new stage of intellectual existence. He threw aside tales, and read history—the narratives of the heroic age, the lives of illustrious Romans and Greeks, the epic of ancient liberty, which inspired him with the free,

republican spirit he afterward communicated to the whole race speaking a language in common with him. He also derived from early teaching a taste for music, exemplified in his latter years by many beautiful compositions. When sent to school he learned, not quickly, but well, though all the while his imagination was far more active than his reasoning faculties. He felt far more and far deeper than he thought. It was this which was at once a sign and a cause of those habits of mind which rendered him so miserable to himself, and so unintelligible to others.

The moral education of Rousseau, though he is not willing to reveal the truth, was of a very equivocal character. At home, the code of French romances instilled into him his first and very false ideas of honor; at school, he was initiated into the practice of concealment, of disobedience, and of falsehood; under his father's roof, again, he was a licensed idler, and then, when apprenticed to an engraver, the cruelty and selfishness of his master, interpreted by the dangerous sophistry of youth, formed a justification for positive offences as well as neglect of duty. His pleas to himself are singularly characteristic of his state of mind. He was watched at his work, therefore he cunningly eluded it. He was not permitted to share in all the delicacies of the table, therefore he stole what would compensate for the things thus withheld. By such a process his mind became hardened against virtuous impressions. He grew selfish, sensual, and greedy.

The cruelty of his master at length caused him to run away. He escaped to Compignon, met with the Curé, who persuaded him to apostatize from the Reformers' faith, and was by him directed to the mansion of Madame de Warens, at Annecy. That woman, at his first sight of her, appears to have exercised an extraordinary influence upon him. He could little have foreseen then that he was to become her lover, the master of her heart, the depositary of her secrets; nor she that he would be her jealous tyrant, that he would expose to the world all the acts of her life, that he would reveal every scandalous episode of their intercourse, and fix her name for ever, as a less vulgar Theodora, among the female characters disreputable in history. She then, however, by the aid of some ecclesiastics, sent him to Turin

to be instructed in the Catholic religion, which he soon afterward embraced, though confessing it was the act of a bandit to yield up his creed for the sake of easier means of life. In two months he left the college, with twenty francs as the purchase money of his apostasy, and entered the service of the Comtesse de Vercellis. In her house occurred that famous incident which fixes a deep moral stain on the early life of Rousseau. There was a piece of ribin, rose-colored, with silver flowers, old and faded, but handsome, nevertheless. He desired to possess it. He was dishonest, and he stole it. That, however, was not all. There was in the house a poor country maid, an innocent, pretty girl, never known to have committed an unworthy action. When the ribin was inquired for, it was found in the possession of Rousseau, who was base enough to accuse this girl of having stolen and given it to him. He was confronted with her, but persisted in the charge; and she implored him, with tears, as she had never wronged him, not so bitterly to wrong her, and when he continued his assertions, said,—“Well, Rousseau, I would not be in your place.” She was dismissed, ruined, and was never more heard of. All the atonement he ever made for this crime was to reveal it in his “Confessions.” It appears frivolous to search by any subtle analysis of his character for an explanation of this event. A theft and a lie were committed by him, without scruple; the only singular fact being that, afterward, without any necessity, he made them known to the world.

It is only just, however, to remember that he was then but a youth, and that this was his last offence of a similar character. His morals, however, considered from another point of view, were impure and disgraceful. Not to touch upon his earlier confessions, it is enough to know that while he was exacting the most scrupulous fidelity from Léonore de Warens, he was intriguing with other women; that his connection with Madame D'Houdetot was far from reputable; that he only married Therese de Lavasseur when he was approaching old age; and that when she had become his wife, he absolutely connived at her infringements of the first moral law. There is no apology for these episodes of his life, unless that be virtue in a man of genius which in a common man is vice—a theory not only dangerous in itself, but

so absurd that it cannot for a single instant be defended.

The explanation of Rousseau's other faults, however, is to be found in his excessive vanity. He sighed for admiration, especially the admiration of women. But there was this peculiarity in his conceit: he did not desire the applause of all alike, but only of such as he could himself conceive an attachment for. He would, without regret, be indifferent to those who were indifferent to him. An amusing incident in illustration of this occurred when he was valet in the service of Count Gouvon, in Turin. There was in the house Mademoiselle de Breiel, a young lady of extreme beauty, but proud and cold to all beneath her. From her Rousseau sought, and long in vain, to win a single look of regard. At length, one day a dinner-party took place, and Jean Jacques waited at table. The conversation turned on the etymology of some idiomatic French phrase. Various were the learned theories set forth, but the real explanation baffled them all, for a scholar of no ordinary acquirements was needed to solve the point. Rousseau was observed to smile as he heard diplomatists and ecclesiastics by turns taking up the dispute and abandoning it in despair. His master noticed this, and asked him if he had anything to observe. Then quietly, but confidently, he decomposed the sentence under analysis into its original parts, traced each word back to its origin, and made the whole so luminous that no possibility of misunderstanding it could remain. Every one gazed in astonishment upon him. But Jean Jacques cared not a whit for their applause, for he was furtively looking to see whether Mademoiselle de Breiel took any notice of him, and when he saw that she too was smiling, his whole frame trembled with mixed emotions, partly of pride, but partly also with a tenderness toward her which he hardly dared to confess even to himself.

From Turin, Rousseau returned to Annecy, and there, or at Charmette, lived for a long while with Madame de Warens. His intercourse with her, with the exception of some interruptions, caused by an excursion in Switzerland and a visit to Paris, was constant. With her he studied Locke, Malebranche, Montaigne, Descartes, and other authors, training his mind up to the comprehension of political theories,

and directing many of his inquiries to religion. She, however, was not the faithful friend he had believed her to be, and though he was lax to excess in his own conduct, her desertion grieved him bitterly. However, his energy soon directed him to the capital, and thence, in the position of secretary, to Venice, where his taste for Italian music was cultivated, and he conceived the design of his first opera. Returning to France, he commenced that splendid literary career which speedily gave him universal fame; but his works offended the crown, the Church, the powerful ranks of society, and he was, in consequence, compelled to fly from Paris to Geneva, and thence to a rural seclusion in the dominions of the King of Prussia. Even there he could not remain in quietness. The clergy, by the aid of the populace, drove him from point to point until he sought refuge in England.

This leads to the consideration of one of the most conspicuous characteristics of Rousseau's mind, and one which exerted a powerful influence on his works. His *monomania* was, to believe that all the world persecuted him. Some have affirmed and some have denied this, while others again declare that he was justified in the idea. We will admit that he was pursued by malignity to every place he visited, but had he been a good man, had he not persecuted himself, he need not have felt the persecutions of the world. In youth he destroyed his constitution by excesses; he made every misfortune worse by his manner of enduring it. When he was humiliated by being forbidden to eat his master's asparagus or apples, he degraded himself infinitely more by stealing them.

When he was reduced to the condition of a valet, he went a thousand degrees lower, and became a thief. When Madame de Warens deserted him, he was unable to console himself with the reflection that he had acted with fidelity toward her. When he was an outcast from society, he made his children aliens from their father. When his wife wronged him, he was an accomplice in her offences. And, finally, when he summed up the record of his life, he blackened his own fame, destroyed the fame of others, and left a confession which is of value as a lesson, but, in our opinion, has been far more prolific of evil than of good.

Therefore, though Rousseau might justly complain that many others were false to him, he could never boast that he had been true to himself. This, while it lessens our commiseration for the pitiable victim of his own caprices, does not, however, diminish in any degree the opprobrium which attaches to his persecutors. They were not all, it is true, equally reprehensible, because they acted under different conditions, and from motives the most various. When the French government attacked him, it was upon their traditional principle that a political reformer should be rooted out from society. He assailed them, and they assailed him. He endeavored to show that they ruled by the right of power alone, and that the people were only bound to obey as long as they were themselves weak. He showed them to be corrupt, fraudulent, tyrannical. Therefore it is not surprising that they turned his weapons against himself, and sought to exclude him from every opportunity to propagate his ideas. It is even intelligible how they were animated to employ slander and vituperation to defame him. When men are charged with great crimes, which they cannot deny, they usually malign their accusers, in the hope of turning against them the obloquy intended for themselves.

This, we say, we can understand. We can understand, too, why the clergy of France, and, indeed, of all Europe, persecuted Rousseau. Whatever his apologists may say, he was a blasphemer against the Christian religion, and, consequently, against all religion, although he did not employ the vile and coarse invectives made use of by Voltaire. His system undoubtedly tended to the subversion of the national faith. Even the belief in a divinity was not fixed in his mind. His creed was a caprice. One day we find him saying, "I am certain that God exists of himself." But shortly after we find, "Frankly I confess that neither the *pro* nor *con* (on the existence of God) appears to me demonstrated." The same variable-ness characterized many of his other opinions. He loved the sciences, yet received a crown from those who reviled them. He wrote against dramatic performances, yet composed several operas. He extolled the amenities of friendship, and sought friends, yet broke faith with many of them. He not only praised, but

explained the nature of virtue, yet daily committed an infringement of its laws. He confesses a hundred base and humiliating actions, yet vaunts himself as a paragon of men. He writes the most beautiful advice for mothers, yet abandons his own children; spends years in elaborating a theory of education—pernicious though it was—yet allows his offspring to sink among the nameless swarms of the Foundling Hospital. It cannot, therefore, excite wonder that this man fluctuated in his religious belief. At one time he apostatized for the sake, he confesses, of gain, that he might live as a pensioner on the bounty of his friends. At another, rather than receive any one's bounty, he condemned himself to copy music at three half-pence a page, when he might have been writing works, every line of which an after generation would have prized more than gold.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Rousseau was not a Christian. He assailed religion, and in an ignorant country like France, he assailed it with the more effect because a venal Church had become the reproach of Europe through its cupidity and corruption. Corrupt as it was, however, the clergy were interested in upholding it, and, therefore, when Jean Jacques assaulted it, they naturally directed their persecutions against him. We may, indeed, in the spirit of our own age, believe that the wise reply to his declamation would have been to have reformed their Church and defended their religion, and not to have pelted him with stones at Motier, or forged libels on his personal character at Paris. Christianity conquers without persecution, which only exalts to martyrdom the miserable creatures that suffer it. But in the eighteenth century this was not understood. It was thought right to strangle every one who spoke as an enemy; and, accordingly, Rousseau saw his books burned, and was compelled to become an exile in search of an asylum.

This, also, we can understand. But what we cannot understand is the baseness, the virulence, the duplicity, with which men who shared his opinions, who joined in his labors, who shook him by the hand, and called themselves his friends, slandered, reviled, and persecuted him. Horace Walpole forged a letter in the name of Frederic the Second, in which Rousseau's

monomania was confessed and put in a ridiculous light, in order to excite obloquy and contempt against him in England. Such an act, committed by such a man, it is not difficult to comprehend. There was very little that was respectable in Horace Walpole. There was very little that was remarkable, except his vanity, his stupidity, and his want of principle. He, consequently, might have been expected to play a little part. But why David Hume, the obsolete historian, should court Rousseau, and flatter him, and give him hospitality, while he was intriguing with his enemies, circulating calumnies against him, and ridiculing his character, is not so easily explained. Nor is there any intelligible reason assigned, that Diderot, Voltaire, d'Alembert, Helvetius, and Grimm should pursue him with such inveterate malignity, and conspire his ruin, while they propagated his works and applauded them, unless we believe they were jealous of his fame, or which is still more probable, that they were irritated by his refusal to become their tool.

This concourse of men, remarkable for their talent, but odious for their hostility to the Christian truth, forms one of the most remarkable features in the modern history of Europe. What phenomenon in literature was ever so extraordinary as the *Encyclopédie*? What machine was ever so cunningly devised? Had it been impregnated simply by the spirit of freedom, had it been designed only to overthrow the government, and had it not been filled with impiety and impurity, humanity would have blessed its labors. Had the Puritan spirit given its vitality to all this genius, what a revolution would that of France have been! But, instead of this, the corruption of politics produced the scandal of Christianity; atheism and not religion was offered as the cure of superstition, just as servitude and not freedom has been proposed as the cure for anarchy. In reality, however, the Romish Church opened its gates to infidelity. The *Encyclopædists* were naturally successors to the four and twenty fathers of Escobar; the monasteries produced the academies, and the sophists triumphed for a while, because the Jesuits—the pope's life-guards, as Frederic the Second called them—had been triumphant a century before.

From this school of writers, however, it is necessary, in some degree, to separate

Rousseau. He was a man of strong passions and weak principles, whose power of imagining was equal to his power of feeling; and this seduced him into every folly and every crime that held out an enticing reward. Being long without a moral dictator in that conscience which he himself describes as a law anterior to opinion, he seldom resisted an impulse, of whatever kind, provided it offered to secure him some pleasure. In the same manner, being without religious conviction, he made up his faith of fancies, and was little scrupulous in the dissemination of impious notions. Yet he was not guilty of that gratuitous wickedness which prompted the abominable blasphemies of Diderot, Helvetius, and Voltaire. If he was an intellectual Robespierre, they were the Dantons of literature—eloquent indeed, but cold-blooded, repulsive, and deformed.

The social theories of Rousseau were blotted by the prevailing sin of his life. Of the relations between man and woman, though he could expound the noblest law, he generally propagated a lax idea. His example also was vicious in the extreme. He spent in dissoluteness his best years, and then marrying the very woman who had least claim to be his wife, deserted her children and his own. Nevertheless he was to some friends very faithful, and, in his system for the reconstruction of society, he recognized occasionally the purest principles.

It is as a politician that we can most respect Rousseau. In many passages he is violent, in many vague, in many fantastical. Yet, in the "Discourse on the Inequality of Man," and in the "Social Contract," he displays a perfect knowledge of the object of government, and of the relations between people and rulers. So completely was he master of the political condition of Christendom that he predicted, with singular accuracy, many events which afterward happened. Some of his forebodings referred to a period remoter than that at which we have arrived, and more than one of them seems likely to be fulfilled. Perhaps there are those who will not be disinclined to attach some faith to the following:—"The empire of Russia will endeavor to subjugate Europe; but in the struggle will herself be conquered. Her Tartar subjects, or her neighbors, will become her masters."

It is not, however, in these points that the value of Rousseau's political writings consists. It is in the fine analysis of the principles upon which despotism is founded, in the exposure of the truths by the diffusion of which it is undermined; in the description of the true nature and duties of governments, and the true rights and duties of nations. In this the philosopher is unrivaled. He came with his fiery inspiration, and quickened in France the principles of a liberty which she will assuredly one day enjoy, in spite of the burlesque of empire enacting in her capital.

A writer in the "Biographical Magazine" has said that it was well that Hume, the panegyrist of Monk, should be the maliguer of Rousseau. Mr. Passmore Edwards's contributor is of this opinion, and we think rightly; but there have been others, and lately, who have remarked that this was not the only instance in which the Tory historian falsified the character of a public man. For ourselves, had he in his correspondence done justice to Rousseau, we should almost say that Rousseau's character was the only one which he had not falsified. But he was a consistent libeler.

Narrative and letters harmonize with their calumnies on the virtuous, and their apologies of profligacy. In fact, the only pity is that Hume did not choose from France a better man to slander than Rousseau. But, we doubt whether Rousseau lost more in the estimation of mankind through the unscrupulous detraction of one who had all the ferocity of a bigot, without a bigot's sincerity, or through the uncompromising eulogiums of his admirers. Unfortunately, the critics are few, and a man must either be pilloried as a criminal or consecrated as a martyr.

From the guilt of suicide, we think that history may fairly exonerate Rousseau. He died naturally, in 1778, in the arms of his wife, who, in his latter days, behaved with great affection to him.

Some have been of opinion that it would have been well to lose all the beauty of Rousseau's works, if the world could have been spared the vice he propagated. Whatever we may think of this, certainly we must grieve that so much eloquence, so much learning, and so much wisdom, were not bequeathed by a more pious and less irreligious man.

## THE VISION OF A GODLESS WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

IF my heart should ever become so hapless and so withered that every feeling in it which asserts the being of God should be destroyed, I would appall myself by reading over the following composition of mine; and it would cure me and give me back the feelings I had lost.

The aim of this poem is the excuse for its boldness. Men deny God's being with just as little feeling as most acknowledge it with. Even in our best systems of philosophy, we go on amassing mere words, counters, and medals, as misers collect cabinets of coins; and it is late before we convert the words into feelings, the coin into enjoyments. A person may believe in the immortality of the soul through twenty whole years, and, in the twenty-first, on some great moment, be for the first time astounded at the riches contained in this belief, at the warmth of this fountain of Naphtha.

Childhood, with her joys, and still more with her fears, resumes her wings and sparkles anew in our dreams, and plays like a glow-worm in the little night of the soul. Do not extinguish these flitting sparks. Leave us our dismal and painful dreams—half-shadows that set off the realities of life.

I was lying once, on a summer evening, in the sun, upon a hill, and fell asleep. Then I dreamed I awoke in a church-yard. The rolling wheels of the clock in the tower that was striking eleven had awakened me. I searched through the dark empty sky for the sun; for I imagined that an eclipse had drawn the veil of the moon over it. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swung to and fro by invisible hands; along the walls shadows were flitting, which no one cast; and other shadows were walking upright through the naked air. In the open coffins nothing continued to sleep, save the children. In the sky there was naught but a gray sultry cloud hanging in massy folds, and a huge shadow kept on drawing it in like a net, nearer, and closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant falls of avalanches; below me the first tread of an illimitable earthquake. The church heaved up and down, shaken by two ceaseless discords, which were warring against each other within, and



vainly striving to blend into a concord. At times a gray gleam leaped up on the windows, and at its touch the lead and iron melted and ran down. The net of cloud, and the reeling of the earth, drove me toward the porch, before which two fiery basilisks were hatching their venomous broods. I passed along amid unknown shadows that bore the marks of every century since the beginning of things. All the shadows were standing round the altar; and in each there was a quivering and throbbing of the breast instead of the heart. One dead man alone, who had been newly buried in the church, was still lying on his couch, without any quivering of his breast; and his face was smiling beneath the light of a happy dream. But, when one of the living entered, he awoke and smiled no more: toilsomely he drew up his heavy eyelid, but no eye was within; and his beating breast, instead of a heart, contained a wound. He lifted up his hands, and clasped them for prayer; but the arms lengthened and lowered themselves from his body, and the clasped hands dropped off. Overhead, in the vault of the church, stood the dial-plate of eternity, on which no number was to be read, nor any characters except its own name; only there was a black hand pointing thereat, on which the dead said they saw *Time*.

At this moment a tall majestic form, with a countenance of imperishable anguish, sank down from on high upon the altar; and all the dead cried, "Christ! is there no God?"

He answered, "There is none!"

The shadow of every dead man trembled all over, not his breast merely; and, one after another, their trembling dispersed them.

Christ spake on: "I have gone through the midst of the worlds: I mounted into the suns, and flew with the milky way across the wilderness of heaven; but there is no God. I plunged down, as far as Being flings its shadow, and pried into the abyss, and cried: 'Father, where art thou?' but I heard only the everlasting tempest, which no one sways; and the glittering rainbow of beings was hanging, without a sun that had formed it, over the abyss, and trickling down into it. And, when I looked up toward the limitless World for the eye of God, the World stared at me with an empty, bottomless eye-sock-

et; and Eternity was lying upon chaos, and gnawing it to pieces, and chewing the cud of what it had devoured. Scream on, ye discords! scatter these shades with your screaming: for He is not!"

The shades grew pale and dissolved, as white vapor, that the frost has given birth to, is melted by a breath of warmth; and the whole church became empty. Then—O! it was terrible to the heart!—the dead children, who had awaked in the church-yard, ran into the church, and threw themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said, "Jesus! have we no Father?" And he answered with tears streaming down: "We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a Father."

Here the screeching of the discords became more violent; the walls of the church tottered and burst asunder; and the church and the children sank down; and the whole earth and the sun sank after; and the whole of the immeasurable universe sank before us; and Christ remained standing upon the highest pinnacle of nature, and gazed into the globe of the universe, pierced through by a thousand suns, as it were into a cavern, burrowed into the heart of eternal night, wherein the suns were running like miners' lights, and the galaxies like veins of silver.

And when Christ saw the crushing throng of worlds, the torch-dance of the heavenly *ignis fatui*, and the coral banks of beating hearts, and when he saw one globe after another poured out its glimmering souls upon the dead sea, as a water-balloon strews its floating lights upon the waves; then with a grandeur that betokened the highest of finite beings, he lifted up his eye toward the nothingness and toward the infinite void above him, and said: "Moveless and voiceless nothing! cold, eternal necessity! frantic chance! can ye, or any of you, tell me? when do you dash to pieces the building and me? Dost thou know it, O chance! even thou, when thou strident with thy hurricanes athwart the snow-dust of the stars, and puffest out one sun after another, while the sparkling dew of the constellations is parched up as thou passest along—how desolate is every one in the vast catcomb of the universe! There is none beside me save myself. O, Father! Father! where is thy world-sustaining breast, that I may rest on it? Alas! if

every being is its own father and creator, why may it not also become its own destroying angel?

"Is that a man still beside me? Poor wretch! your little life is one of nature's sighs, or the mere echo of it; a mirror flings its rays on the clouds of dust from the ashes of the dead on your earth, and, forthwith, ye spring up, ye beclouded, fleeting images. Look down into the abyss, over which clouds of ashes are floating; mists full of worlds are rising out of the dead sea; the future is that rising mist, and that which is falling is the present. Dost thou know thy own earth?"

Here Christ looked down, and his eye filled with tears, and he said: "Alas! I was once upon it; then I was still happy; then I had still an Almighty Father, and still looked with gladness from the mountains to the unfathomable heavens; and, when my breast was pierced through, I pressed it to his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death: 'Father, draw forth thy Son from his bleeding tabernacle, and raise him to thy heart.' Ah! ye over-happy inhabitants of the earth, ye earth, ye still believe in Him. Perchance, at this moment your sun is setting, and ye are falling on your knees in the midst of blossoms, and radiance, and dew, and are lifting up your blessed hands, and, while shedding a thousand tears of joy, are crying to the open heavens: 'Me, too, even me, dost thou know, thou Almighty One, and all my wounds; and after my death thou wilt receive me and close them all.' Miserable creatures! after death they will never be closed. The woe-begone mortal who lays his bleeding back in the earth to sleep till the coming of a fairer morning, full of truth, full of goodness and joy, will awake amid the storms of chaos, in the eternity of midnight; and no morning comes, and no healing hand, and no Almighty Father. Thou mortal beside me, if thou still livest, pray to Him now, else thou hast lost him for ever."

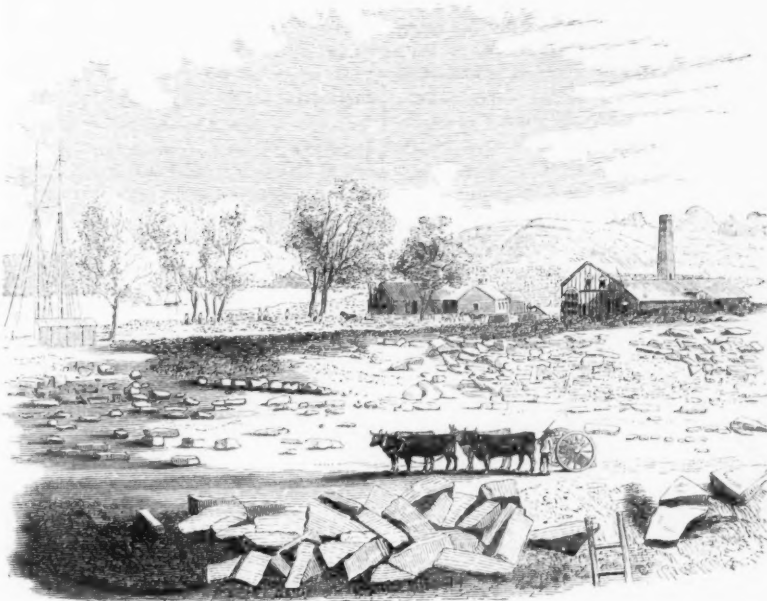
And, as I fell down and beheld the shining world, I saw the uplifted scales of the giant snake Eternity, that had spread itself around the universe; and the scales dropped down, and it wreathed itself twice round the universe; then it twined in a thousand folds around Nature, and squeezed world against world; and, with a crushing force, compressed the temple of infin-

ity into a village church; and everything grew dense, and murky, and dismal; and the clapper of a bell stretched out its measureless length, about to strike the last hour of time, and to split the fabric of the world to atoms—when I awoke.

My soul wept with joy that it was again able to worship God; and my joy, and my tears, and my faith in him, were my prayer. And, as I stood up, the sun was glowing low down behind the full purple ears of corn, and was quietly throwing the reflection of its evening glory to the little moon that was rising without a dawn in the east; and between heaven and earth a joyous short-lived world was spreading out its tiny wings, and living, as I was, in the presence of an Almighty Father; and from the whole of nature around me came sounds of peace, like the voices of evening bells from afar.

#### SELF-CONCEIT.

**T**HEOPHRASTUS, an ancient Greek writer, says that "the proud man regards the whole human race with contempt, himself excepted. If he has rendered a service to any man, he will remind him of it as he meets him in the street, and in a loud voice goad him with the obligation. He is never the first to accost any man; he returns the salute of no one in the public ways." This, as the reader sees, is a sweeping condemnation of that pride which is full of dross, and so expressive of a mean mind. Mostly, pride of person or dress creates vanity—one of the most contemptible of those numerous failings which besiege a frail human nature, and one into which the young may perhaps fall soonest of any. If a vulgar man have this exaggerated sentiment within him, nothing can be more clearly evinced; for his own person bears always the marks of it. You will find it in the redundant watch-chain, the inordinately blue and extensive cravat—in the coat elaborated out of an intense bad taste—in smoking cigars out of place—in his conversation—in his manner—in everything, in fact, this puerility betrays itself. Besides that it is ridiculous, it is also a dangerous sentiment. A self-love that has grown into a vanity of this kind easily breaks the slender bulwarks of moral obligation, and sticks at no means, however questionable, in order to support it.



FREESTONE QUARRIES, PORTLAND, CONNECTICUT.

**B**EAUTIFUL is the valley of the Connecticut. The river rises near the Canada line, flowing southward between the White Mountains of New-Hampshire on the east, and the Green Mountains of Vermont on the west, and, meandering through the hills of Massachusetts and Connecticut, soon reaches the city of Middletown. Here it forsakes what must be considered its natural channel, and sweeping off in a direction nearly due-east, finds its way through lofty granite hills for the distance of two miles, when it again turns to the southward, and empties into Long Island Sound, some twenty-five miles east of New-Haven—the termination of the valley proper. Others may descant upon its verdant slopes, and towering hills, and pretty villages, but to us there is a charm in its bare old rocks.

As you enter the river from the Sound, the land on both sides is quite low and level; but, as you proceed, it gradually becomes more elevated and broken, and quarries are seen in the hill sides, which have not unfrequently been mistaken by strangers for those which are made the subject of this article. But the stone here obtained is very hard, and of a gray

color, and is used chiefly for flagging. Indeed, for many miles the observant traveler will perceive that the rocks bear no resemblance to sandstone, but are entirely granitic in their character.

A beautiful sail, of some twenty-five miles, will bring you to a pleasing village, called Middle Haddam, one of the numerous Haddams which line the shores of the Connecticut. Directly north of the village a granite hill rises to the height of nearly eight hundred feet, called Cobalt Mountain, from the fact that a mine of this rare metal is found in its sides. This hill, as we learn from the diary of Dr. Stiles, formerly president of Yale College, was, in "days of yore," known as "Governor Winthrop's Gold Ring;" that gentleman, it is said, being accustomed to visit the place, with his servant, searching for the precious metals; and "after his return he always had plenty of gold."

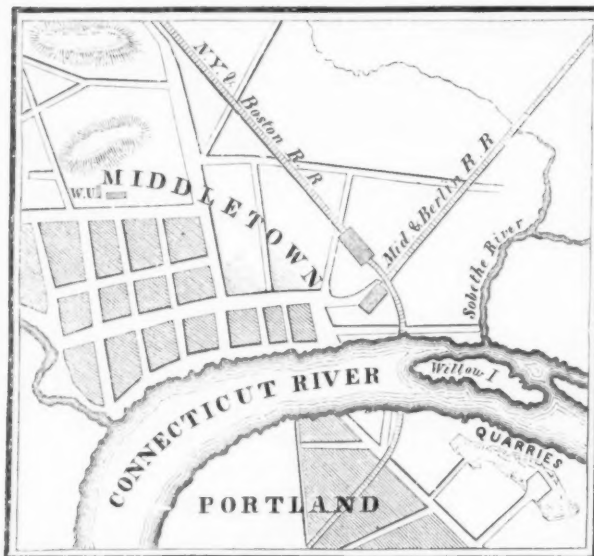
Soon after leaving Middle Haddam you enter "The Straits," where the bases of the high granite hills press closely upon the river, affording it but a narrow passage, which seems, in some strange manner, to have been unexpectedly opened, to allow the river, as by a side cut, to escape

from its natural valley, and find its way to the Sound.

Emerging from "The Straits," in your upward passage, the soil on both banks is seen to be entirely changed. Before it was granitic, with a scanty vegetation; now it becomes alluvial, and the gently undulating surface spreads out into fertile fields. Here, for the first time, are seen the distinguishing characteristics of the true valley of the Connecticut.

Half a mile above "The Straits" a small stream enters the Connecticut from the west, and in the little valley it has excavated occurs the Middletown silver mine, which appears formerly to have been worked—sometimes for lead, sometimes for silver, and sometimes for sulphur, according to the fancy or want of the operators.

nearly every city of our Union, and is commonly called *freestone*, probably from the facility with which it is worked; but by geologists it is known as *sandstone*—a name which implies its supposed origin, it having evidently been formed, in some past age of the world's history, by vast quantities of sand, gravel, and pebbles, subsequently cemented into solid masses by the operation of causes which cannot now be fully explained. It occurs in regular strata, or beds, which are not perfectly horizontal, but incline a little in a south-easterly direction. Here, and throughout the whole Connecticut valley, it is of a deep brick-red color; but in other places, as in the vicinity of Washington, in Nova Scotia, and Ohio, a similar stone is found of a gray color. The common grindstones may be taken as specimens.

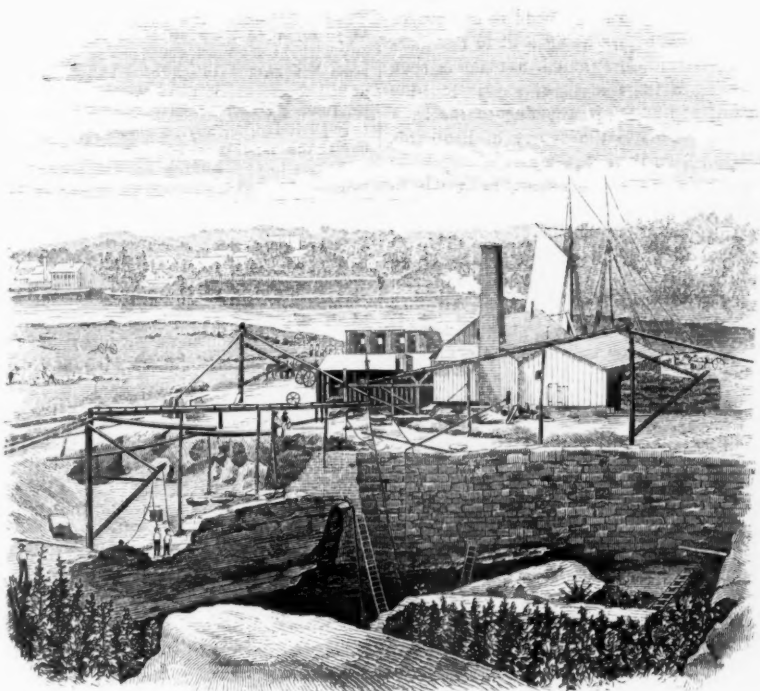


The Portland quarries, as shown in the map, are situated directly on the bank of the river; and tradition informs us that, when they were first opened, the rocky strata projected quite into the river, and even overhung the channel. But the work of excavation, which has been going on for two centuries, has removed the seat of operations further back, and the bank of the river is now formed by the rubbish which has accumulated.

The stone here obtained is an elegant and durable building material, used in

At an early period some grindstones appear to have been made of the Portland stone, but it is too hard to answer well for this purpose; but for buildings, and almost every use to which it is applied, it is probably superior to any other kind. It withstands well the action of the weather, and is very easily worked; while its dark color, in almost every situation, is exceedingly pleasing to the eye.

The quarries at present worked are three in number, known severally, beginning at the north, as the Middlesex, the Brainerds & Co.'s, and the Shailer & Hall's. A fourth quarry, not now worked, and an ancient burying-ground, shown in our cuts and map, separate between the two first named. They extend a distance, up and down the river, of half a mile, and cover, perhaps, nearly a hundred acres. Everywhere, except just at the water's edge, the stone was originally covered with earth, from one to twenty-five feet deep, all of which, as a matter of course, has to



SHAILER AND HALL QUARRY.

be removed before the stone can be quarried; and the disposal of this, with the refuse stone, constitutes no small item of expense in the working of the quarries.

The above is a view of the Shailer & Hall quarry, and exhibits a part of the deep pit which has been sunk by the removal of the rock, with some portion of the buildings containing the steam-engine, and machinery used for the purpose. It looks toward the south-west, and shows a part of the city of Middletown in the distance, and the ferry between that city and Portland.

To avoid inconvenience from the water, the excavations at first were not very deep, but in all the quarries they now penetrate the strata to a depth many feet below the level of the river. In one of them the descent is made by an inclined road, and the stone removed by teams; but in the others, the cut is made perpendicularly downward on all sides, and the stone, after being separated from its native bed, is drawn up by steam power; masses several tons in weight seeming but as playthings

when bound in the chain and handled by this element.

The map and cuts present to the eye an island which divides the stream, and has been formed, as the old inhabitants aver, within the last seventy years, or a little more. It now contains several acres of land and a fine growth of trees, although covered with water in time of great freshets. The ferry of the New-York and Boston Rail-road will probably be established near this place.

As the excavations in the quarries are carried below the level of the river, the water of course is constantly entering through joints and fissures in the stone, and to remove it pumps are kept constantly at work. These were at first worked by ox or horse power, but since a steam-engine was introduced for raising the stone, the same power has been attached to the pumps.

The cut at the head of our article gives a view of the quarries looking northward, from a point in the quarry of Shailer & Hall; on every side are seen masses of

stone, which are left for a time upon the bank in order to be reduced to the proper dimensions, before being sent to the market. In the foreground, a team is seen drawing a huge mass of stone from the deep pit in which it was dug to the bank above. This is the quarry of Brainerds & Co., from the deepest part of which the ascent is made by teams, as we have already said, on an inclined road. In the background is a mound of considerable elevation, which has been raised to its present height by deposits of earth and rubbish from the quarries.

The workmen are aided much in quarrying the rock by natural joints or seams, most of which are nearly vertical, and some of great horizontal extent. They are usually but little inclined from a vertical position, and though sometimes of limited extent, yet a few have been traced the whole distance the rock has been laid bare.

Most of the more extensive ones take a general direction either north and south, or east and west, but this is not uniformly the case. By the side of one of these the workmen usually make their beginning, frequently by blasting, but often, also, by cutting a channel or groove of sufficient width quite through the bed or layer. Having done this on two sides, the stone can generally be removed by means of wedges, unless it is wanted in larger blocks, when the excavation must extend to three sides, before the wedges can be made available.

As would be expected, the rock separates or splits with great ease in planes parallel to the stratification, but not so readily in other directions. To split a mass in a plane parallel to the stratification, therefore, a few small wedges suffice, which are driven into small holes made with the point of the pick; but when the separation is to be made in any other direction, a deep and wider groove has to be cut, into which large steel wedges are driven by a hammer as heavy as the sturdiest man can wield.

These quarries were opened at a very early day, and the preservation of the excellent stone there for the use of the rightful owners early engaged the fostering care of the citizens, as is shown by the following extract from the Middletown records, Portland and Chatham at that time constituting a part of Middletown.

"Sept. 4, 1665. At a town meeting it was voted that whosoever shall dig or raise stones at ye rocks on the east side of the river, for any without the town, the said digger shall be none but an inhabitant of Middletown, and shall bee responsible to ye towne twelve pence pr. tunn, for every tunn of stones that he or they shall digg for any person whosoever without the town; this money to be paid in wheat and pease to ye townsmen or their assigns, for ye use of ye towne, within six months after the transportation of the said stones. It was also agreed that the inhabitants doo freely give Mr. Richards the freight which Skipper Plumb is now taking in."

The business at these quarries is now immense. For several years past they have employed, during eight months of the year, some fifteen hundred men, and perhaps one hundred and twenty yoke of oxen, and half as many spans of horses. And a fleet of perhaps thirty or forty sloops and schooners have been required to convey the stone to market, and the expense of working the quarries during the season of activity probably exceeds one hundred thousand dollars per month.

By concert among the proprietors, the hours established for dayly labor are uniform, and bargains are usually made with the men for the season of eight months. Work begins at six o'clock in the morning, and closes at sunset; two hours being allowed at noon, and a short recess of ten or fifteen minutes in the forenoon for a luncheon. The average, therefore, for the season is only about ten hours of labor per day; and we must not omit saying, that during the summer, an abundant supply of the best of water, with ice, is kept in places easily accessible by the men.

We have already accidentally alluded to the probable origin of these rocks, but our readers may expect from us something more on the subject. That all matter was at first called into being by the word of the Creator is the universal sentiment of the Christian world; but whether at the creation he gave the earth, with all its rocky strata, its present conformation of surface, beautifully diversified with hill and dale, continent and ocean, is plainly another question, on which there may not be a perfect uniformity of opinion.

"Things are not what they seem,"

says one of the most popular poets of the present day; but what particular "things" he had in his mind, when he penned this line, does not so clearly appear. We



will, however, do him the justice to believe he did not mean to affirm it of a suit of geological specimens, or of the rocky strata from which they were obtained! These "things," contrary to the very positive assertion of the poet, must, we believe, be exactly "what they seem," and nothing else. What a libel is the opposite opinion upon the works of nature, and their divine Author! Nature does not thus constantly carry a lie upon her face: with her is no hypocrisy, she is always just what she professes to be.

Starting, then, with this principle, what internal evidences have we of the origin and history of these rocky strata?

The first thing that strikes us is the regular stratification of the rocks, which we must believe to have been produced in the same manner as in other cases. But no natural process is known, or believed to exist, by which solid matter, like sand and gravel, can be thus spread out in immense strata, but the moving force of water; which is therefore believed to have produced the phenomena before us.

Our attention is next engaged by the indications we find in the rocky strata of the existence of animal and vegetable life, at the time of their deposition. These are chiefly the footprints or tracks of birds and other animals, and occasionally the occurrence of some portion of a plant or a tree. Things are what they seem!

much more likely to be overlooked; and the cabinets collected by the curious always contain a larger number of casts of tracks than of the real tracks, though the latter are not wanting.

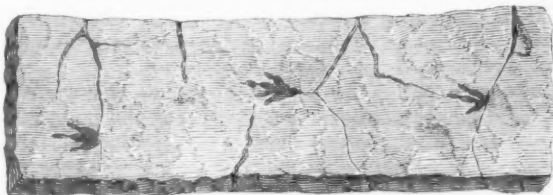
The footprints in our cut evidently belong to the specimens described by Dr. Hitchcock under the name of *Ornithichnite Tuberosus*; and the supposed bird that made them he calls the *Brontozoum Sillimanianum*. The tracks in this specimen indicate a foot about six inches in length, and a step of nearly two feet. The species is probably more abundant than any other about the Portland quarries, and perhaps we may say in this vicinity.

But are these impressions really tracks? that is, are they what they seem to be? The very satisfactory reply to this query is that their character answers every demand required by this supposition. First, when several of these impressions occur in succession, the toes of each separate track point in the *same* direction; but if the impressions were not tracks, how shall this peculiarity be accounted for? Secondly, they severally answer to right and left feet. Thirdly, the distances between successive impressions of the same series is very uniform, just as we should expect in the real tracks. Fourthly, the distance between the impressions, which answers to the length of the step, is proportionate to the size of the

foot, as indicated by the track. The larger the footprint the greater the length of the step. Finally, these impressions have always been made downward and not upward. This accords exactly with their proper character as tracks, but would be very strange

if the impression were made in some other mode, as by animal or vegetable substances accidentally thrown upon the mud.

Another circumstance, not a little interesting, is sometimes to be noticed in connection with these impressions, and accords with the view we have taken of their supposed origin. The irregular markings in the cut represent small ridges upon the stone, which have resulted from the shrinkage of the soft mud by the heat of the sun, as we often see in times of drought. Now



ORNITHICHNITE TUBEROSUS.

The above cut has been made to represent, as near as may be, the surface of a slab of stone from one of the quarries. The surface represented was the under side of the stratum, as it lay in its native bed; and the tracks which are seen are in relief—that is, they are the natural casts of the real tracks which were made in the stratum next beneath.

Under a specimen like the above will, of course, always be found the real track, or impression of the foot; but as they do not show so distinctly, they are therefore

it often happens that these shrinkage-marks cross the footprints in different directions; and where this is the case, the indications usually are that the footprint was made *before the shrinkage occurred*.

We find, therefore, on investigation, that the characteristics of these supposed footprints, in every particular, are precisely as we should expect them to be in real tracks. And it is to be noticed that this is not affirmed of a large majority of the impressions found, while it is admitted to be otherwise in a few cases; but it is affirmed of *every one* of the thousands of specimens that have ever been found. We must, therefore, believe them really to be what we call them, the footprints of animals.

In Yorkshire, England, a petrified shell called the *Ammonite* is found in considerable abundance, and especially near the abode of St. Hilda, a female devotee of singular piety of the middle ages. They occur only in the fossil state, and in the form of a coil, and in former times were believed by the simple peasants to be *snakes* converted into stone at the earnest supplication of that pious lady. Thus Scott writes:—

"And how the nuns of Whitby told,  
How, of countless snakes, each one  
Was changed into a coil of stone,  
When holy Hilda prayed:—  
Themselves within their sacred bound  
Their stony folds had often found."

This theory of the origin of these fossils probably satisfied these untutored peasants, but there was one thing wanting; *every snake was without a head!* This lack came at length to be so much felt, that a dealer in these relics was accustomed to supply a head made of plaster of Paris! We are told they are occasionally seen in Whitby at the present day, with a head filed in the stone. We present our readers with one of these fossils thus *improved* by art.



Petrifications, somewhat resembling loaves of bread, it is said are preserved in some of the churches of Germany and Hungary, the story being that some rich person in ancient times having refused a loaf to a poor person, it was immediately converted into stone.

The following story of the origin of *St. Patrick's loaves*, found in Ireland, is from Richardson, (*Geology*, p. 44.) It was related by a genuine son of Erin:—

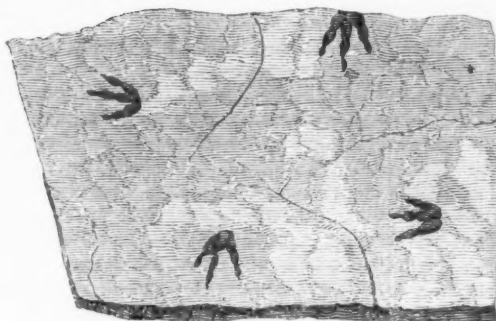
"St. Pathrick was walking one day along the road, and 'twas very tired he was, poor man! when he meets a stranger bringing a sack of loaves from the baker's. 'Good morning to yourself,' says St. Pathrick, speaking 'em civil. 'Same to you, sir,' was the reply, 'wid all my heart and soul.' 'May be ye would n't be giving me one of them loaves ye're carrin,' says the Saint, 'for it's meself that's just dying wid hunger.' 'May be I would,' says t'other, 'but it's not loaves they are,' says he; 'it's stones they are entirely!' Well then," says St. Pathrick, 'if they be stones,' says he, 'I'd wish they'd be turned to loaves,' says he. 'and if they be loaves,' says he, 'I'd wish they'd be turned to stones!' And with that the sack fell down in the road, enough to break the man's back, for it was loaves they were and not stones, but by the power of St. Pathrick they were changed into stones; and they're called St. Pathrick's loaves all over Ireland to this day!"

But the times of such superstition are past. And yet, such an hypothesis in regard to the origin of these strange phenomena is scarcely less absurd than any other which refuses to attribute their production to the operations of natural causes, such as we constantly see at work around us.

But have the tracks of birds or other animals been preserved in this manner in our own day? They have been; and descriptions of them have been given us by Sir Charles Lyell, who collected specimens in the Bay of Fundy in 1842. The tracks were made by a small bird called the sand-piper, (*tringa minuta*), and in every respect they resemble the tracks found in the sandstone, except that they are smaller.

In Lyell's *Travels in North America*, plate vii, figure 1, we find these tracks and castings represented. In figure 2 of the same plate, a slab is cut from the Portland quarries, showing the tracks of two animals passing in different directions, and belonging to the same species above described.

Of these footprints, several thousand



BRONTOZOOM SILLIMANIANUM.

have been observed in the sandstone of the Connecticut Valley, at some twenty different localities; and it is believed by President Hitchcock, of Amherst, that they were made by as many as fifty different species of animals, some of which were birds, some quadrupeds, and others mollusks. By far the greater number that have been found belonged to birds, and thus it has happened that the whole are frequently spoken of as *bird tracks*.

The immense size of these tracks is perhaps their most striking character. The largest bird-track found, that of the *Brontozoom Gigantium*, indicates a bird of a similar kind as the ostrich, but several times larger.

A very remarkable footprint is often found in these quarries, and elsewhere in the Connecticut Valley, which has puzzled men of science not a little. Our cut is made from a single track on a slab, now to be seen at the office of the Middlesex Company. The slab contains but a single track; but on the stratum from which it was obtained some five or six in succession were seen by the workmen, at the regular distance of about six feet; and what is scarcely less wonderful, it occurs some seventy or eighty feet below the original surface of the rock.

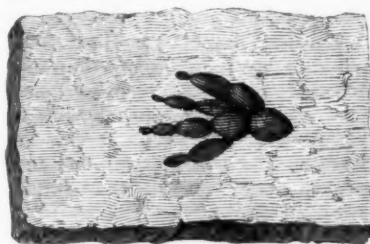
It is very generally conceded, that no animal exists at the present day capable of making this footprint; but such is the perfection of the science of comparative anatomy, that we may speculate with great plausibility as to its nature.

It seems very well determined, that the animal was a biped, and not a quadruped. This the track indicates; though it has been suggested that it may have been made by a four-footed animal, which, in

walking, placed the hind foot exactly upon the track just made by the fore foot. And it is certainly possible, that if only a single footprint of the kind had been found, we might admit this explanation as possible; but that very many, in fact all that are found, should exactly resemble each other, if made in this way, is absolutely incredible. It is believed, therefore, to have been made by a two-footed animal, though no one is now known having a foot such

as this track indicates. Certain species of the frog in the embryo state, it is said, have a foot somewhat like it; and from this circumstance it has been suggested that the animal may have been a gigantic two-legged toad, or frog! If the reader feels a disposition to smile, it will be no more than others have felt on witnessing developments less strange than this; and if his irrepressible smile of incredulity should hereafter give place to one of admiration at the almost prophetic revelations of the man of science, it will be no more than has often happened in times past.

Dr. Hitchcock calls the animal the *Otozoum Moodii*.



OTOZOOM MOODII.

The works and ways of God are wonderful in that which may seem to us of least importance, as well as in that which is greatest; and it becomes us, his dependent creatures, meekly to investigate his word and his works, to learn what he in his wisdom has seen fit to do, rather than decide, as some have done, *ex cathedra*, what was becoming the Infinite Spirit.

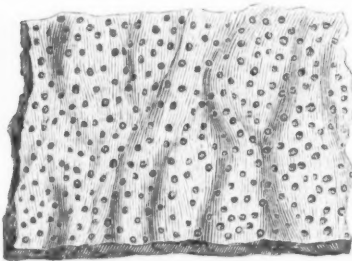
Said a distinguished theologian, some years since:—

"And then to think of two hundred thousand years for snails, and muscles, and lizards, and crocodiles, and alligators, and the like! Thousands of ages, then, the world was without a lord or a head. The image of God, whom he constituted his vicegerent here below, for myriads of ages not created! His dominion put off for thousands of centuries before it began to exist! And who, all this time, were the actual lords of the creation? Lizards and alligators of more than Typhoean dimensions!

"When I think of such a picture, I feel constrained to turn away with unspeakable loathing."

"All this wisdom did; but for what purpose? To create a residence during countless ages for snails, and lizards, and iguanodons! Had Eternal Wisdom then joy in any of these? No! Solomon never once dreamed of its being so; for he declares, that wisdom 'rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, and her delights were with the SONS OF MEN!'"

We add one further item in this imperfect picture of the past, which, however, aids in giving a degree of *naturalness* to the scene, though greatly unlike the present. The cut is made to represent a



RIPPLE MARKS AND RAIN-DROPS.

specimen of sandstone in the cabinet of the Wesleyan University, the surface being covered with wave-marks, and the whole pitted with rain-drops. We say it gives a degree of naturalness to the scene; for we find all the essential circumstances the same then as now—the land and water, the ocean-shore, and birds and quadrupeds, though of enormous size, wandering about, we may suppose, in search of their food; the sunshine, cloud, and storm, all indicating the same general course of events as we now witness; and all leading unerringly to the inference, that the works of nature, however great their variety, have, from the beginning, been under the supervision of the same Infinite and Eternal Spirit, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and whose dominion extendeth throughout all generations.

\* Biblical Repository, vol. vii, p. 100.

[For the National Magazine.]

## THE CONVALESCENT.

SHE sits again in the old dear seat,  
By the shaded lattice low;  
There's light, there's joy in her cottage home,  
For the summer's gentle glow  
Hath touch'd again with its crimson bloom  
The maiden's cheek of snow.

The quiv'ring aspen rustles soft  
Beside the fountain bright,—  
But all the willow's tassel'd plumes  
Hang motionless to-night;  
The very breezes seem to be  
All speechless with delight.

'Tis not another's measured strain  
That to her lips is given;  
Her own sweet words of praise swell out  
Upon the air of even:  
It is no earth-born melody—  
She sings to-night of heaven.

How softly comes the twilight dim  
Across the sunset sky!  
How silently the night dews bathe  
The slumbering roses high!  
How gently doth the hour's repose  
Upon the mountains lie!

The forest broad is hush'd to sleep,  
But yet along its glades  
The river windeth still and deep:  
Far in its dim arcades  
The birds the night's still watches keep,  
And dream among its shades.

She's singing by the casement yet,  
As in her earlier days,—  
Hath grief unwonted pathos given  
To her unstudied lays?  
Breathes there a sadden'd under tone  
In those full notes of praise?

No! no! forgotten are the hours  
Of languor and of pain;  
The countless blessings God hath given  
Are all that now remain;  
And hope, and joy, and gratitude,  
Inspire that evening strain.

H. C. GARDNER.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.—Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who would labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the destinies of men and citizens. A volume could not trace all their connection with private and public felicity. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion; reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

## THE EMPEROR MONK.

ON the 28th of September, in the year 1556, the old Spanish seaport of Laredo was a scene of unexpected excitement, as a fleet of fifty-six sail of vessels cast anchor in its roadstead. If we enter the *Espirito Sancto*—a ship of five hundred and sixty tons—which forms one of the squadron, we shall see an old respectable-looking Spanish gentleman making preparations to leave his cabin, which had been fitted up with a degree of comfort unusual in those days; for it is curtained with green hangings, and has a swing-bed, while the light is admitted through no less than eight glass windows. Care and travail have left their marks upon the old man's face, but intelligence gleams from his eye, and decision is stamped upon his features. When he lands at Laredo, great respect is evidently paid to him; a train of some hundred and fifty domestics wait upon him and the Spanish Bishop of Salamanca does, with all deference, the honors of the place. Not to keep the reader in suspense, we may mention, without further introduction, that this old man is Charles V., the Napoleon Bonaparte of his day, who, after troubling Europe with his ambition, and clutching some half-dozen scepters within his greedy grasp, is now weary of the world, and on his way to spend the evening of his life in a monastery, having resigned his throne to his son.

Charles, it appears, had long cherished the design of retiring from public life, in order to prepare, as he conceived of it, in a befitting manner, for the eternal world. In 1542 he confided his design to a courtier; but in 1546 the secret had oozed out, and was whispered among the loungers in his palace. Although the morning of Charles's career as an emperor had been gilded with success, yet clouds attended its afternoon. His health became broken, and the hand which had wielded the lance and curbed the charger was so enfeebled with gout that it was unable at times to break the seal of a letter. His later schemes of conquest, too, had ended in nothing but disappointment; so that, with Solomon of old, he was ready to say, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Calling, accordingly, his court together at Brussels, he publicly resigned his empire to his son Philip—the husband of our bloody Mary—

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and, taking shipping, he had landed, as we have seen, at Laredo, being thus far on his way to his abode at the Convent of Yuste.

As the old monarch, after leaving Laredo, journeyed along, attended by a little staff of friends and a train of domestics, the neighboring towns turned out to do homage to him whose name was indelibly associated with the most eventful passages in Spanish history. There was not very much, however, that was dignified in his mode of traveling. At one part of his road five alguazils or constables, with their staves, formed his attendants, making the little party, as Charles's chamberlain complained, look very much like a troop of rogues marching to prison. Charles, however, would have no display. He seemed to hug with complacency the idea that he was now a private gentleman, who had cast the cares of kingship over his shoulder. At one part of the road he was hospitably entertained by a rich money-broker, who, among other luxuries, provided for the emperor's use a chafing-dish of gold filled with the finest cinnamon of Ceylon—a piece of wealthy ostentation which displeased Charles so much, that he insisted upon paying for his entertainment as if he had been lodging at a common inn, and refused at parting to allow the mortified capitalist the honor of kissing his hand.

A journey slowly prosecuted brought the party to Xarandilla, an exquisitely beautiful spot, from whose lofty eminence the eye ranged over all that was most lovely in Spanish scenery. Here the emperor took up his abode for a while, until the neighboring monastery of Yuste was prepared for his reception. A small band of followers, similar in some respects to the little company which lingered round Napoleon at St. Helena, attended Charles. Prominent among these were Quixada, his chamberlain, a nobleman of high family, passionately attached to his royal master, with William de la Male, a sort of poor scholar, who acted as the emperor's literary companion. Borja, the celebrated Jesuit, accompanied Charles as his confessor. He had pretended, on receiving the appointment, to have some qualms about the responsibility of the office; but was assured by Charles that he might make himself easy on that point, as, before he left Flanders, five doctors of divinity had been engaged for a whole year in

cleansing his conscience. The last of the ex-monarch's attendants whom we shall name was Dr. Matheoso, the emperor's physician. He seems to have lived in a continual state of warfare with Charles's love of cookery—being sadly perplexed, too, at times, by the interloping of a quack doctor in the neighborhood, who ingratiated himself with his majesty by allowing him for his diet to eat and drink pretty much what he pleased.

A few months having rolled away, and the monastery being ready for his reception, Charles passed over to it from Xarandilla, and calling for the book of the registry, duly signed his name as a brother of the order of the monks of St. Jerome—an autograph which was carefully preserved until destroyed by the French soldiers during the Peninsular war. A grand service attended the enrolment of the new friar. All the monks kissed his majesty's hands; the altar was brilliantly lighted up with tapers, and Charles at last found himself in a spot where he might indulge his superstitious tastes to the very utmost. A chamber had been constructed for him, out of which he could look into the chapel as he lay in bed, and see high mass performed, while out of doors everything had been done to make the retirement agreeable. A fountain cooled the air; orange-trees diffused their fragrance, and the eye wandered over a district of surpassing loveliness. Nor were the luxuries of life forgotten. Charles, who was fond of paintings, had brought some of Titian's masterpieces with him, as well as a tolerable supply of books, and a decent complement of rich plate and jewels. Altogether his majesty had a very comfortable residence of it; and had there only been less superstition in his form of piety, the spectacle would not have been displeasing, of an old man retiring from the storms of the world to a peaceful haven where he might tranquilly spend his time in preparation for the great change which awaited him. But superstition—foul, deadening superstition—tainted, as ye shall find by and by, the whole atmosphere.

One of Charles's most pleasing occupations was the feeding of his dumb favorites. Of these he had several, including an old cat, and a parrot endowed with wonderful power of speech; some birds also were his favorite companions. The story indeed is told of him in his early youth,

that when, in one of his campaigns, a swallow had built a nest for her young on the top of his tent, he ordered the latter, on the encampment being broken up, to be left undisturbed. Music, too, formed his favorite pastime; and so correct was the old emperor's ear, that if a monk in the choir sung out of tune, he was pretty sure to get some sharp rebuke from his majesty. On the whole, however, Charles lived on excellent terms with the monks, being condescending and affable in his manners, and dismissing almost entirely the pomp that usually surrounds crowned heads; still, it must be acknowledged, he displayed, for a friar, a most unmortified appetite for good eating. Rich dishes and iced beer he would have, whether the doctor protested against them or not. The weekly courier was ordered to change his route that he might bring eels and fine fish; partridges were ordered from a choice neighborhood; while sausages of a particular order were specially provided.

The daily routine of the king's life was somewhat as follows:—The workshop of Torriano was often the resource of the emperor's spare time. He was very fond of clocks and watches, and curious in reckoning to a fraction the hour of his retired leisure. The Lombard had long been at work upon an elaborate astronomical time-piece, which was to perform not only the ordinary duties of a clock, but to tell the days of the month and year, and to denote the movements of the planets. Twenty years had elapsed since he had first conceived the idea, and the actual construction cost him three years and a half. Indeed, the work had not received the last touches at the time of the emperor's death. Of wheels alone it contained eighteen hundred. Torriano also constructed a self-acting mill, which, though small enough to be hidden in a friar's sleeve, could grind two pecks of corn in a day; and the figure of a lady, who danced on a table to the sound of her own tambourine.

Sometimes the emperor fed his pet birds, of the sylvan sort, which appear to have succeeded, in his affection, the stately wolf-hounds that followed at his heel in the days when he sat to Titian; or he sauntered among his bees and flowers, down to the little summer-house looking out upon the Vera; or sometimes, but more rarely, he strolled into the forest



with his gun, and shot a few of the wood-pigeons which peopled the great chestnut-trees. His out-door exercise was always taken on foot, or, if the gout forbade him, in his chair or litter. Next came vespers; and after vespers supper, a meal very much like the dinner, consisting frequently of pickled salmon and other wholesome dishes, which made Quixada's loyal heart quake within him.

It was probably the fact of the artist Torriano residing with Charles, that gave rise to the saying, that the ex-emperor, on seeing how his numerous clocks and watches would not keep time together, wondered at his own folly in having endeavored, by persecution, to make his subjects think alike on religious questions. Mr. Stirling has well shown that there is no authority for Charles having uttered such a saying, and that it is contradicted by all that he did while at the Convent of Yuste. He was, in fact, a most bigoted Roman Catholic: clear as his intellect was on every other question, superstition was the enchanted ground on which, when he entered, his understanding and ability seemed to desert him. The Reformation in Spain had just broken out, and it is melancholy to perceive how Charles, at a time when he had retired, as he thought, to devote himself to the service of his Creator, persecuted unto death those who were evidently the true children of God. He wrote letters to his son Philip, urgently requesting him to use every means to extirpate heresy. Too well were these orders obeyed. The fires of the Inquisition blazed throughout Spain, and *autos-da-fé* rejoiced the hearts of the orthodox. "What have I done to be treated thus?" cried a nobleman, as he walked to the stake, looking up, as he said so, to Philip, who sat in a gallery feasting his eyes with the spectacle. "Were you my own son," replied the pitiless monarch, "I would myself carry a fagot to rid the earth of a heretic like you." Charles himself was constantly watching this spread of heresy, as he termed the Reformation. The only thing which could ever induce him to leave his pleasant retreat, he asserted, would be the hope of putting down such a monstrous evil; and bitterly did he grieve that, when some years before he had had Luther in his power at the Diet of Worms, he had not, in spite of his promise of a safe conduct, broken his word and put him to

death. The only consolation which the poor bigoted old man had was, that he had resolutely declined hearing any of the heretic preachers argue against the true Catholic Church, or in favor of the reformed faith!

It may be well imagined how strictly Charles, entertaining such views as these, performed the monastic duties at the convent. The friars were quite edified by the zeal of their royal brother of the cowl.

Some eighteen months rolled on in this manner, when Charles began to find serious indications of illness approaching. Anticipating the possibility of his end drawing near, he asked his confessor the extraordinary question, whether it would not be good for the health of his soul that he should perform his own funeral, and received a reply in the affirmative. His funeral was performed accordingly. Here, however, we must follow Mr. Stirling's narrative, correcting, as it does, some of the mistakes into which other historians have fallen on the subject:—

"The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church, shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. The monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies. While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas, whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed."

Charles had too truly guessed the character of the symptoms of his disease. From the day of the above ceremony he grew gradually weaker and weaker, until at last the grand climax arrived. It is thus affectingly described:—

"Toward eight o'clock in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that all hope was over. Charles lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer. After some addresses by the attending ecclesiastic had been made, the emperor interposed, saying, 'The time is come; bring me the candle and the crucifix.' These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from our lady's shrine at Montserrat; the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been

taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and, taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to a call, 'Ya, voy, Señor!'—Now, Lord, I go. As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate, therefore, held up before his eyes. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, 'Ay, Jesus,' and expired."

It is melancholy to see a powerful mind thus leaning upon the broken reeds of crucifixes and relics when entering eternity. These are a poor substitute for true peace.

About a hundred years after his death, the remains of Charles were conveyed to the vaults of the Escorial, and deposited with great honors in that splendid mausoleum. In 1780 they were disturbed, under extraordinary circumstances, by Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, that pampered child of fortune, who begged as a favor that he might be allowed to look on the remains of the great emperor. His request was complied with. The coffin was opened, and the light gleamed once more on the face of the mighty dead. The features bore a great resemblance to the emperor's portrait.

The monastery of Yuste was long celebrated in consequence of its having had the honor of receiving Charles into its retreat. It is now, however, a desolate ruin. Mr. Stirling paid a visit to it, and we cannot, perhaps, give our readers a better specimen of the great literary merits of this work than by transcribing the passage, in which, with touching pathos, the author records his impressions of the scene:—

"When I visited it in 1849, it was inhabited only by the peasant-bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stranger. The strong granite-built church, proof against the fire of the Gaul and the wintry storms of the sierra, was a hollow shell—the classical decorations of the altar, and quaint wood-work of the choir, having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Quacos. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin, of massive chestnut planks, in which the emperor's body had lain for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silkworm wound its cocoon in dust and dark-

ness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of pot-herbs, and here and there an orange-tree or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate, the great walnut-tree—sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely—spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation. Yet, in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill, and forest, and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings."

Thus ends this singular episode of history. We cannot but feel interested in it. It has its clear and its dark side. The latter is the degraded bigotry in which the mind of this remarkable man was enslaved; the other is the powerful lesson which the facts supply of the hollowness of the world. Charles V. confessed this when he resigned a mighty empire. May we, too, make the discovery ere it be too late, and take refuge for consolation, not in a vain monastic superstition, but in a true surrender of the soul to Him, who has invited all the weary and heavy laden of the children of men to come unto him and find rest.

#### THE DUEL BETWEEN MOORE AND JEFFREY.

—This ludicrous narrative is graphically described by Moore in the following passage:—"We of course had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, 'What a beautiful morning it is!' 'Yes,' I answered with a slight smile, 'a morning made for better purposes:' to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once more in sight of their operations: upon which I related to him, rather *apropos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner, while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. 'Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,' said Egan; 'sure, is n't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up.'"

## The National Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

### THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations was opened to the public, according to announcement, on the 15th of July. The splendid pageant—the presence of the President of the United States, a part of his cabinet, and many other distinguished personages, together with guests from England, France, Scotland, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Tuscany, and many parts of North and South America—has already been chronicled in the daily prints. There were music and speeches, but we cannot detail them; it is with the exhibition itself that we have to do. The Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations had its conception in the triumphant success of the London exhibition in 1851. The United States was not the least on that occasion; yet three thousand miles of ocean had prohibited the mass of her citizens from beholding that accumulation of the works of beauty and utility, and hence the desire to bring the exhibition to the people who could not go to it. It was not expected that the New-York Exhibition could rival its great prototype. This would have been impossible, for that must remain for ages without a parallel. It was seen, however, that great and important advantages must result from a similar exhibition at New-York. The skill of foreign manufacturers, placed before the eyes of our people, would fill the busy American mind with suggestions the fruit of which should be gathered after many days; and what was to be not less highly prized, a taste for the fine arts would be diffused among the masses of a people, far too seldom permitted to witness the most meritorious works of beauty and skill. At the moment we write, it is not safe to pronounce on the character of the exhibition; but we may presume that, in statuary and painting, the exhibition of 1853 will even surpass that of 1851.

In looking, however, at these works of art, we may caution some at least of our readers against a judgment based merely upon their size. Some of the most perfect and beautiful specimens of sculpture are those of small dimensions. We were specially struck with the appearance of the "Industrious Girl," whom we almost felt disposed to help thread her needle; also with a head, over which is thrown a thin veil so beautifully cut in the marble that a friend at our side took it for muslin itself. Christ and his Apostles show to poor advantage in so narrow a space. To view them in anything like a favorable light, they must not be approached too nearly. They will appear finely in the place for which they are designed. The paintings are not yet suspended; but the same truth will hold good in reference to them. It will be well to remember the old proverb, "The finest goods are often in the smallest parcels"—"*often*," remember, but not *always*.

The Crystal Palace at New-York is smaller than the one at London, covering only one-fifth of the space; but so economically arranged as

to have at least one-third its capacity. Externally, it is said to be far better proportioned and more pleasing to the eye. In the interior it will compare favorably, although not adorned with stately elms or a glass fountain. It contains some fourteen hundred square feet on the floor, and when completed and well-arranged will hold twenty-five thousand persons without inconvenience or pressure. Its frame-work is entirely of iron, which, being filled in with glass, except the roofs and part of the dome, gives it a light, beautiful, and airy appearance. The main building is in the form of a cross; but the exterior angles made by the cross are so filled up that on the ground it is nearly octagonal in form, if we may except the addition not yet completed, which makes another transept on the side nearest the Reservoir. It is approached on Sixth Avenue, Fortieth and Forty-Second-streets by flights of steps which conduct you to entrances each twenty-seven feet wide. These entrances open into the principal naves and aisles of the building. The intersection of the naves at the centre leaves an open space one hundred feet in diameter, whence rises the dome, beneath which stands a colossal figure of Washington. One hundred and ninety cast-iron columns on the ground sustain girders for the gallery floor, whence one hundred and forty-eight other columns rise to support the roof.

That which most attracts attention is the dome. Its diameter is one hundred feet, and its height to the crown of the arch one hundred and twenty-three feet, and is the largest ever erected in the United States. It is supported by twenty-four columns, which rise beyond the second story to a height of sixty-two feet above the principal floor. The painting of the interior of the dome is splendid beyond description. The rays from a golden sun at the centre descend between the latticed ribs; and arabesques of white and blue, relieved by silver stars, surround the openings. The building presents to the eye on entering it a most beautiful aspect, and when well-filled with articles for exhibition, as it will be before the issue of this number, the visitor may expect that even a general glance will repay him for a visit. Days and weeks might be spent with profit in minutely examining the multiplied objects of interest that will present themselves. We may expect a splendid collection of minerals, and not less so of the raw material of every kind produced in such variety through our extensive country—also, numerous contrivances of Yankee ingenuity for producing from the raw material every manner of fabric—the useful and the ornamental. Such is the great exhibition as we have seen it to-day.

Not the least interesting feature of the occasion is that it is "*of all nations*." What a beautiful manifestation of the principles of peace! What a glorious rivalry is this! What heroes! The laurel, at least for a while, is to rest upon the brow of the artisan, and the strife is to be for the mastery in all that will promote the happiness and elevate the character of man. It is as if the world had already begun to "*beat its swords into plowshares and its spears into pruning-hooks*." Glorious are the triumphs of peace!



## EDUCATION.

THE season for collegiate and academical anniversaries has just passed, and the subject of Education may therefore well occupy a page of our editorial. It will be conceded that no nation may safely neglect its schools and academies; but in a *republic*, where every man exerts his measure of influence in all questions of public moment, it is of the first consequence that the people be enlightened. Our statesmen have been alive to this great national interest. A most liberal policy has therefore been adopted in regard to our common schools, and our academies have received a measure of attention from the State, and something has been done from the public treasury to establish and sustain institutions of the highest grade. We will venture to affirm, however, that the government has failed, in this last respect, to do what the necessity of the case requires. Before we shall have reached the goal, two objects, it would seem to us, must be accomplished: first, these institutions must be elevated, until they occupy their proper position as seminaries of the highest grade; and, secondly, the tuition must be made as it is in our common schools—*gratuitous*.

With regard to the first of these, it will be apparent that few of our colleges or universities really deserve the name. The university differs from the college but in the extent of its course of study: the first embracing everything in the wide range of science, the other properly restricted to those studies which develop the intellect without reference to any particular profession or pursuit in life, a liberal knowledge of which entitles the student to the Baccalaureate degree. But in either case, there should be the most extensive opportunities furnished for the attainment of knowledge in the studies pursued. The professorships should be filled with men devoted to a single science. They should not be required to teach a multitude of branches, of most of which their knowledge, to say the least, cannot be superior. A professor of intellectual and moral philosophy may teach international law, but he cannot be expected to excel in that study; it is not his chosen branch. A professor of chemistry may teach ancient history, but every observing student will feel there is a deficiency. The only remedy for such evils is to enlarge the faculties of our colleges. Every student should feel that he is reciting to a master in his profession. He would thus be taught not only by books, but by an example

ever before him, of the loftiest attainments in every given science. But the faculty does not alone constitute the true idea of a college. There must be libraries, cabinets, laboratories, apparatus, so ample and complete that any branch professed to be taught might be pursued to its utmost limit. Such opportunities should be afforded for investigation, that resident graduates, now hardly known in our institutions, would be multiplied forty-fold—tarrying within the academic walls to perfect themselves in branches necessarily somewhat slightly treated in a regular course. This would produce scholars who might be deemed as having arrived at the full stature of men of science. What multitudes now flourish as Bachelors of Arts, whose right to the title you would question, did you not read it on a parchment nearly as unintelligible to them, perhaps, as if written in Chinese!

We would, in the next place, have collegiate education free. In this way only can the sons of the poor obtain it. An instance here and there occurs of some dauntless spirit over-riding all difficulties, and seizing his parchment in triumph; but most of such cases terminate in broken spirits and ruined health. Indeed, there is an untold history connected with most that graduate. The best students are from the middling classes of society. The divans of luxury are ill adapted to the toils of a student. The money expended in obtaining a collegiate education comes generally from the workshop or the farm. It is the hard earnings, the savings of a family ambitious to gratify the longings of one of their number for a liberal education. None but themselves know the toils, the sacrifices, the schemes, and the tears which were the price at which these dollars were saved. Why should it be so? Let the doors of our colleges be thrown wide open to the poor. Let the very best facilities for an education be put within the reach of the humblest of our citizens. To such a noble position the public eye has not yet been fully directed; but the heart of a philanthropist here and there, among the rich, beats high with hope.

We cannot but rejoice in the munificent gifts of private purses to so desirable an object. It is well that the friends of sound education have seized this moment so auspicious—when gold is plenty—to lay up some of it in an endowment for the cause of education.

The Western College Society, we perceive, has raised in the East for the past nine years an average of \$24,035 37 per year, and a still larger amount was raised at the West, all of which has been appropriated to aid eleven different institutions. A benevolent merchant of Providence, R. I., has recently offered to be one of twenty individuals to give the society \$1,000 during the current year, or one of the same number to give \$1,000 annually for five years. Most enviable will be the privilege of the twenty who may have the pecuniary ability and the heart to perform so noble a service to the cause of Christian learning at the West!

The institution, a cut of which heads our article, was first opened for instruction in 1832. It was brought into existence under a broad and generous policy which inspired the highest

hopes for its prosperity and usefulness. Strange and unexpected misfortunes befell it, and it was left in a most languishing and pitiable condition. The labors of its late honored chancellor were successful in removing a portion of the debt, amounting, we hear, to \$100,000. A public meeting was called, in February last, to consider the affairs of the University, at which they received a new impulse. The council who had abandoned the government of the institution resumed their authority. The Rev. Dr. Ferris, for sixteen years a pastor in the city, and honorably known in educational matters, was elected chancellor. Vigorous efforts were made to save the institution from impending ruin. To the joy of its friends, the remaining \$10,000 of debt has been subscribed, and the institution now bids fair to rise to its promised importance. We bid its friends God speed!

President Frelinghuysen, of Rutgers' College, has also been in this city, seeking to extend the facilities already afforded by that venerable institution for thorough education, and we trust has not found his calls in vain.

Genesee College, at Lima, is, we trust, laying broad and deep plans for future usefulness.

The Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., although bereft of its eloquent president, Dr. Olin, some two years since, seems not to have faltered in its onward career. Five noble spirits in the city of Boston have offered to give \$4,000 each to endow a professorship, on the sole condition that New-York shall do likewise. It cannot be that the merchant princes of our metropolis will not take up this gauntlet! The labors of Dr. Olin realized to this institution, as the treasurer's books show, about the sum of \$45,000. If Dr. Smith, his successor, can but secure \$40,000 more, the affairs of the institution are beyond embarrassment.

We have heard it suggested in certain quarters that Columbia College, of this city, is so circumstanced that she may, ere long, throw open her doors for a free collegiate course. Already her endowment is ample, but the grounds so long occupied by that institution have become immensely valuable. A site more agreeable might be obtained for an almost nominal sum, and the present location, if put into market, would yield an additional endowment so ample that she could well afford to throw open her doors, and require no test but merit to obtain her honors. We can hardly predict what might be the result of such a movement on the interests of education in general, but we firmly believe it would prove the morning-star of a brighter day; and the denomination of Christians most interested in the institution itself would be amply compensated by additions, without parallel, to the number of its men of science and its ministry.

Union College, at Schenectady, has been rapidly increasing the facilities for an education within its walls, and others must do likewise or suffer the consequences. But the friends of education may rejoice in the prospect that the State will soon see its true interest, in putting the means of thorough education within the reach of all who may wish to secure it.

An impression has been made upon the public mind that the advantages of these institu-

tions are confined to the rich, and that every attempt to draft upon the public treasury for their endowment or support, is a wrong committed upon the tax-payer, often comparatively poor, to provide a luxury for the rich. If this were so, it is time that the appropriations to colleges were so liberal as to make them accessible to the poorest. But it is not so. Read the annals of lofty genius and scholarship in our land, and indeed in other lands, and it will be found that poverty is well represented. We have said the luxuries and ease purchased by wealth are poorly adapted to the toils of the student. But, on the other hand, the struggles of the poor—the necessary energy expended in meeting the pressing wants of nature—the continual tax upon the mind, levied by their outward circumstances, all fit them for the labors of the scholar. Their very poverty becomes a schoolmaster to bring them to fame and usefulness. We plead, then, for the poor when we plead for our universities. We advocate a great leveling system, not by dragging the wealthy down to a level with the poor, but by elevating the poor, as far as may be, to the privileges enjoyed by wealth. All cannot be professional men, but a much greater number may be liberally educated than at present. We see no reason why the farmer or mechanic should not have the greatest privileges in this respect. If the advantages of a superior education were more general, our State Legislatures would not exhibit so many instances of a narrow, ignoble policy. Our circles of prayer, and our meetings for exhortation, would present us with more elevated exercises; and men would be everywhere found for the religious and political exigencies that are ever recurring. All the world would be better. Then let the sun of science shine for all!

Professor Faraday, the great electrician, has seemingly solved the mystery of "table turning," not, however, as we imagine, of "table lifting." Many heretofore wonderful phenomena are explained by the learned professor's experiments, even to the satisfaction of the operators themselves; but many more remain unexplained. His patient and philosophical investigations have done much, if they but encourage the study of these mysteries. Hitherto all has been assumption—some claiming these manifestations to be spiritual, others electrical, and still others a wicked deception. We rejoice that a man of science has devoted to this subject his time and attention, until a portion, at least, of the mystery is satisfactorily unraveled. The time, we trust, is not far distant when the whole matter will forever be put at rest.

"Assuming that the tables were moved by a quasi involuntary muscular action of the operator, the professor's first point was to prevent the mind having any undue influence over the effects produced in relation to the nature of the substances employed. A bundle of plates, consisting of sandpaper, millboard, glue, glass, plastic clay, tin foil, cardboard, gutta percha, vulcanized India rubber, wood, and resinous cement, was therefore made up and tied together, and being placed on a table under the hand of a turner, did not prevent the transmission of the power—the table turned as before. Hence no objection could be taken to the use of these substances in the construction of apparatus. The next point was to determine the place and source of motion; that is to say, whether the table moved the hand or the hand the table.



To ascertain this, indicators were constructed. One of these consisted of a light lever, having its fulcrum on the table, its short arm attached to a pin fixed on a cardboard, which could slip on the surface of the table, and its long arm projecting as an index of motion. It is evident that if the experimenter willed the table to move toward the left, and it did so move before the hands placed at the time on the cardboard, then the index would move to the left also, the fulcrum going with the table. If the hands involuntarily moved toward the left without the table, the index would go toward the right; and if neither table nor hands moved, the index would itself remain immovable. The result was, that while the operator saw the index it remained very steady; while it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it wavered about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downward, and when the table did not move, there was still unwittingly a resultant of hand-force in the direction it was wanted to make the table move. This resultant of hand-force increases as the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible, by continued pressure, till it becomes an amount sufficient to move the table. But the most curious effect of this test apparatus is the corrective power it possesses over the mind of the table-turner. As soon as the index is placed within view, and the operator perceives that it tells truly whether he is pressing downward only or obliquely, then all effects of table turning ceases, even though the operator persevere till he becomes weary and worn out."

In July last Professor Charles Caldwell breathed his last, at his residence in the city of Louisville, Kentucky. He was probably the oldest practising physician in the United States, being ninety years of age, and had attained great celebrity both as a writer and teacher. He wrote most valuable papers on Quarantines, Malaria, and Temperaments; also treatises on Physical Education, the Unity of the Human Race, and Phrenology, of the last of which he is considered a champion. His *Tribute to Fisher Ames*, in Rees' *Encyclopædia*, (Am. Ed.) is almost unrivalled. Quite recently he published a paper on Liebig's Theory of Animal Heat, that is said to have left neither root nor branch of the German professor's scheme. He occupied, for a long time, a chair in the Transylvania School of Medicine, and afterward became one of the founders of the school at Louisville. He was a man of great physical proportions, and in the earlier part of his life could readily spend sixteen or eighteen hours per day in intellectual labor. We understand an autobiography of this remarkable man is prepared, and will, no doubt, soon be published with other posthumous papers.

The present number of the NATIONAL has been edited exclusively by the Rev. J. M. Reid. Mr. Reid will have entire editorial charge of the work for the time being, as the other official duties of the editor require almost continual absence.

A. S.

*Ourself.*—Has the reader, expecting to meet a single friend, ever found himself suddenly ushered into the presence of a large and smiling company? If so, he will remember in what blank confusion he stood in their presence, and will sympathize with us. At the beginning we had no expectation that we should be known to the readers of the NATIONAL. We had hoped simply to supply the editor's necessary lack of service, and that the few numbers we should issue would so far fall under his inspection as to be adopted as his own. But zeal for a glorious

enterprise has eaten him up, and pressing duties, connected therewith, have so entirely withdrawn him from the office, that for a few months the Magazine is to be issued under the sole direction of another; but let us console ourselves with the thought that it is but for a little while; and none will be more anxious than the acting editor to find Mr. Stevens once more in the chair which few, or none, can fill like him. If we have erred in daring to occupy, even for a season, the place so honorably filled by the editor of the NATIONAL, we are but a frightful example of the consequences of a first wrong step. We had no intention of being where we are; but the first step taken, all the rest seemed naturally and necessarily to follow. We confess there was a drop or two of selfishness mingled with our decision, first made, to be the helper of Mr. S. True, we had tried an editorial chair before, but never to such readers as those of the NATIONAL. We fancied their acquaintance, and for the pleasure and profit we hope to derive from it, we did not decline the opportunity to make it—all that we reserved for ourselves was the hoped-for "income." Now, however, the introduction is complete. The charm which would have been associated with the idea that the monthly repast was served, as usual, by the excellent editor, is dispelled. We almost fear that, on this account, many will partake of it with the less relish; but, as we before said, pity our embarrassment—judge us kindly—wait a while, a little while, and then—

In the mean time let our friends and patrons labor diligently for the success of the Magazine. Its religious character will, of course, withdraw from it the sympathies of many who have no taste for heavenly things. On this very account, as the friends of a periodical of the highest literary character and most generous religious sentiments, we should rally for its support. Let every man bring his man, and the publishers will rejoice in double their present list.

*Complaint and remedy.*—We "go in" for the following suggestion of an editorial confrere, proposed as a "safe and sure" remedy for all complaints in reference to the garments worn by ministers. We believe it will prove a specific. Let the "croakers" just try it.

"Let every one who finds fault with the dress worn by a minister make him a present of just such a coat, vest, pants, hat, boots, or shoes, as he—the sender—thinks he ought to wear. Let the minister receive all these presents kindly, and wear them by turns, changing them frequently; and if he does not please everybody, the fault will be neither his nor the donor's. That is our plan."

*To our Correspondents.*—The article on De Gama, although rather long, we hope to use, and for it thank J. G.

"Death" will appear in our next.

We shall hope to hear from "W. H. M." again. Our next will contain his sketch of Dr. P.

We should like to see "Joseph Lynwood," or hear from her.

*Errata.*—In the article entitled "The Cloud with a Silver Lining" in our last, for "forest looking," read "foreign looking;" and for "their charities had secured them friends," read "their characters had," &c.



## Book Notices.

*The Annotated Paragraph Bible, according to the Authorized Version, arranged in Paragraphs and Parallelisms, with Explanatory Notes, Prefaces to the Several Books, and an entirely New Selection of References to Parallel and Illustrative Passages. Vol. I, from Genesis to Solomon's Song.* O. B. Norton, 71 Chambers-street. This edition of the Bible promises to be highly creditable to the publishers, and very beneficial to the Christian public. While the versification and division into chapters is retained in the margin, the arrangement into paragraphs is a decided improvement, and the maps and illustrations are fine; and, together with the whole manual execution, will render it a most pleasant and useful Bible for family and daily reading.

The seventh volume of Coleridge's Works, completing the edition of the *Harpers*, contains his poetical and dramatic writings, upon which, after all his erudite and more elaborated efforts, rests, chiefly, his claim to immortality. The author of "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner" will be a household name with many who will die in ignorance of his more profound and philosophical works. But it is too late in the day to criticise Coleridge; he is now one of the classics of the language, and the fine edition just completed will give him admittance to many a family for the first time.

*A Compendium of the Gospels*, by James Strong, A. M., is a most valuable book for Sunday schools, Bible classes, and private use. In a little over 200 pages 24mo. it furnishes us with "every fact and doctrine of the Four Gospels, in a connected and chronological order, in the words of the authorized version, according to the arrangement of the author's 'Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels.'" This work will be a treasure to parents and teachers who desire to impart a thorough knowledge of the Four Gospels as a connected history. Directions for using it as a book of instruction are appended, and with the "Questions on the Gospel History," and the larger work of the author in the hands of the teacher, we may hope great good will result from its general use. It is published by Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York, in a very neat style, and sold at 30 cents.

*Father Brighthopes; or, an Old Gentleman's Vacation*, by Paul Croyton. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co., 1853. (275 pp. 24mo.) This is a well-told little tale of every-day life, showing the influence of an amiable, happy spirit upon a disunited, wretched family. Its moral is very good, and the interest of the story sustained. For the same reason that we would omit profanity, we would omit all improper by-words in a narrative for children. Hence we would object to such expressions as "blast it all," even to sustain a character.

Bangs, Brother & Co. have favored us with another of those fine works from Bohn's Scientific Library, published in London, and for which they are the agents in this country, *The Coin-Collector's Manual*. It has above one

hundred and fifty illustrations on wood and steel, contains a historical and critical account of the origin and progress of coinage, from the earliest period to the fall of the Roman Empire, as also of modern Europe, with much other information valuable to almost everybody.

*The Right Way; or, Practical Lectures on the Decalogue*, by Rev. J. T. Crane, A. M., (276 pp. 12mo.,) is one of the very best of books. It is both instructive and interesting. Published by Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street.

*An Essay on the Pastoral Office, as Exemplified in the Economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, by Rev. J. H. Wythes, M. D., is a clear and concise defense of the Methodist polity in reference to its ministry. It is only 110 pages 24mo., but contains the sum of the whole argument on that side of the question. It may be regarded as controversial, but that feature scarcely appears in its pages.

We have received *The History of Princeton, Worcester Co., Mass., Civil and Ecclesiastical, from its First Settlement in 1739 to April, 1852*, by Jeremiah Lyford Hanaford. Worcester: C. B. Webb. We rejoice to see the details of our country's history thus collected in the different counties and towns, and the task of Mr. H. seems to have been well done.

*The Methodist Quarterly Review* for July has long been on our table, but was overlooked. Its contents are, as usual, rich in all excellence. They consist of—

- I. The Bacon of the 19th century.
- II. Strong's Harmony of the Gospels, by Rev. G. B. Clark, A. M.
- III. Daniel Boone, by Professor Wentworth.
- IV. Socrates, by Rev. T. V. Moore.
- V. Exposition of 1 Cor. iii, 1-17, by Rev. B. R. Hale.
- VI. The Heathen and Mediæval Civilization of Ireland, by J. O. Dublin.
- VII. The Signs of the Times.
- VIII. Father Reeves.
- IX. Miscellaneous.
- X. Short Reviews and Notices of Books.
- XI. Religious and Literary Intelligence.

*Slavery and the Church*, by William Hosmer, (Auburn: William J. Moses, 1853,) is a 12mo. volume of 200 pages, embodying in a permanent form the author's views on that subject, as recently expressed in the *Northern Christian Advocate*, of which he is editor. It is in three parts:—The first discusses "the moral character of slavery;" the second, "the relation of slavery to the Church;" and the third, "the duty of the Church" in the premises. It announces in unmistakable terms that slavery is a great sin under all circumstances, sanctioned neither by the Old nor New Testament, and is never an act of benevolence or the result of necessity. It further claims that neither slaves nor slaveholders can be Christians, and that the evil cannot exist in the Church; that it is therefore the duty of the Church to seek its extirpation, not only from its own bosom, but from

the world. This duty, it is claimed, is demanded by an impartial discipline, and is essential to the unity and peace of the Church and the evangelization of the world. All this, however, must be viewed in the light of the author's definitions and distinctions, to obtain which the entire volume must be read.

*The Ladies' Repository* for August has arrived, and is a capital number. The editor, Dr. Clarke, has recently visited the East, and, true to his new profession, has gathered material which will add fresh interest to this excellent monthly. His article on Greenwood is fine. So is Dr. Peck's article on Woman. The editorials are racy and interesting, and the engravings excellent.

*A Manual of Biblical Literature*, by W. P. Strickland, D. D. (12mo., 404 pp.) This is an attempt to bring the substance of many large and costly volumes into one so cheap that all may read it. It treats of Biblical philology, criticism, exegesis, analysis, archaeology, ethnography, history, chronology, and geography. The field embraced is wide, but the book is sufficiently extensive on each point to answer the purposes of all ordinary readers. It is interesting in style, free from technicalities, and well adapted for popular use. The student and the candidate for the ministry will regard it as a most excellent elementary treatise on Biblical literature. (Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street.) Price 80 cents.

*The Last Leaf from Sunny-Side*. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 1853. There was a charm in this book to us, seeing that it was from the pen of the gifted and lamented author of "A Peep at Number Five," "Tell-Tale," "Sunny-Side," &c. We moreover expected from its title-page that it would unfold another chapter of pastoral life; but in this last we were mistaken. It is a volume containing four tales, "The Puritan Family," "The Cloudy Morning," "The Country Cousins," and "The Night after Christmas," all of them in the author's happy style. The whole is prefaced by a memorial of some one hundred pages of the author by her husband, Rev. Austin Phelps. It is a touching tribute to her literary merit, and her worth as a Christian, a wife, and a mother. Every reader will not subscribe to all the theological sentiments of this memorial, but all will read it with interest and profit.

*The Ship-Builder's Manual and Nautical Reference*, by John W. Griffiths, *Marine Architect and Practical Ship-Builder*, author of "Theory and Practice blended in Ship-Building," illustrated with tables and engravings. William Stevenson, Agent, 333 Broadway, New-York. We have received the first six numbers of this excellent work in quarto size, large and beautiful type. In the present volume it is the author's purpose to furnish a scale of dimensions in detail for all descriptions of vessels, not only in the construction of the hull, but in the spars, rigging, sails, anchors, &c., in tabular form. We cannot doubt that this is a work of the first order in its kind.

We have also received from Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau-street, New-York, seven numbers of the *Works of Shakespeare*, reprinted from the

newly-discovered copy of the folio of 1632, in possession of J. Payne Collier, containing nearly twenty thousand manuscript corrections, with a history of the stage to the time, a life of the poet, &c., by J. Payne Collier F. S. A.; to which are added glossarial and other notes, giving the readings of former editions. It is on good paper and in fine large type. It will be a pleasure to read such a copy.

*The Behavior Book*, a manual for ladies, by Miss Leslie, is a book filled with useful suggestions. Let the ladies read it. (Willis P. Hazard, 78 Chestnut-street, Philadelphia.)

*The Australian Crusoes, or the Adventures of an English Settler and his Family in the Wilds of Australia*, by Charles Rowcroft, Esq., a resident magistrate, is a book full of life and incident, and contains some of the best of lessons for those who are afflicted with the gold mania. (W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.)

*Narrative of a Journey round the World*, by F. Gerstaecker. This work comprises a winter passage across the Andes to Chili, with a visit to the gold regions of California and Australia, the South Sea Islands, Java, &c. Like the above, it is a book for the times, and one that we judge will be read with eagerness.

Harper & Brothers have sent us a prime little volume, entitled "The Boyhood of Great Men." (24mo., 385 pp.) It is just the book for the boys, and for men too. By all means get it and read it.

We have also received from the same firm "The Old House by the River," by the author of "The Owl Creek Letters."

*Philosophy and Practice of Faith*, by Lewis P. Olds, is the title of a book just issued by Carlton & Phillips. The work is inscribed to the memory of Dr. Olin, and is no mean tribute to that learned and eloquent divine. We shall hope, in the proper place, to see an extended notice of this excellent work.

Mason & Luce, 23 Park Row, New-York, have sent us another of Prof. Mattison's excellent school books, "A High School Astronomy." It is designed as intermediate between the "Primary Astronomy" and the "Geography of the Heavens." It is "got up" in the best style, with fine illustrations, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it an excellent school-book.

G. P. Putnam & Co. have sent us numbers 1 and 2 of a splendid and original periodical, being an *Illustrated Record of the Crystal Palace Exhibition*, edited by Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., and C. B. Goodrich, Esq. It merits, and we hope may receive, a liberal patronage.

*Pamphlets, &c.*—We have received the following pamphlets, viz.: Seventh Annual Report upon the Common Schools of New-Hampshire, the same being the Third Annual Report of the Board of Education; Ecclesiastical Opposition to the Bible, a serial Sermon, by Thomas H. Stockton; Twenty-First Report of the American Baptist Home Mission Society; Eighth Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; The True Criterion, or the Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked, by Rev. D. S. Wheeling.

## Literary Record.

The Ninety-ninth Annual Commencement of *Columbia College, New-York*, was celebrated at Niblo's Garden, July 27th. A large audience were assembled. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon nineteen young gentlemen.

The Two Hundred and Seventeenth Anniversary of the *Harvard University*, the oldest of American Colleges, was celebrated the 20th July. Graduates, eighty-eight. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on eight gentlemen, that of D. D. on six, and that of A. M. on six also. Glory enough for one day.

The Annual Commencement of *Dickenson College*, Carlisle, Penn., took place on the 14th of July. The speeches of the graduating class are spoken of as "capital." Doctors Thompson, of Ohio, and True, of Conn., delivered addresses during the anniversary exercises. Dr. Collins also delivered his Inaugural. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Frederick Merrick, of Ohio, and Rev. T. V. Moore, of Virginia.

The *Indiana Asbury University* held its anniversary exercises during the second and third weeks of July.

At *Yale College* Commencement, July 28th, the following degrees were confirmed: A. B. was conferred on one hundred and two members of the graduating class; A. M. on seven persons, and the same degree in course, on twenty-nine persons; M. D. was conferred on sixteen persons; LL. B. on thirteen persons, and the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy on six individuals. The Rev. Joseph Walker, President of *Harvard University*, was the only person who received the honorary degree of LL. D. No D. D.'s were conferred. We learn that the veteran chemist, Professor Silliman, resigns his professorship. His son succeeds him.

*Rutger's College*.—The regular Commencement exercises came off at New-Brunswick, July 27th. The attendance was very large. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon the following: Robert L. Waterbury, M. D., and Jared W. Scudder. The honorary degree of D. D. was also awarded to Rev. John F. Mesick, of Harrisburgh, Penn. Number of graduates, twenty-two.

*Dartmouth College* Commencement took place July 28th. A class of fifty were graduated. The great attractions of the week were a eulogy on Daniel Webster, by Hon. Rufus Choate, and orations by Rev. R. S. Storrs, jun., and Hon. Ogden Hoffman.

The Commencement Exercises of the *University of New-York* took place in the latter part of June, and were of more than usual interest, in consequence of the inauguration of the new Chancellor, Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D. Oration by E. P. Whipple; Poem by Rev. John Pierpont. Eleven young men were graduated.

The Commencement Exercises of the *University of Michigan* took place in the last week of June. Professor Haven, formerly of this city, delivered the annual address before the Union Missionary Society of Inquiry. His subject was

the History of Christianity, as developed in the History of Missions. The address excited so much interest that the Society have resolved to publish it. The University expects to re-open in October, with a very large accession to the number of students.

The Commencement Exercises of the *Wesleyan Female College*, Cincinnati, Ohio, took place on the 30th of June. The pupils, faculty, and trustees, met at the college at seven o'clock, P. M. All walked in procession, through Sixth, Main, and Fifth-streets, to Wesley Chapel. The exercises were opened at eight o'clock, and continued till within twenty-five minutes of twelve o'clock. The seats, aisles, and gallery of the chapel were crowded with the friends of the institution, and the public without distinction.

*La Grange College*.—The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. J. W. Hanner, of the Tennessee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at the late commencement of *La Grange College*.

Eight young men were graduated at the recent commencement at *Randolph Macon College*. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. H. G. Leigh and Rev. C. F. Deems, of the North Carolina Conference; and that of A. M. on the Rev. J. E. Edwards, of the Virginia Conference.

The Fourteenth Annual Commencement of *Rutgers Female Institute* was celebrated on Friday last at the Rutger's-street Church. The distribution of premiums was made according to usual custom. The graduating class numbered nineteen. The proceedings terminated with a few remarks from the President.

The Commencement of *Knox College, Illinois*, took place on Sabbath morning, June 19, with the Baccalaureate sermon by President Blanchard. In the afternoon, Rev. Owen Lovejoy addressed the Society of Inquiry. On Monday, nineteen young men were admitted to the freshman class, and others are expected. On Tuesday, Mr. Lovejoy delivered an effective anti-slavery address. On Wednesday, the Society of the Alumni was addressed by Rev. E. G. Smith, of Dover. Commencement day, on Thursday, was fine. Fifteen young men took their first degree with honor, and all delivered orations with credit.

*St. John's College, at Fordham*, has lately held its Eighth Annual Commencement. Father Larkin conferred the degree of A. B. on seven gentlemen, and that of A. M. on twelve.

The *Illinois Conference Female College* held its last Annual Commencement on the sixth of July, at Jacksonville, Illinois.

The Annual Commencement of *Illinois College* took place on July 14th.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Commencement of the *Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute*, a College of Engineers, took place at Troy, July 25th. The degree of C. E. was conferred upon five young gentlemen.

The Annual Commencement of *M'Kendree College*, located at Lebanon, in St. Clair county, Ohio, which took place July 6th, was attended by a large concourse of people from the different parts of the State, and passed off very creditably to all concerned.

The Commencement of *Hamilton College* took place at Utica, July 27th. Eighteen young men graduated.

The Commencement of *Holart Free College* was held at Geneva, N. Y., July 21st. Ten graduates.

*Trinity College* held its last Commencement at Hartford, July 28th. Graduates, seventeen.

The committee of the projected Roman Catholic College at Dublin had received eight hundred pounds sterling, in subscriptions from America.

Karatiguine, the celebrated tragedian, who has been called the Kean of Russia, died recently of cholera at St. Petersburg.

Archbishop Whately, in a letter to William Lloyd Garrison, denies that he is author of a review in the "North British" of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. He says the review is from the pen of a lady, a clergyman's widow in the south of Ireland.

At a recent meeting of the *Geographical Society*, held in this city, various donations of value were acknowledged; among them a copy of the chart of the expedition sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, and a report of the military survey of New-York and vicinity, taken during the Revolution. Dr. J. McCune Smith was then introduced to the audience, who proceeded to read an analysis of some documents relating to the Micronesian Islands, prepared by the Revs. J. T. and H. Gulick, natives of Polynesia, but educated in the United States as missionaries for that region.

From the reports of the treasurers of the three colleges, *Harvard*, *Amherst*, and *Williams*, we learn that the whole amount granted by the State of Massachusetts to these institutions is as follows, viz.: to Harvard, \$215,793 73 in money, and the annuities of the Charles River and West Boston bridges, £200, or \$666 66 each per year, of which the former was for many years discontinued, and the latter has not been paid since 1846. The treasurer states that a little over \$100,000 of the existing resources of the college can be traced to the State, while the productive resources given by individuals, principally since the Revolution, amount to \$750,000, and the reversion of half as much more. To Amherst, \$5,000 for five years, commencing with 1847. To Williams, \$15,500. The earliest grants were made for college buildings.

*Macaulay's History of England* is placed in the Index of forbidden books, by a decree of the Roman Inquisition. The *Scripture Lessons*, published by the British Government for the use of the Irish National School, has met the same fate.

Valuable additions to our Revolutionary History have been obtained recently by Mr. Randall, Secretary of our State, which the Library

Committees of the Senate and Assembly were invited to examine at Albany. Among the manuscripts is the "Treasonable Correspondence found concealed in Major Andre's boot when that officer was searched by his captors, Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart." The papers consist of an enumeration of the number and disposition of the American troops at West Point, and a description of the fortifications, with suggestions in regard to weak and exposed points. There is also the pass from General Arnold, under which Andre, as "Mr. John Smith," was returning to the British camp.

Two brothers, named *Reynolds*, sons of the surgeon at Stoke Newington, carried off each the first prize for English poetry in Cambridge and Oxford Universities on the same day.

All the *District Schools in Indiana* are now free schools. The State Sentinel says that the free schools of Indianapolis went into operation on April 25th. "Previous to the commencement of the free schools," says the Sentinel, "the daily average attendance in all our public schools was three hundred and forty. Now the daily attendance is nearly seven hundred. There were over seven hundred and fifty names registered up to Friday morning; and there is no doubt if the city had more accommodations, we would show an average daily attendance of more than one thousand. Our school-houses are mostly new, and all are one story brick buildings."

We learn that the late exhibition held at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary was no less interesting than its previous anniversaries.

The highest salaries paid to school-teachers in Cincinnati is \$65 per month; that is, a month consisting of four weeks, or twenty days of teaching. This is at the rate of \$780 a year. In Boston the principal school-teachers get \$1,500 a year, the assistants \$1,000, and the ushers or sub-assistants, \$800. A resolution was recently brought up and passed in the School Board increasing the salaries of the principal teachers to \$1,000, and the assistants to \$800; but we understand that it will be reconsidered, and may not yet become a law.

Garratt N. Bleecker, of New-York, and recently deceased, mentioned in his will the Madison University to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. He was one of the original subscribers to the endowment of the University, and subscribed three thousand dollars for that purpose.

To honor the memory of the late Duke of Wellington, a magnificent school is to be established, at which children of army officers are to be admitted free of charge. The queen heads the subscription with \$5,000; Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge (the queen's uncle) follow with \$2,500 each; and there are several subscriptions ranging from \$500 to \$1,000. The entire subscription already amounts to \$400,000, and will probably be increased to \$500,000. Is n't this better than a pyramid of useless granite?

A college for the education of females is about to be erected at Pittsburgh, Pa., at a cost of \$15,000.

## Religious Summary.

THE Society for the Propagation of the *Roman Catholic Church* throughout the world had receipts in 1852 to the amount of 4,790,468 francs, of which France contributed more than one-half. The operations are principally through the means of tracts. The appropriations to different missions are as follows:—In Asia, 1,198,154 francs; America, 958,452; Europe, 678,975; Oceanica, 461,878; Africa, 310,954. The missions in the North of Europe have received 189,100 francs, those of the German Redemptorists 5,000 francs, and those of Switzerland 44,000 francs. The appropriations for the conversion of Scotland amounted to 44,000 francs, and the receipts from that country only to 14,426 francs. The appropriations for England proper are 109,400 francs, the receipts only 72,810. The Society includes members of every age and each sex; it is so organized that each circle of ten members collects three sous a week, which is the regular contribution, and transmits the sum to another branch including ten circles, and so on.

The *Roman Catholics* in the United States have six archbishops, twenty-six bishops, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one priests, one thousand five hundred and forty-five churches, with an estimated population of over two millions. They have thirty-three ecclesiastical seminaries, forty-five literary institutions for young men, and one hundred and two female academies.

The total receipts of the *Presbyterian Board of Missions* the past year were \$153,222 53, being \$8,000 more than the receipts of the previous year. They have missionaries in India, China, Africa, and other distant parts of the world.

The *Baptists* have a flourishing theological seminary at Newton, Mass., where the anniversary exercises were held last week. The most pleasing feature of the day's festivities was the announcement that the endowment of \$100,000 for the seminary was complete, with the exception of \$5,000, and about \$3,000 of this sum was raised on the spot.

*Romanism* is not maintaining its ground in Texas. Some eighteen years ago it was the only religion tolerated by law. Now, it has thirty churches, twenty-five priests, six literary institutions, and an estimated population of thirty thousand; while Protestantism, which eighteen years ago was an illegal heresy, has twenty-seven thousand communicants,—i. e., twelve thousand Methodists, eight thousand Baptists, six thousand Presbyterians, one thousand Episcopalians, and about three hundred thousand adherents among the population.

*Upper Canada Bible Society.*—The anniversary meeting of this Society was held at Toronto on Wednesday evening last. In the absence of the president, Honorable Robert Baldwin, the mayor of the city presided. Interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Sanson, Irvine, Jenkins, and Dr. Caul. The report submitted to the meeting is of a very cheering nature, showing

as it does that this noble institution is not only in a healthy state, but is rapidly increasing in usefulness and efficiency.

At the annual meeting of the *Irish Society of London*, the Marquis of Blandford in the chair, the committee reported that nearly fifty congregations had been gathered from the ranks of Popery by the Society's missionaries, while thousands of the Irish Roman Catholics had embraced the Protestant faith, and many thousands were inquiring into the divinities of the word of God.

*Religion in High Places.*—We rejoice to see it stated, on good authority, that the presidential mansion is a house of prayer. God is constantly recognized at the table; daily social devotions, attendance on Sabbath mornings by all the inmates of the house are maintained, and the blessing of the Most High is thus insured on that distinguished family, if not on the whole land, instead of the malediction uttered against the families that call not on the name of the Lord.

A farewell missionary meeting was recently held in Spring-street Church, to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, who ere this have departed for Ahmednuggur, India, where Mr. B. is stationed as a missionary.

*Novel Decision of a Law Case.*—A lawsuit was lately instituted in Spain, in which the heirs of a rich man sued the Church of Rome for the recovery of money paid under the will of the deceased, to purchase, at the fair market price, twelve thousand masses for his soul. The priests, though they took the money, objected to the labor, and the Pope, at their request, abridged it, pronouncing that twelve masses should be as beneficial as twelve thousand. The counsel for the Church, in answer to the allegation of non-performance of contract, produced the Pope's certificate, that the soul of the deceased had been delivered by the efficacy of the twelve masses. The judge decided, that inasmuch as full value had been received, there was no breach of contract; but intimated that parties about to die had better contract for deliverance with his Satanic majesty, as it could be done much cheaper than with the Pope.

The King of Prussia, on the 15th of March last, issued a public order, directing: "1. That on all marches, the Sabbath, as far as it is practicable, is to be selected as a day of rest for the troops; 2. That in those cases where it is not possible to avoid marching on the Sabbath, care is to be taken that the breaking up for the march shall not interfere with the celebration of divine service; and, 3. That in all such cases the troops do not, in their march through any place, or upon reaching the spot of their destination, create any disturbance of the Sabbath services; for which reason the use and noise of drums or other military music is to be foregone." Such an order is worthy of the sovereign, who, at his own cost, has circulated above two hundred and fifty thousand copies of

the Holy Scriptures, in six different languages, among his troops.

True to its word for this time, *The Freeman's Journal*, the organ of Archbishop Hughes, has made its appearance as a Sunday newspaper. The first number, under the new arrangement, is dated "Sunday morning, July 3, 1853." If *The Freeman* and its friends can have their way, there will soon be as little of the Sabbath left here as there is now in Papal countries.

Quite an encouraging amount of revival spirit is prevailing in the *Methodist Churches of Texas*.

Dr. Cook says the revival in Southern France, and particularly at Nismes, is still progressing.

Dr. Medhurst, the veteran missionary of the London Society in China, who has been engaged, in company with Dr. Bridgman and others, many years in translating the Scriptures into the Chinese language, has announced the final accomplishment of the great task.

The *Mormons of Malmea*, in Norway, have been summoned by the Minister of Justice to appear before the Court of Lund, to answer the numerous charges reported against them. They are twenty in number. Their chiefs, three priests of that sect, have been accused of many infamies and sent to prison.

The *Methodists of Cincinnati* recently commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of their first church organization in that city, resolving unanimously to contribute \$50,000 to three objects, viz.: 1. About \$6,000 to put the German churches out of debt; 2. About \$10,000 or \$12,000 for the Female College; and, 3. The remainder, or about \$32,000, for the Sunday Schools and church extension among the needy.

Of the two millions of inhabitants in the *Canadas*, nine hundred and forty thousand belong to the Catholic religion, and one million and sixty thousand to the Protestant, showing nearly eleven Protestants to nine Catholics. The latter have gained five hundred and sixty thousand in thirty years, the former nine hundred and twenty thousand. The Catholics have more than doubled their number, but the Protestants have increased theirs more than sevenfold.

*Colored communicants* in the South number largely. A cotemporary makes the following statements:—There are about one hundred and fifty thousand colored members of the Southern Methodist Church, one hundred and twenty thousand in the Baptist, ten thousand in the Presbyterian, and in other churches about twenty thousand—making a total of three hundred thousand.

Rev. J. T. Bowen, Rev. J. H. Lacy, and Rev. J. S. Dennard, Baptist Missionaries to Central Africa, with their wives, embarked at Boston for Lagos on Wednesday, 6th instant.

The *Moravians* on the Continents of Europe and America do not number above twenty thousand souls, yet they have gathered, through their missionaries, not less than seventy thousand persons into Christian congregations in foreign lands. At Labrador, nearly the whole of the natives had been Christianized there;

and at Surinam, out of thirteen missionaries, eleven had died of the yellow fever. Yet there was no lack of laborers for God. During the last eleven years, the congregations at Surinam had risen from ten thousand to seventeen thousand persons. It might be estimated that one-fourth were communicants. In the West Indies the congregations numbered about forty thousand persons, principally negroes, and there were upward of two thousand children in their schools. Two training schools had been established for the education of native teachers. It was seldom that one taught in their schools left the path of rectitude. The Moravians have seventy missionary stations and two hundred and eighty-six missionaries in the world, and these are sustained for the trifling expense of about \$60,000.

We see it stated in a New-Haven paper that the action of the New-Haven Railroad Company, in relation to the Sunday mails, meets the approbation of the public in Connecticut. There is a strong feeling in opposition to the running of trains on the Sabbath.

*Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada*.—The thirtieth annual conference of this branch of the Methodist Church has lately been held in the city of Hamilton. After deducting the losses occasioned by deaths, removals, expulsions, &c., the increase over the past year amounted to about twenty-five hundred.

The increase of *Sabbath schools in Great Britain* is an exceedingly hopeful aspect of the religious state of that country. According to a recent Parliamentary return, in 1818, when the population of England and Wales was 11,642,683, the number of Sunday schools was 5,463, with 477,225 scholars. In 1851, when the population had increased to 17,927,000, there were 23,498 Sunday schools, with 2,407,409 scholars. A great moral impression is, by these multitudinous schools, making upon the British mind, that will not be without effect on the future of that country.

A comprehensive union of all the associations for promoting temperance, and of those desirous of an anti-liquor law, not connected with Temperance Societies, has been undertaken in Canada West, under missionary auspices. It is called the Canada Prohibitory Liquor Law League; and the Association has begun its service by offering a premium of £25 for the best essay on the nature and objects of the League, embracing full and valuable statistical information upon the extent, expense, and results of the liquor traffic in Canada. Rev. Dr. Rycerson, Professor Lillie, and Professor Taylor, are the adjudicators.

*American Colonization Society*.—The receipts of this society, during one month ending June 20, were \$6,542, including a donation of \$5,000 from David Hunt, Esq., of Rodney, Mississippi, and another of \$200 from Dr. Stephen Duncan, of Natchez, Mississippi.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, pastor of the recently organized church of Deaf Mutes in this city, at the annual examination of the New-York Institution received from the pupils a beautiful present of books. Mr. Morehouse made the presentation.



## Arts and Sciences.

At a meeting of the *Society of Antiquaries*, England, Jonathan Gooding, Esq., of Southwold, exhibited a medal by Albert Durer, bearing date 1508, with Albert Durer's monogram. It represents a female bust nearly to the shoulders, the head thrown back, but looking upward. The original drawing for this medal is preserved in the British Museum. The lady represented was Albert Durer's wife. In the Museum there is also a copy of this medal with a reverse, which this has not: it is supposed that the reverse was probably attached to the medal at some subsequent period. Mr. Gooding also exhibited the matrices of two seals, a weight of a quarter noble, and several farthing tokens of the reign of James I. and Charles I., found near Southwold.

The *Chicago Tribune* mentions a machine in that city which splits and shaves, not saws, shingles. The shingle trade of Chicago is enormous, amounting, last year, to over seventy-seven millions. The increase, we are told, this year, thus far, has been twenty-five per cent., and it is presumed that this year's business will exceed one hundred millions.

Mr. Hewitt communicated an account of the monster cannon preserved at Edinburgh Castle, known as Mons. Meg, and formerly at the Tower of London, whence it was conveyed back to Scotland, by order of George IV., in 1829. This extraordinary piece of ancient ordnance closely resembles the huge bombard at Ghent, supposed to be the same which is mentioned by Froissart. Mons. Meg is first named in the reign of James IV., having been used at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489; but tradition affirms that the piece existed long prior to that time. The construction is very curious; long bars of iron are welded together, like the staves of a cask, and strongly hooped with welded iron; the length is upward of fifteen feet, and the enormous weight rendered this cannon almost unmanageable in the field. It has been supposed, with much probability, that it was fabricated at Mons, in Flanders, whence James II., King of Scots, imported in 1460, as chroniclers have recorded, a celebrated bombard, called the Lion.

The *Milwaukee Sentinel* says that Mr. S. D. Carpenter, late of the *Madison Democrat*, has succeeded in inventing a new printing-press which has some very great improvements. Three of its prominent features are these: *First*, it feeds itself, and does it perfectly. *Second*, it works both sides of the sheet at once; the half-cylinder rocking to and fro, printing one side of the sheet as the bed-plate moves forward, and the other side as it comes back. The register, too, is as accurate as machinery can make it. *Third*, the press registers its own work; a clock face, with hands on the side, showing at each moment the number of sheets, as well as the number of tokens worked off.

The total value of India-rubber goods made in the United States approaches \$10,000,000

per year, and this enormous trade may be said to have sprung up since 1844, as, previous to that date, there were very few manufacturing factories working at a profit.

A very superior marble has lately been discovered in the south of Somerset county, Pa., on the route of the Pittsburgh and Cornellsville Railroad.

At the last annual meeting of the *American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, held in Boston, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—Jacob Bigelow, M. D., President; Professor Daniel Treadwell, Vice-President; Professor Asa Gray, Corresponding Secretary; Samuel Kneeland, Jr., Recording Secretary; Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, M. D., Librarian; Edward Wigglesworth, Esq., Treasurer. This is one of the oldest incorporated institutions in the United States, having been founded in 1780. It has numbered among its fellows and associates the most eminent gentlemen in various departments of science, both at home and abroad. Its memoirs have embraced a large number of valuable papers, and their publication has given it a high reputation. It possesses a valuable library, now numbering about 8,000 volumes, which is kept at the rooms of the academy at the Athenaeum Building, in Beacon-street.

The *Rochester American* says that an examination of the sun, by Professor Dewey, of the University, through his reflecting telescope, disclosed a large number of spots on its surface. One of them was 12,000 miles in diameter. An archipelago of spots was discovered, which, if united, would cover an area 40,000 miles long.

An English paper states that a dissertation, lately read before the *Royal Society* by Mr. Toynbee, contains some particulars interesting to deaf people. Much of the deafness that occurs is found to be caused by an aperture having formed in the drum of the ear; in such cases, if an artificial drum, made of vulcanized India-rubber or gutta-percha, be introduced, the cavity is again closed, and the power of hearing is considerably restored. It is hardly necessary to add that the old notion about certain little bones beating on the tympanum drum-wise are altogether fallacious.

*Spots on the Sun.*—Another proof of the unusual condition of celestial phenomena this season has come to light. Dr. Forster, in making some observations on the sun with a large achromatic telescope, discovered a long cluster of dark spots on the solar disk, not much in figure unlike one of the elongated *nebulae*. This remarkable congeries of macula was widest in the middle, with one spot much larger than the rest: there was also another distinct and nearly circular spot at some distance from the rest.

A resolution has been passed by the Common Council of Detroit, tendering to Hiram Powers, the great American Sculptor, the hospitality of the city. The resolution was of a highly complimentary character.

*Mr. Benjamin Hardinge, of Cincinnati*, has made a valuable discovery in synthetic chemistry, by which he is enabled to produce an artificial marble from common pebbles and sand. It is said he is about to erect in or near that city a model palace, to be built entirely of marble and precious stones.

Seven thousand dollars have been appropriated by the corporation of *Trinity Church, N. Y.*, for the construction of a monument to the memory of those American soldiers and citizens who died in the English prison-ships in the Revolution. It is to be built of carved brown-stone, and its height will be seventy-three feet. The base will be fifteen feet square, and be placed at the top of a series of steps twenty-four feet square at the bottom. It was proposed to have a figure of Washington, in a niche. A cenotaph, surmounted by appropriate military emblems, is also suggested as a good design. Messrs. Wills and Dudley are the architects, and the style of the monument will be similar to the monumental crosses of England.

The monument to be erected at Tarrytown to the captors of *Major Andre* is to consist of three blocks of marble, with a shaft forty feet in height, on which a suitable inscription will be engraved.

An *Italian artist*, who prefers the West Rutland marble in Vermont to that of his own country, has ordered from Rome two blocks weighing one ton each, for the purpose of making a test.

*A New Discovery in Photography*.—A Swedish artist, Carleman, has made a discovery, which he calls photochromography. By this new application of photography he is enabled to take from three hundred to four hundred copies per day, and the various objects are represented in their natural colors. Herr Carleman will take out a patent in Germany without delay. Should this new art succeed, it will revolutionize lithography and engravings.

We learn from Munich, that a few days ago two gigantic statues were cast in bronze in one entire piece in the royal foundry of that city. M. Miller superintended the difficult operation. It is the first time the thing has been attempted, the custom having heretofore been to cast large statues in different portions, and to weld them together afterward. The production of them in one complete mass is an immense progress in the casting art. One of the two statues is an equestrian one of Gustavus Adolphus, and is destined to be placed in the principal square of Gottenburg, in Sweden; the other is of Patrick Henry, one of the founders of the United States Independence, and is to form part of the gigantic monument to be erected to Washington.

Robert Lemon, Esq., exhibited at the *Society of Antiquaries*, in London, on the 17th ult., an oil-painting in his possession, presumed to be a portrait of the poet Milton. It had formerly the poet's name in an old hand, written at the back upon the canvas, but which, upon the re-lining of the picture a few years ago, was removed. Mr. Lemon, in illustration of this portrait, presented the copy of a letter preserved

among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, (No. 7003, fol. 116,) from Mr. George Vertue to Mr. Charles Christian, dated Aug. 12, 1721, describing an interview between Vertue and Deborah Milton, the poet's youngest daughter, in which she repudiated a supposed portrait of her father then shown to her, "it being of a brown complexion and black hair and curled locks. On the contrary, (she said,) her father was of a fair complexion, a little red in his cheeks, and light-brown lank hair;" a description which Mr. Lemon considered closely to tally with the portrait before the Society.

The Dean of Exeter exhibited before the *Archæological Institute*, London, a drawing of the fresco-painting, representing the Resurrection, lately discovered in Exeter Cathedral. The whitewash has been carefully removed, and the painting is a work of considerable merit, apparently of the fifteenth century. The principal figures measure about five feet in height.

*Alexander Humboldt* has written a letter, in which he advocates the construction of an oceanic canal, without locks, across the Isthmus of Darien, having reference to points on the Gulf of San Miguel and Cupica.

A. G. Findlay, Esq., recently read a paper before the *Society of Arts*, London, on the Proposed Central American Canal, and its Relations to Commerce. The object of this paper was, to show the peculiarity of the geographical position of the American Isthmus, and, consequently, the peculiarity of its climate, and some hitherto unnoticed influences in the current systems which center here, and which bear most strongly upon any system of navigation;—then, to show what new fields for commercial enterprise it will open, and what existing advantages it will increase.

*The London Record* of the 30th ult. says: An expedition, to test with care the mineral resources of Greenland, has been arranged to start from Portsmouth this week. A yacht, of two hundred and seventeen tons, called the *Dolphin*, has been fitted out, for the purposes of full exploration. She takes out several scientific men, engaged for the undertaking, and the mines to be investigated consist of copper, tin, silver, and lead.

An interesting and successful series of experiments have been made by *Professor Challis*, of Cambridge, on the determining the longitude by electro-telegraphic aid. Already in America some results of a similar kind had been obtained. The present observations have been made at Greenwich and Cambridge Observatories under peculiarly advantageous conditions. The signal-giver at Greenwich had the means of observing the passage of a star across the field of the transit telescope and of giving signal at the same time, and in several instances his signals were made at the instant of transit, so that the observation taken at Greenwich was actually recorded at Cambridge. Above a hundred and fifty separate observations were taken under various circumstances, so that amply sufficient data are obtained for accurate and satisfactory induction.





## Notices of the Press.

We have given abundant verdicts from the press respecting this monthly. They have become more and more hearty with each successive issue. The Christian Witness, of Boston, (Protestant Episcopal,) says, "We think it the best and cheapest of the monthly publications." A Rhode Island editor, (Kent County Atlas,) challenges his readers thus respecting it: "We wish all our readers would take and read it: and if they then regret the payment of their money, let them come to us and we will make it up to them." The Indian American says, "This is to be the Magazine, and it may as well take its position at once." John G. Saxe, the poet, pronounces it, in his Burlington Sentinel, "The best Magazine of its class extant." The Maine Rockland Gazette says, "We value it as superior to any of the Magazines for a solid and pure literature, and with our exchanges we think it is the cheapest Magazine published." In Ohio paper (the Toledo Blade) says, "We no sooner read one number of this excellent monthly than we become impatient for the next number. It leads off with the literary monthlies." Another Ohio paper, (the Zanesville Times,) after eulogizing it highly, adds, "We give this notice unsolicited by either publishers, agents, or friends, but merely because the work has fallen under our observation, and we like it." A New-Jersey sheet (The Recorder) says, "We have before spoken of this work, and now repeat that it is the best family Magazine with which we are acquainted." The Boston Commonwealth says, "It is one of the leading monthlies in our country. It abounds in valuable reading, which can be taken with confidence into any family. Through the whole of its literature there is a cheerful, genial spirit of Christianity, which is like the calmness of a summer's evening. It is edited by Abel Stevens, and the letter-press and engravings are in every respect equal—we had almost said superior—to Harper's Monthly."—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

This princely monthly is in the style of, and equal to the HARPER, in mechanical execution. Each possesses all the excellencies of the typographical art. For cheap popular literature, THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE has no superior. Each number embraces nearly one hundred pages, at a price of eighteen and three quarter cents. The editor and publishers have succeeded in making it worthy the high expectations which arose simultaneously with its conception: and its true merits need only be known to give it an almost unbounded circulation. Either in numbers, or when bound, it forms an elegant parlor companion. It is the very book for public watering-places, steamboats, hotels, and reading-rooms. Though the selected articles, the illustrations, and the racy, catholic glow of the editorial pieces, commend it most strongly to the leisure hours of the private study, as a whole, it is a compilation by which the man of business, the scholar, or the divine, may upon any perusal have his thoughts enriched. One, and perhaps the chief excellency of this periodical, is the agency which it is destined to exert in molding the character of the youthful members of the family into which it is introduced—early familiarizing the mind with the best models of taste; communicating a pure literature, where the understanding takes its impressions as the wax from the seal; and that which is above all praise, presenting, in attractive forms, when the subject of the writer requires it, the claims of an enlightened Christianity to the youthful heart.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

It contains a rich and agreeable variety of articles, designed to benefit as well as interest the reader. The National has already become a universal favorite; and its popularity is a hopeful omen, indicating that the popular taste is not entirely vitiated by the literary poison aloft in the shape of monthlies.—*Western Recorder*.

While it excludes fictitious writings from its pages, it is not lacking in variety, and in its moral and religious articles are of such a tone and character as to add to the value of the work, judged of merely by the standard of literary merit. The contents give evidence of talent, care, and taste.—*Country Gentlemen, N. Y.*

We like the National: it is far above the three-dollar monthlies of the day, not only in its moral effect, but in its literary pretensions. It is not a repository of third-rate sentimental love tales, nor a re-publication of European novels, but a real magazine.—*Memphis Christian Advocate, Tenn.*

This is one of the best and cheapest monthlies in the country, and contains the most spicy and chaste literature. We commend it to all who desire an interesting and valuable family literary Magazine.—*Independent Chronicle*.

We have before referred to this excellent Magazine, and must here repeat our conviction, that it is the best and cheapest publication in our country. We admire its religious tone, its pure morality, and literary character. It has the best editor this side the Atlantic.—*Literary Cabinet, Ohio*.

This work happily combines the departments of literature, art, and religion; and is conducted with great spirit and ability by its talented and indefatigable editor.—*Southern Methodist Quarterly*.

No family in the land, possessing the slightest appreciation of a pure and lofty literature, should be without the National.—*N. W. Christian Advocate*.

The last number of this excellent periodical will add to its reputation. Mr. Stoddard continues his sketches of the poets, by an essay on the Life and Genius of Edgar Allan Poe. The Rev. Dr. Curry continues his able article on the Life and Times of Johnson. Miss Imogen Mercier's paper on the Five Points will be found interesting to philanthropists. We find, also, a well-seasoned article by the editor, on "The Christianity Required by the Times," in which he shows most conclusively that the general inculcation of religious truth, without its specific application to public evils, is not a sufficient mission for the Church. Pauperism, intemperance, and many other evils, sadly need the energetic, reforming hand of religion. The extracts from foreign journals are selected with judgment, and the numerous illustrations are exceedingly well executed.—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

We repeat our conviction, that in editorial management, typographical appearance, and literary excellence, it is unsurpassed in this country.—*Toledo Blade, Ohio*.

In the multitude of Magazines with which the country is flooded, none have risen more rapidly in the estimation of the public, or have been more deserving of popular favor, than this. It is certainly "one of the cheapest, choicest, and most beautiful periodicals of this prolific age."—*Whig and Advocate*.

"We are free to pronounce this magazine, in many respects, the best of the monthlies. It contains selected and original articles of great value; and its whole tone is such as a Christian parent would choose to have pervade the literature which finds its way periodically into his family."—*Boston Evening Traveler*.

The *Christian Review* (a Baptist Quarterly) says in its last issue: "Considering its pure religious tendency, its high literary character, the superior style of its embellishments, and the beauty of its letter-press, we are prepared to express our decided preference for it over any of the magazines now before the public, either new or old. The wood engravings are the best we have seen executed in this country. We commend this excellent work to our people."

The *Springfield Evening Post*, Ohio, says: "This magazine is taking the front rank among the choicest literary publications of the country."

Dr. Elliott, of the *Western Christian Advocate*, (Cin., Ohio,) says: "Several notices of it, which we have seen, consider it the best in the United States. It is not our habit, properly speaking, to puff or eulogize beyond what we think to be the true issues of the press. Many others far excel us in eulogies. Our intention is to give a fair and honest view of books and pamphlets, without exaggeration. There is no justification for error, whether it be from the pulpit or the press; and the press should be as truthful as the pulpit. Those who have families will do well to have the National Magazine for their perusal, as it will furnish them with an amount of reading that will greatly benefit them. In our judgment the National Magazine is the very best that issues from the American press. Such is our decision, after having an opportunity of comparing it with all the others. In these days of Satanic issues of the press, families should banish all such from their abodes, and read the National Magazine, and those of similar character."

Without the boastful pretension of some of the three-dollar magazines, this is in fact a much more meritorious work than many of them, while at the same time it is afforded at a dollar less. True, it is not so large; but its limited size compels the editor to winnow more carefully, and there is no chaff found with the wheat. We have already given our readers some specimens of the sterling articles to be found in its pages, and promise to cater further for them from the same source.—*Eastern Mail, Maine*.

## Notices of the Press.

THE National Magazine for March is the best number yet issued of that excellent periodical. In the elegance of its typography and wood-cuts it surpasses all the other magazines, and the reading matter is of high order.—*Cumming's Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia.*

This work is a rare specimen of the first class Magazines. It is edited with great care and ability. Mr. Stevens has few equals in his department in this country. Its pages are rare, beautifully printed, and beautifully embellished; and as to its matter, it must pass into other hands before it can be chargeable with deficiency in the most valuable qualities we look for in a work like this. It needs only continuance in its course and a persevering exhibition of its present qualities, and ample patronage is in store, and will of its own accord hasten to greet it.—*New American, Cleveland, Ohio.*

The perusal of this Magazine in this age of "yellow cover" literature is truly refreshing. Every page teems with the solid gold of literature, highly polished; no grosser metals are admitted. Its editor, Abel Stevens, is one of our most talented writers, and makes a most excellent editor.—*Belmont Chronicle, Ohio.*

The National, in our estimation, is in advance of all the monthlies, both in the style of its execution and the quality of its matter.—*Mount Morris (Ill.) Gaz.*

It has already established itself on a firm basis, and by its able original papers, its judicious selections from current foreign literature, its neat and appropriate pictorial illustrations, and, above all, by its talented and discreet editorial conduct, has won the approval of the best judges in all parts of the country. Its price (18 cents per No.) is very low, and we cordially recommend it as the best magazine of its class, extant.—*Saxe's Burlington Sent.*

The publishers of the National Magazine will accept our thanks for the back numbers of their valuable periodical. We desired them because we deem it one of the very best serials for binding in the country; and we hope all who want a really high-toned and instructive periodical, will call and examine the National at Murray & Stock's book-store.—*Saturday Express, Pa.*

This is an excellent Magazine and a miracle of cheapness. In the beauty of its mechanical execution it resembles English works of this class, and it is filled with reading matter of a choice kind. Such a periodical, properly conducted, must of necessity be a very useful one; and, judging from the number before us, its editor, Abel Stevens, is just the man for the work.—*Eastern Mail.*

Indeed it is altogether superior to any other work of the kind issued in the United States, not excepting Harper's.—*Independent Press.*

## NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY ABEL STEVENS.

It will be the aim of this periodical to combine, with such articles as the popular mind usually relishes with most avidity, an elevated literary tone, a critical appreciation of art, the discussion of great practical questions, and a just recognition of religion—religion without dogmatism and without sectarianism.

Besides an abundant miscellany of Essays, Sketches, Translations, Poetry, &c., original and selected, it will comprise departments of Literary News, Art Intelligence, Book Notices, Religious Information, and General News, prepared thoroughly by skillful hands.

It is embellished with numerous engravings—most of them illustrative of real scenes or facts. Every number contains ninety-six pages, making two volumes a year, of nearly six hundred pages each. It is the largest monthly of its price in the United States.

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